★ Nov. 23, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

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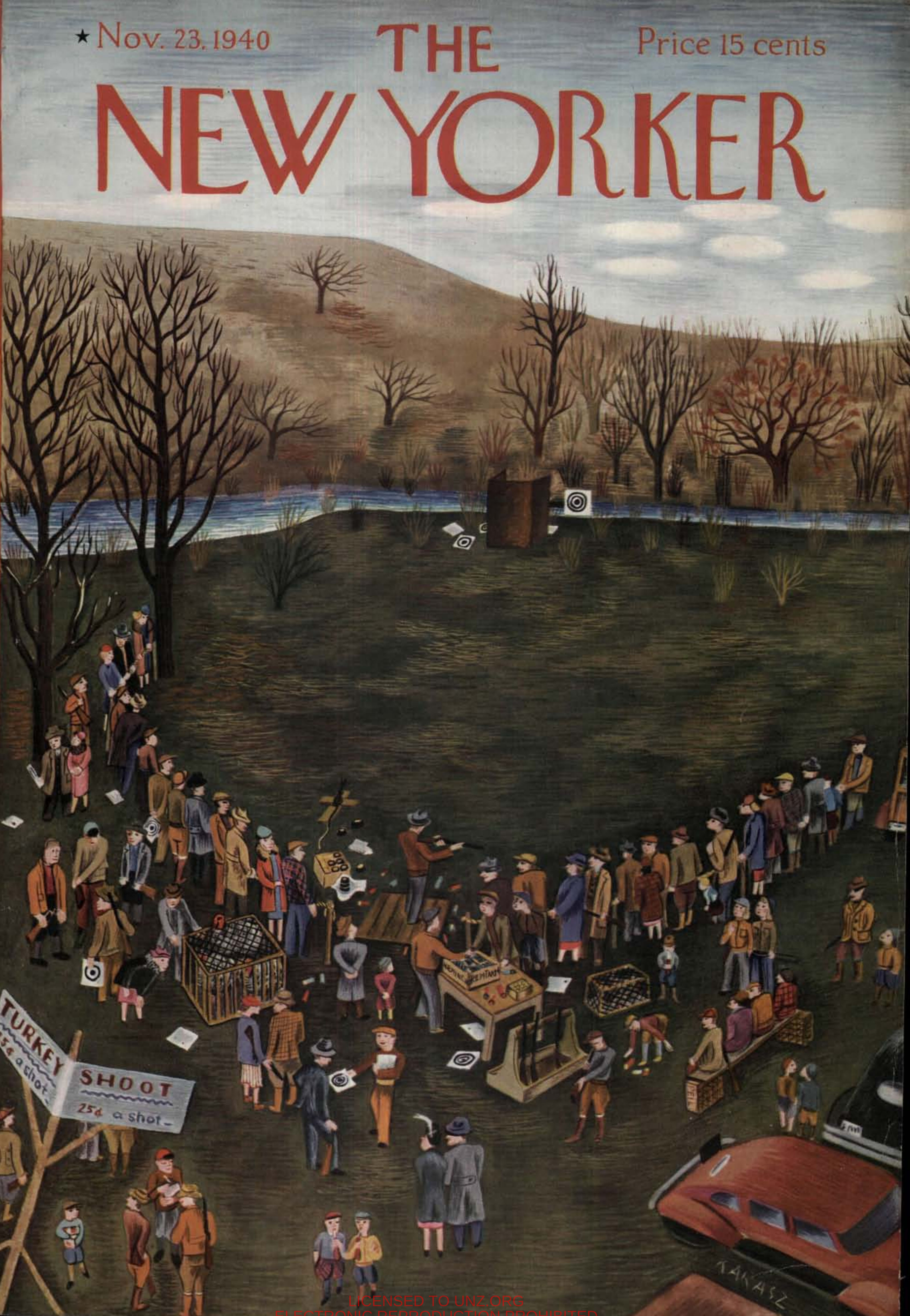
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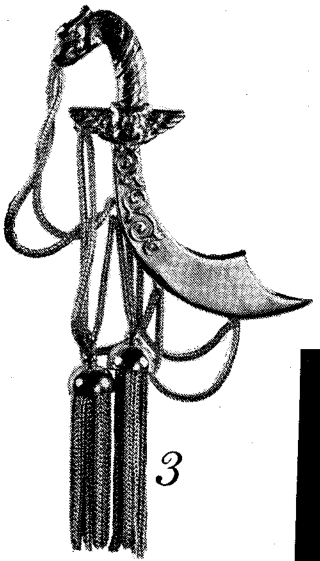
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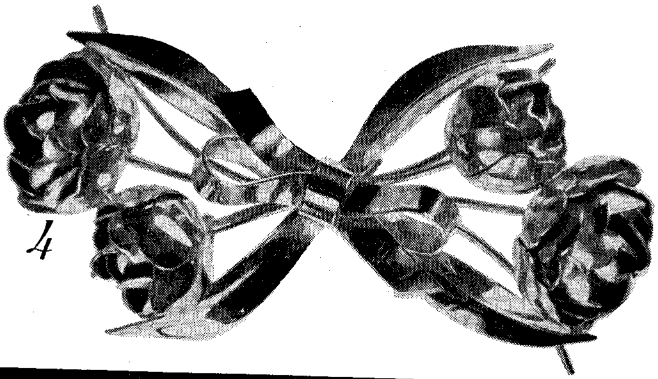
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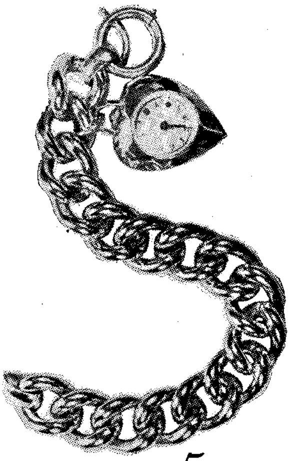
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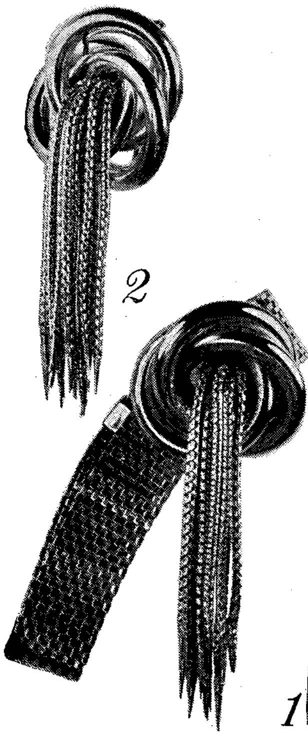
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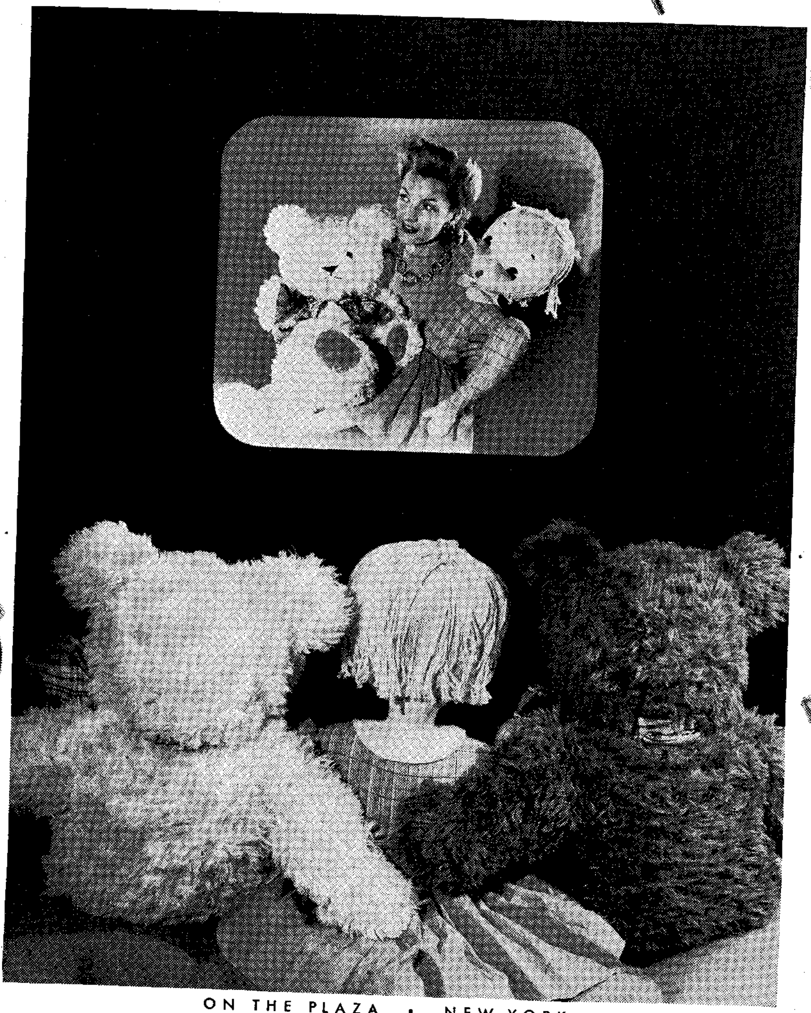
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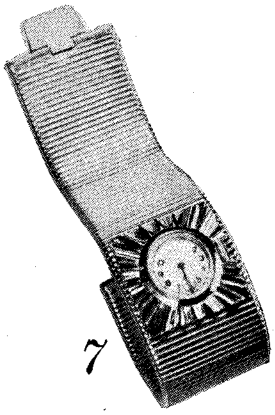
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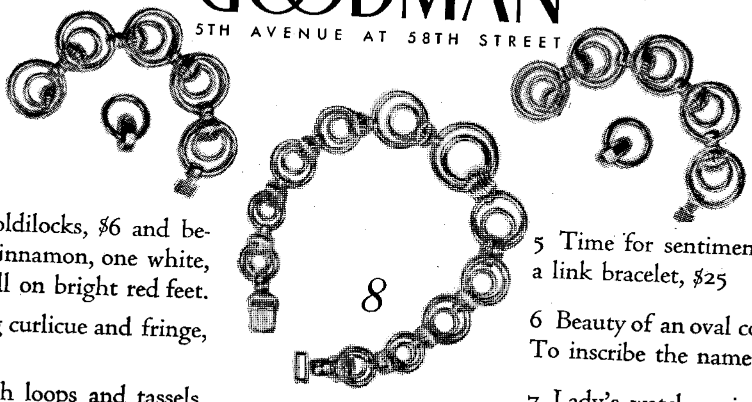
ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK

BERGDORF GOODMAN

5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET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1 Previewing Christmas: Goldilocks, $6 and beguiling; the two bears, one cinnamon, one white, each $15 and standing 40″ tall on bright red feet.

2 Gilt mesh bracelet with big curlicue and fringe, $9. The pin, ditto, $5

3 Bright gilt scimiter pin with loops and tassels, to brandish on a lapel, $6

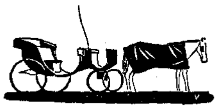
4 Bow-knot spray pin with Christmas roses blooming in metal the colors of rose gold and silver, $10

5 Time for sentiment—watch heart, 7 jewels, on a link bracelet, $25

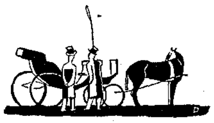
6 Beauty of an oval compact, 24k gold plate, $7.50 To inscribe the name with flourishes, $1.50 more.

7 Lady's watch, 7 jewels, set in a bright flexible bracelet wide enough for a gentleman's wrist, $37.50

8 Sweater jewelry, a set of two-tone gilt links: Necklace, $20; Bracelets, $10 each. Earrings, $3



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Many of the producers, as indicated below, are *experimenting* with the idea of giving Sunday-night performances and staying closed on Monday or Tuesday evenings. Furthermore, additional matinées may be scheduled for Thurs., Nov. 28, and these may cancel regular Wednesday *matinées.* All in all, you'd better phone the box office before making definite plans.... E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Blind Alley—A revival of the psychological melodrama of 1935, in which an analyst drives a gunman to suicide. Roy Hargrave is still splendid as the tough man, but the play itself may seem a bit dated. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Every night, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., except Nov. 27, and Sat., special Mats. Thurs., Nov. 21 and 28.)

Charley's Aunt—Believe it or not, this old chestnut has been made into one of the pleasantest things around town. Joshua Logan's direction and José Ferrer's fine performance are mainly responsible. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 21, at 3. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Nov. 24, for the Actors' Fund.)

George Washington Slept Here—A very diverting explanation by George Kaufman and Moss Hart of what people who move out to the country can expect. Ernest Truex and Jean Dixon head a superlative cast. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Every night, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 21.)

Kind Lady—Grace George is just as good as she ever was in this revival of a grand, eerie English melodrama. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Nov. 24, for the Stage Relief Fund. Closes Sat., Nov. 30.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the late Clarence Day's memories of his family into one of the most agreeable comedies you're likely to see. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—This is the play about Mr. Woollcott, and very funny it is, too. George Kaufman and Moss Hart did the writing and Monty Woolley plays the great man. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Every night, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Separate Rooms—An old-fashioned farce about a man whose wife prefers to share her room with a little dog. Pleasant enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Lyle Talbot, and Alan Dinehart. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Every night, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 27, and Sat.; special Mats. Thurs., Nov. 21 and 28.)

Tobacco Road—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Every night, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 21.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Horse Fever—A farce by Eugene Conrad and Zac and Ruby Gabel, with Ezra Stone and Millard Mitchell. Produced by Alex Yokel. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9500. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Twelfth Night—Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans in the Shakespeare comedy. Produced by the Theatre Guild and Gilbert Miller. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Boys and Girls Together—A revue that is nearly all Ed Wynn, which ought to be enough for anybody. He is helped along from time to time by Jane Pickens, Dave Apollon, the De Marcos, and two wonderful acrobats. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 21.)

Cabin in the Sky—An all-Negro musical fantasy which is fine, though occasionally a little elaborate. Ethel Waters heads the cast, and Todd Duncan, Dooley Wilson, Rex Ingram, and Katherine Dunham support her *handsomely.* (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 21.)

Du Barry Was a Lady—A big and bawdy but funny show, with Frances Williams, Bert Lahr, and music by Cole Porter. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat. Closes Sat., Nov. 23.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—Mr. O. and Mr. J. just as active as they were back in 1936, when all this started. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Every night, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except Nov. 27, and Sat.; special Mats. Thurs., Nov. 21 and 28.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30.

Hold On to Your Hats—Al Jolson has come back to sing "Mammy," "Sonny Boy," "April Showers," and practically anything else your old-fashioned heart desires. He is disguised as a radio cowboy, but you can just ignore that. Martha Raye, Jack Whiting, and Bert Gordon assist energetically. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 21.)

It Happens on Ice—Some lovely skating, which starts off by being very exciting and then gets a little tiresome. Sonja Henie, who sponsors it, doesn't appear, but Joe Cook does. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Every night, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 27, and Sat.; special Mats. Thurs., Nov. 21 and 28.)

Louisiana Purchase—Vera Zorina, William Gaxton, Irene Bordoni, and a lot of other people try to hamper Victor Moore in his efforts to clean up New Orleans. An excellent show, with a book by Morrie Ryskind and songs by Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 27, and Sat.; special Mats. Thurs., Nov. 21 and 28.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. A fine musical comedy, with Arthur Treacher, Phyllis Brooks, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland. Cole Porter wrote the music. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 21.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better *verify the dates and curtain times.*)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore in a play by Emlyn Williams, staged and produced by Herman Shumlin. Opens Tues., Nov. 26. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Follow the Furies—A dramatization by Eleanor Carroll Chilton and Philip Lewis of Miss Chilton's novel of the same name, with Ralph Morgan and John Hoysradt. Opens Wed., Nov. 27. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry and his orchestra are in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Felix Ferry is in charge of things here, which should give you an idea. Bob Knight's orchestra provides the music at the supper hour.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Every night for the every-nighters. Jack Towne's orchestra and a rumba band.

Fefe's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—A big and handsome setting for de-luxe outings, with Ted Straeter's orchestra and the Velero Sisters' rumba band. Must dress, unless you're just going to sit in the bar.

LaRue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Favored by folk who interpret dinner dancing literally and like to take their time about it. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Paul Haakon is in the Persian Room at the dinner hour and the De Marcos are there at supper. Dick Gasparre's orchestra. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Way, way up there, you'll find Eddie Le Baron's orchestra and a show which includes Jack Cole, Elsie Houston, and Vicente Gomez. Formal dress required on the dance floor.... Barry Winton's orchestra plays in the informal Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—There's a brief but charming ice show in the Iridium Room, with Dorothy Lewis and a few other skaters in it. Hal Saunders' orchestra plays for dancing. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Dwight Fiske is in the Café Lounge, dwelling musically on the lives and loves of his favorite people. Emile Petti's orchestra will be replaced by Bob Grant's on Fri., Nov. 29.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Among the East Side's larger ones, with Jane Froman, John Buckmaster, and music by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—In the Sert Room are Eddy Duchin's orchestra, a team of Spanish dancers called Los Chavalillos Sevillanos, and, at the supper hour, Lanny Ross. Formal dress required.... Kay Kyser's orchestra will be replaced by Bonnie Baker and Orrin Tucker's orchestra in the informal Empire Room on Thurs., Nov. 28.... Nat Brandwynne and his orchestra play for supper dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—For times when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Casper Reardon, Paula Laurence, and a new stage arrangement that gives everybody a little more room.... **spivy's roof,** 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): old-fashioned movies and songs by Spivy, on top of an office building.... **algonquin,** 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): Greta Keller playing hostess and Cy Walter playing piano.... **brevoort,** 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart, those young pianists, are among the entertainers.

Miscellaneous—At the **copacabana,** 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): the latest—and one of the pleasantest—additions to the local tropics, with albino palm trees, Pancho's orchestra, and a small show.... **montparnasse,** Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): a favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it too. Two orchestras play for dancing.... **le coq rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an inviting spot to try if you want to have a casual good time. Music by Val Ernie's orchestra.... **armando's,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Adelaide Moffett, Frank Mandella's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy.... **la martinique,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a shrine of the rumba- and conga-worshippers. Val Olman's orchestra and, of course, a rumba band.... **club cuba,** 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922): lots of conga music in a not-too-equatorial setting. Charlie Wright's orchestra.... **pago pago,** 139 E. 55 (PL 3-8880): another tropical one, in the old but much done-over American Music Hall.... **la conga,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): for la conga.... **casino russe,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy for dropping into after a concert—it's practically *in* Carnegie Hall. ... **café society uptown,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a new place, with all those Negro entertainers who used to be down in the Village—Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's band.... **biltmore,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Will Bradley's orchestra.... **commodore,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra.... **essex house,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Joe Reichman's orchestra. No dancing Mon.... **new yorker hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Abe Lyman's orchestra and an ice show.... **pennsylvania,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra.... **roosevelt,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's

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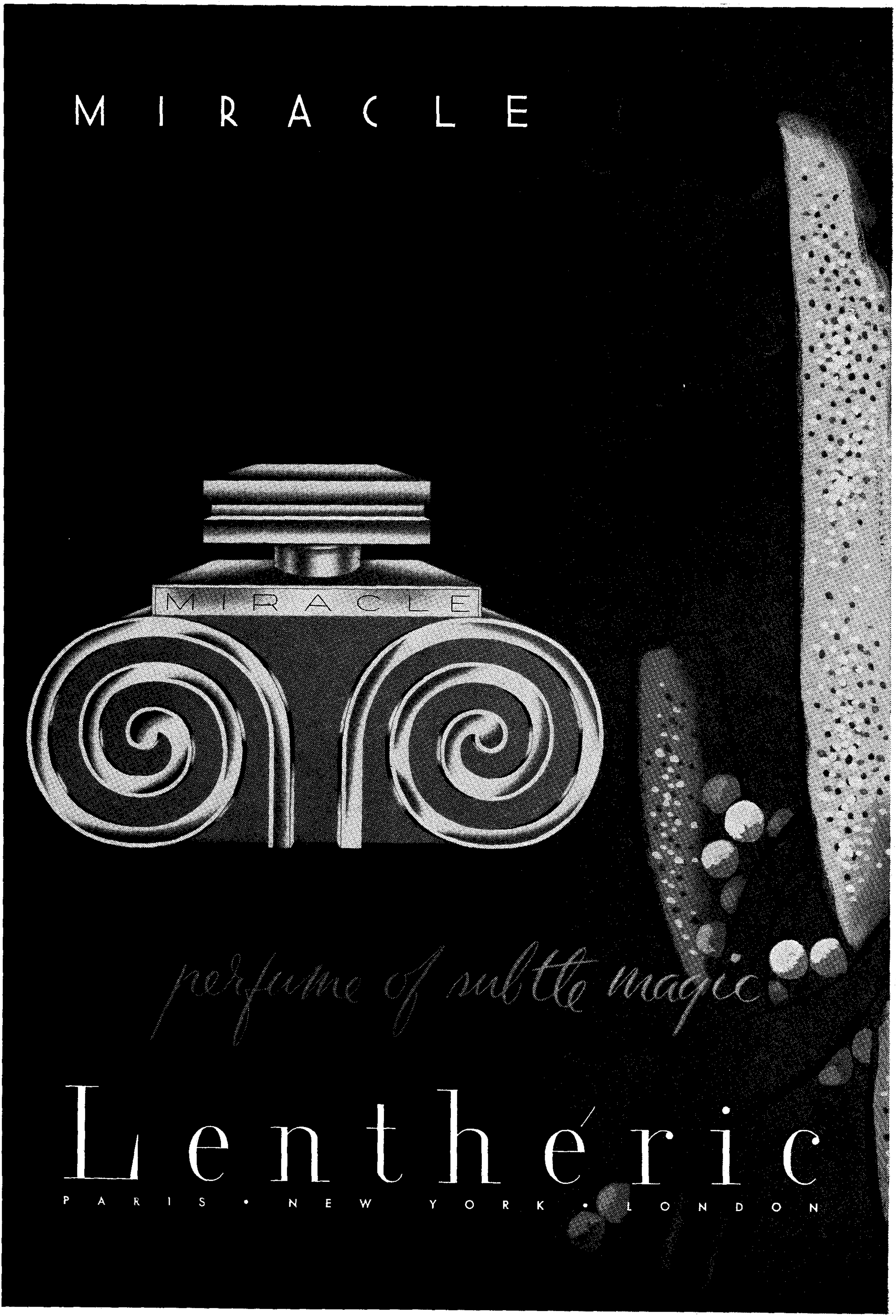
THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. dir. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XVI, No. 41, November 23, 1940. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1940, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded cranny, with a mite of a dance floor and Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): a lively late spot for the sturdy.

•

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge. . . . **BEACHCOMBER,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): South Sea atmosphere and, except Tues., John Kirby's band. . . . **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): still another tropical affair, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): broad humor is traditional here, and Pat Harrington and Frankie Hyers contribute their share.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At the **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for customers who'd rather listen than dance. Adele Girard is there with her harp, and so are the Spirits of Rhythm. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Billie Holiday, Sister Tharpe, Art Tatum, Meade Lux Lewis, and Joe Sullivan's band. Closed Mon. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another Village place, with, except Mon., Bobby Hackett's orchestra and the Ambrose Quartet. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar spot, with, except Mon., some Calypso singers and, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY,** 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT,** 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784).

ART

(In addition to their regular exhibits, many of the galleries listed below are participating in National Art Week, Nov. 25 through Dec. 1, by showing works of contemporary American artists. . . . Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Thanksgiving Day, Thurs., Nov. 21.)

AMERICANS—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by, among others, Ryder, Homer, Eakins, Costigan, and Wilson: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

BRITISH BENEFIT—An exhibition of prints by British artists now in military service, for the British War Relief Society: Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt, at 43. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 23.

CAMPUZANO—Brightly colorful South American landscapes by a Colombian painter: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 23.

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH—Gouaches by Utrillo, Dufy, Rouault, and other members of the modern School of Paris: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

COURBET—Twenty-five paintings by this nineteenth-century French master—the most comprehensive showing of his work we've had in twenty years: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 7.

DE CREEFT—Recent sculptures by an artist who always shows strength and subtle craftsmanship: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Thanksgiving Day, 10 A.M. to 12 noon; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 5.

DI CHIRICO—Seventeen paintings (1908 to 1918), representing just about the pick of this artist's best period: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 23.

DOVE, MARIN, O'KEEFFE—Some particularly fine Marins, both early and late, in a generally interesting group retrospective: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays, including Thanksgiving Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 11.

DRAWINGS—The Durlacher Gallery's annual exhibition. This year it ranges from the Renaissance to 1900 and from Bellini to Renoir: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

EUROPEANS AND AMERICANS—At the **NEW ART CIRCLE,** 543 Madison, at 55: oils by Albert Gleizes, Max Weber, Kandinsky, and other modernist pioneers. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30. . . . **NIERENDORF,** 18 E. 57: an exhibition called "Color in Art," with paintings by Kandinsky, Klee, Hofer, Chagall, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 14.

FRENCH ROMANTICS—A well-selected show of works by Delacroix, Fantin-Latour, Corot, and other early-nineteenth-century painters: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30.

GROUPS—At the **DOWNTOWN,** 43 E. 51: big housewarming exhibition, ranging from early American folk art to such moderns as Levi, Kuniyoshi, and Sheeler. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30. . . . **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: paintings by Feininger, Drewes, Mommer, Nordfeldt, and other contemporary Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30. . . . **JULIEN LEVY,** 15 E. 57: lively, richly contrasted show of oils, photographs, and sculptures by a variety of artists, all more or less "advanced" in style. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 7.

HELIKER—Blocky, sombre, capably executed landscapes and figure studies: Walker, 108 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., through Nov. 29.

HOVANNES—New sculptures. His group pieces, done in high relief, are extremely effective: Robinson, 126 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

JONES—Further paintings by one of the most vigorous members of the social-protest school, proving again that he can handle big subjects and big canvases with distinction: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Weekdays, including Thanksgiving Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

KANTOR—Paintings that are higher-keyed and more fluid in design than his earlier works: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 23.

MARC—First comprehensive exhibition in this country of paintings by an early and very talented German abstractionist: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 7.

MARTIN—First Eastern solo exhibition by a California painter who has made quite a stir in the West. He's likely to make one here, too: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

MARTINO—First one-man show in town of a Philadelphian already well known in group exhibitions. The landscapes are especially good: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Selected paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

RAFFAËLLI—Pleasantly styled landscapes and other pieces by a little-known early Impressionist: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 23.

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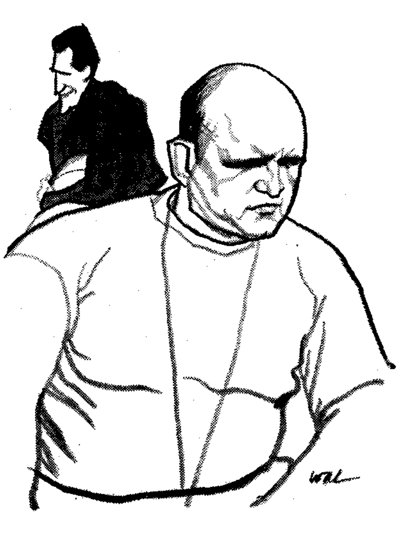

RICHARD CRESSON HARLOW,

just finishing up his sixth season as the Harvard football coach. He was an All-America lineman at Penn State in 1912 and has been coaching ever since—at Penn State, Colgate, Western Maryland, and Harvard. Some people at Cambridge think of him as the Curator of Oology at the Harvard Museum of Comparative Zoology. He combines his interests by making his athletes collect birds' eggs while doing roadwork.

REISMAN—Recent paintings by an artist with a fine feeling for city genre: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

ROSZAK AND LIVINGSTON—Roszak shows highly personalized mechanistic constructions in sculpture that are infinitely communicative; Livingston, nicely naïve oils: Artists', 113 W. 13. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Nov. 25.

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY EUROPEANS—Twenty-eight oils by Italian, Flemish, and French painters of the Fontainebleau school: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

SMITH—Surrealist sculptures in bas-relief, all of them anti-war and some of them extremely effective: Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 23.

HERE AND THERE—At the **PEN AND BRUSH CLUB,** 16 E. 10: fall exhibition of oils and sculptures by club members. Thanksgiving Day, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; other days, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 24. . . . **MAYER,** 41 E. 57: lithographs and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 7. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: paintings and water colors by Walt Dehner. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 23. . . . **VALENTINE,** 16 E. 57: paintings by Francesco Cristofanetti. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 23. . . . **FERARGIL,** 63 E. 57: water colors by Harold Weston. Daily, including Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 23. . . . **UPTOWN,** 249 West End Ave., at 72: water colors by Irving Lehman. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 12. . . . **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: paintings and drawings by Helen Sawyer. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 7. . . . **460 PARK AVENUE,** at 57: portraits and other paintings by William Draper. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 23.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 21, at 8:45, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 23, at 2:30. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, Fri. Eve., Nov. 22, at 8:30. (30 Lafayette Ave., at Ashland Place. ST 3-6700.)

N.B.C. SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Nov. 23, at 10.

CHICAGO SYMPHONY—Stock conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Nov. 22, at 2:30.

NEW SCHOOL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Klemperer conducting: New School for Social Research, Wed. Eve., Nov. 27, at 9. (66 W. 12. AL 4-2567.)

WOMEN'S CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Miss Scheerer conducting: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 28, at 8:30.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 30, at 3. (Soloist: Shure.)

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—John Charles Thomas, Mon. Eve., Nov. 25, at 8:30; Sascha Gorodnitzki, Fri. Eve., Nov. 29, at 8:30.

TOWN HALL—Simon Barer, Sun. Aft., Nov. 24, at 3; New Friends of Music (Adolf Busch and Rudolf Serkin), Sun. Aft., Nov. 24, at 5:30; Béla Bartók and Ditta Pásztory, Sun. Eve., Nov. 24, at 8:30; Paul Robeson, Wed. Eve., Nov. 27, at 8:30; Harrison Potter, Sat. Aft., Nov. 30, at 3. (BR 9-9447.)

ELSEWHERE—At the **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC:** Artur Rubinstein, Tues. Eve., Nov. 26, at 8:30. (30 Lafayette Ave., at Ashland Place. ST 3-6700.) . . . **WASHINGTON IRVING HIGH SCHOOL:** Mischa Levitzki, Sat. Eve., Nov. 30, at 8:30. (40 Irving Place, at 16. ST 9-1391.)

BALLET

ORIGINAL BALLET RUSSE—Colonel W. de Basil's company in a repertory of new and old ballets: "Cotillon," "Petrouchka," "Protée," and "Prince Igor," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 21. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Le Coq d'Or," and "Graduation Ball," Fri. Eve., Nov. 22. . . . "Swan Lake," "Petrouchka," "Protée," and "Prince Igor," Sat. Aft., Nov. 23. . . . "Cotillon," "Fantastic Symphony," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Eve., Nov. 23. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Cinderella," and "Graduation Ball," Sun. Aft., Nov. 24. . . . "Swan Lake," "Paganini," and "Schéhérazade," Sun. Eve., Nov. 24. . . . "Les Sylphides," "The Eternal Struggle," "Pavane," and "Graduation Ball," Mon. Eve., Nov. 25. . . . "Les Sylphides," "The Prodigal Son," and "Aurora's Wedding," Tues. Eve., Nov. 26. . . . "Swan Lake," "Paganini," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Cimarosiana," Wed. Eve., Nov. 27. . . . "Carnaval," "Choreartium," and "Le Coq d'Or," Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Nov. 28-29. . . .

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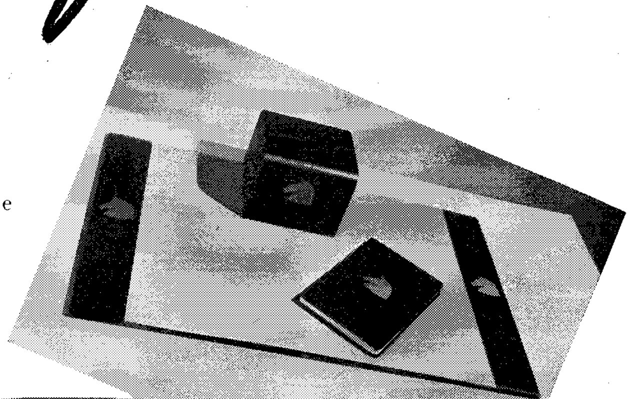
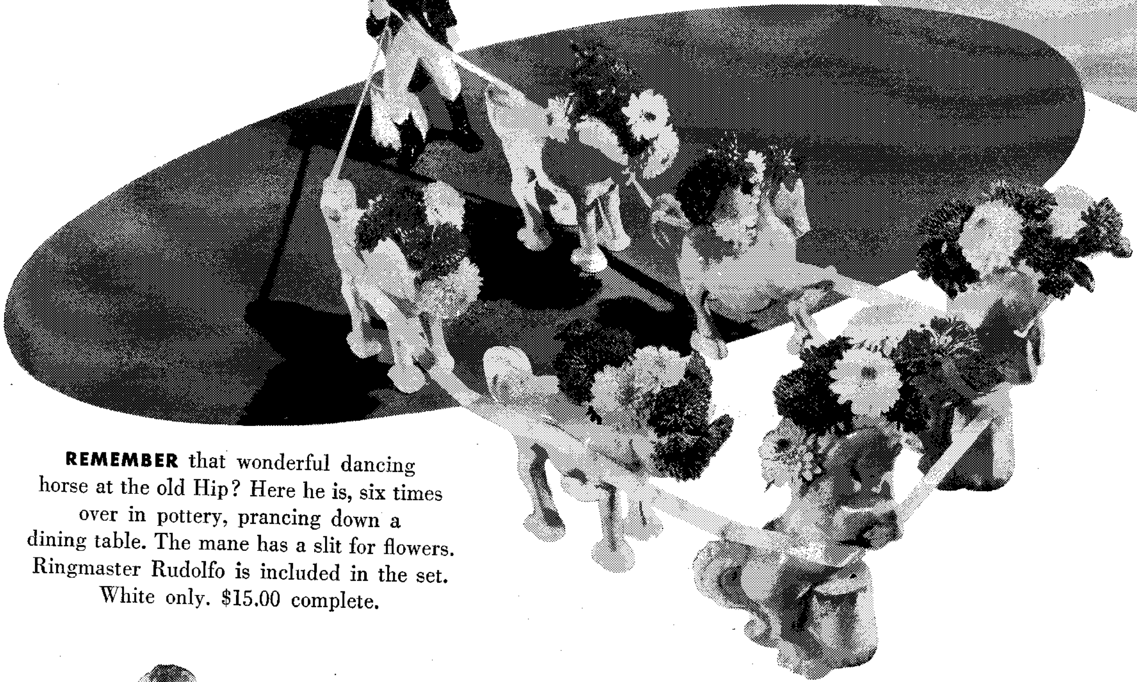
WHEN THEY'RE BOYS, they pray for bicycles. When they're men, a really super desk set is mighty near heaven. This one is a thoroughbred. Of dark blue leather with deep red horse heads. Blotter, $8.00. Book ends, $8.50 a pair. Address book, $6.00.





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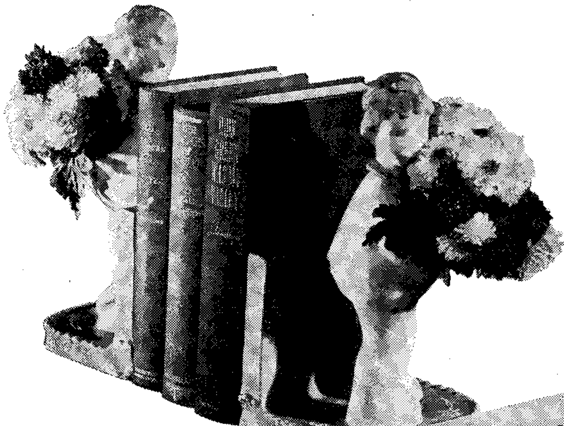

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30.

"Les Sylphides," "Cinderella," and "Cimarosiana," Sat. Aft., Nov. 30. . . . "Swan Lake," "Destiny," and "Schéhérazade," Sat. Eve., Nov. 30. (51st Street Theatre, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Eves. at 8:30; Mats. at 2:30.)

SPORTS

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Lew Jenkins vs. Pete Lello, lightweight title, Fri. Eve., Nov. 22; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (15 rounds) at about 10. . . . Billy Conn vs. Lee Savold, heavyweights, Fri. Eve., Nov. 29; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (12 rounds) at about 10.

Football—On **SAT. AFT., NOV. 23:** Brown vs. Dartmouth, Providence, at 1:30; Yale vs. Harvard, New Haven, at 1:45; Columbia vs. Colgate, Baker Field, at 2; Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, Philadelphia, at 2; Princeton vs. Army, Princeton, at 2 (special train from Penn. Station at 11:50 A.M.).

THURS. MORN., NOV. 28: Brown vs. Columbia, Providence, at 11.

SAT. AFT., NOV. 30: N.Y.U. vs. Fordham, Yankee Stadium, at 1:30; Army vs. Navy, Philadelphia, at 1:30 (special trains from Penn. Station from 8:45 to 10:45 A.M.).

PROFESSIONAL GAMES—Sat. Aft., Nov. 23, at 2: Yankees vs. Boston, Yankee Stadium. . . . Sun. Aft., Nov. 24, at 2: Giants vs. Washington, Polo Grounds; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Ebbets Field.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:30 P.M.: Americans vs. Toronto, Thurs., Nov. 21; Rangers vs. Boston, Sat., Nov. 23; Americans vs. Canadiens, Sun., Nov. 24; Rangers vs. Toronto, Tues., Nov. 26; Americans vs. Rangers, Thurs., Nov. 28; Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sat., Nov. 30. . . . Amateur games, 1:30 P.M.: Thurs., Nov. 21, Sats., Nov. 23 and 30, and Sun., Nov. 24.

Horse Show—Boulder Brook, N.Y., Fri., Nov. 29, at 8 P.M., and Sat., Nov. 30, at 9 A.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Macy Parade—Starting at Central Pk. W. and 106th St. at 11:45 A.M., Thurs., Nov. 21, this annual Thanksgiving Day fixture will head south on Central Pk. W. to Columbus Circle, and then move on down B'way to Macy's, arriving at about 1:30 P.M.

Night of Stars—Annual benefit for the United Palestine Appeal, with prominent artists appearing on the program: Madison Square Garden, Wed. Eve., Nov. 27, at 8:30.

Morgan Library—An exhibition called "The Animal Kingdom," with illuminated manuscripts, woodcuts, and drawings from the ninth to the nineteenth centuries: 29 E. 36. Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

Jewelry—A large collection of pieces from 4000 B.C. up to about 1800, all from the Metropolitan Museum's permanent collection: at the Museum, 5 Ave. at 83. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 26.

Fashions—Sketches, costumes, and photographs in a retrospective of the Paris openings from 1932 to 1940: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 11.

Photography—The annual New York Salon of Photography: Camera Club, 121 W. 68. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Frank Lloyd Wright—Models, photographs, designs, and plans executed and assembled in a show by this distinguished architect: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 5.

Auctions—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—Chinese jades and porcelains, gold boxes and other art objects, and paintings, among them a portrait of Lincoln by Thomas Hicks, owned by Mrs. Herbert Shipman: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Nov. 22-23, at 2. . . . English, French, and American books, from the libraries of Philip G. McFadden, Charles Rubens, Mr. and Mrs. Hall Clovis, and others: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Nov. 27-28, at 2. . . . English, European, and American furniture and decorations, belonging to the estate of the late Lucy Wortham James and others: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Nov. 28-30, at 2.

KENDE GALLERIES, 730 5 Ave., at 57—Chinese porcelains, bronzes, and paintings on silk, mostly from the collection of Boris Lass: Sat. Aft., Nov. 23, at 2. . . . English eighteenth-century furniture and porcelains, and glass, silver, paintings, and rugs, collected by Julia Folger MacGregor and others: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Nov. 29-30, at 2.

ON THE AIR

Football—Sat. Aft., Nov. 23: Yale vs. Harvard, at 1:30, WOR. . . . Sat. Aft., Nov. 30: Army vs. Navy, at 1:15, WABC, WEAF, and at 2, WJZ. . . . Professional game: Dodgers vs. Chicago, Sun. Aft., Nov. 24, at 2, WOR.

N.B.C. Symphony—Toscanini conducting his first concert of the season: Sat. Eve., Nov. 23, at 10, WJZ.

Symphony Orchestras—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, Thurs. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, Fri. Afts. at 3:15, WOR. . . . Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, Fri. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC. . . . Ford Symphony, Sun. Eves. at 9, WABC.

Dance Bands—Bob Crosby, Thurs. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Tommy Dorsey, Thurs. Eves. at 8:30, WJZ. . . . Eddy Duchin, Mon. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Guy Lombardo, Mon. Eves. at 10, WABC, and Wed. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Glenn Miller, Tues., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 10, WABC.

This and That—Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell, Thurs. Eves. at 9, WEAF. . . . Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . "Information Please," Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . Maxine Sullivan and John Kirby's orchestra, Sun. Afts. at 2:35, WABC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun. Eves. at 6:05, WJZ. . . . Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF. . . . George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Artie Shaw's orchestra, Mon. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

News Commentators—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:15, and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Tues. and Thurs. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. Eves. at 8:45, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:45 P.M., WABC, and at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC, and at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

Television—Professional football: Dodgers vs. Chicago, Sun. Aft., Nov. 24, at 1:45, W2XBS.

MOTION PICTURES

Angels Over Broadway—Rita Hayworth, Thomas Mitchell, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a busy, tough sketch of New York underworld capers. Written, directed, and produced by Ben Hecht. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

Arise, My Love—Lovers (Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland) in Europe, and even the war doesn't discourage their liveliness. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Nov. 25. . . . State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Nov. 27.)

The Baker's Wife—A racy French item, which has a great deal of charm, about a peasant (Raimu) who suffers from wife trouble. (World, 153 W. 49.)

Boom Town—Oil wells and such things, and a chance to see Claudette Colbert, Hedy Lamarr, Clark Gable, and Spencer Tracy. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., Nov. 23. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; through Wed., Nov. 27. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. and Mon., Nov. 24-25.)

Fantasia—Walt Disney's astounding production—a wondrous combination of Bach, Beethoven, Mickey Mouse, Stokowski with the Philadelphia, Pa., Symphony Orchestra, Deems Taylor, and humor and beauty and general exaltation. (Broadway, B'way at 53, daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.)

Foreign Correspondent—Alfred Hitchcock's film of Europe and war and love, with Joel McCrea and a cast of experts. Very much up-to-the-minute, and very exciting. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., Nov. 24-27. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs. through Sat., Nov. 28-30.)

The Great Dictator—Charlie Chaplin's dissertation on the great problem of the day, with many a delightful suggestion of the old Chaplin, too. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at midnight and Sun. and Thanksgiving Day at 6 P.M. . . . Capitol, B'way at 51; continuous on weekdays from 10 A.M. and on Sun. from 11:45 A.M.; through Wed., Nov. 27.)

I Love You Again—Quite a few grownup laughs in this smartly written and well-directed comedy. With William Powell and Myrna Loy. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 23-26. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Mon. through Wed., Nov. 25-27.)

The Letter—More drama and more Bette Davis, and both enthralling. A fine adaptation of Somerset Maugham's play of Singapore scandal, with Gale Sondergaard, Herbert Marshall, and James Stephenson also helping out. (Strand, B'way at 47; opening Fri., Nov. 22.)

The Ramparts We Watch—The first full-length feature film produced by the March of Time, and possibly too experimental, especially in the matter of its acting. A story of the American scene from 1914 to the present day. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Nov. 21. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 28-29.)

They Knew What They Wanted—Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton in the old drama of California ranches which once brought Sidney Howard the Pulitzer Prize. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Rio, B'way at 160; Thurs., Nov. 21. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Nov. 22. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sun., Nov. 24. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., Nov. 25. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 22-25.)

REVIVALS

Ballerina (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. French, with Mia Slavenska. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 23-26.)

Bluebeard's Eighth Wife (1938)—Riviera high life. Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Nov. 24-25.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., Nov. 23. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Nov. 25-26.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The fantastic classic of the early era. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Fri., Nov. 22.)

Escape Me Never (1935)—Elisabeth Bergner in her Broadway success. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 23-26.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—German prisons in the last war. Eric von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Nov. 24.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. German. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Fri., Nov. 22.)

The Old Maid (1939)—Bette Davis interpreting the 1935 Pulitzer Prize-winner. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Nov. 27-29.)

The Pearls of the Crown (1938)—Sacha Guitry's tricky sketch of some famous pearls. French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Nov. 25-27.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on Le Havre's waterfront. French. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Fri., Nov. 22.)

Secret Agent (1936)—Hitchcock spy film. Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, Robert Young, and Peter Lorre. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Nov. 24-25.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, and the Singer Midgets in Technicolor. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Nov. 22.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing a series of D. W. Griffith films weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M. On **THURS., NOV. 21:** "Orphans of the Storm," with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Joseph Schildkraut, and Louis Wolheim. **FRI., NOV. 22:** "Isn't Life Wonderful." **SAT., NOV. 23:** "Rescued from an Eagle's Nest" and "At the Crossroads of Life," both with Griffith; "The Lonely Villa," with Mary Pickford and James Kirkwood; "Edgar Allan Poe;" "A Drunkard's Reformation;" and "Resurrection." **SUN., NOV. 24:** "1776, or The Hessian Renegade," with Mary Pickford; "A Corner in Wheat," with Henry B. Walthall, Mack Sennett, and James Kirkwood; "The Lonedale Operator," with Blanche Sweet; "The Musketeers of Pig Alley," with Lillian Gish and Lionel Barrymore; "The Unchanging Sea;" and "Enoch Arden." **MON., NOV. 25:** "The New York Hat," with Mary Pickford and Lionel Barrymore; "Judith of Bethulia," with Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh, and Lillian Gish; and "Home, Sweet Home," with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Henry B. Walthall, and Jack Pickford. **TUES., NOV. 26:** "The Birth of a Nation," with Lillian Gish, Henry B. Walthall, and Mae Marsh. **WED., NOV. 27:** "Intolerance," with Lillian Gish, Constance Talmadge, and Eric von Stroheim. **THURS., NOV. 28:** "Hearts of the World," with Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Eric von Stroheim. **FRI., NOV. 29:** "Broken Blossoms," with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. **SAT., NOV. 30:** "Way Down East," with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess.

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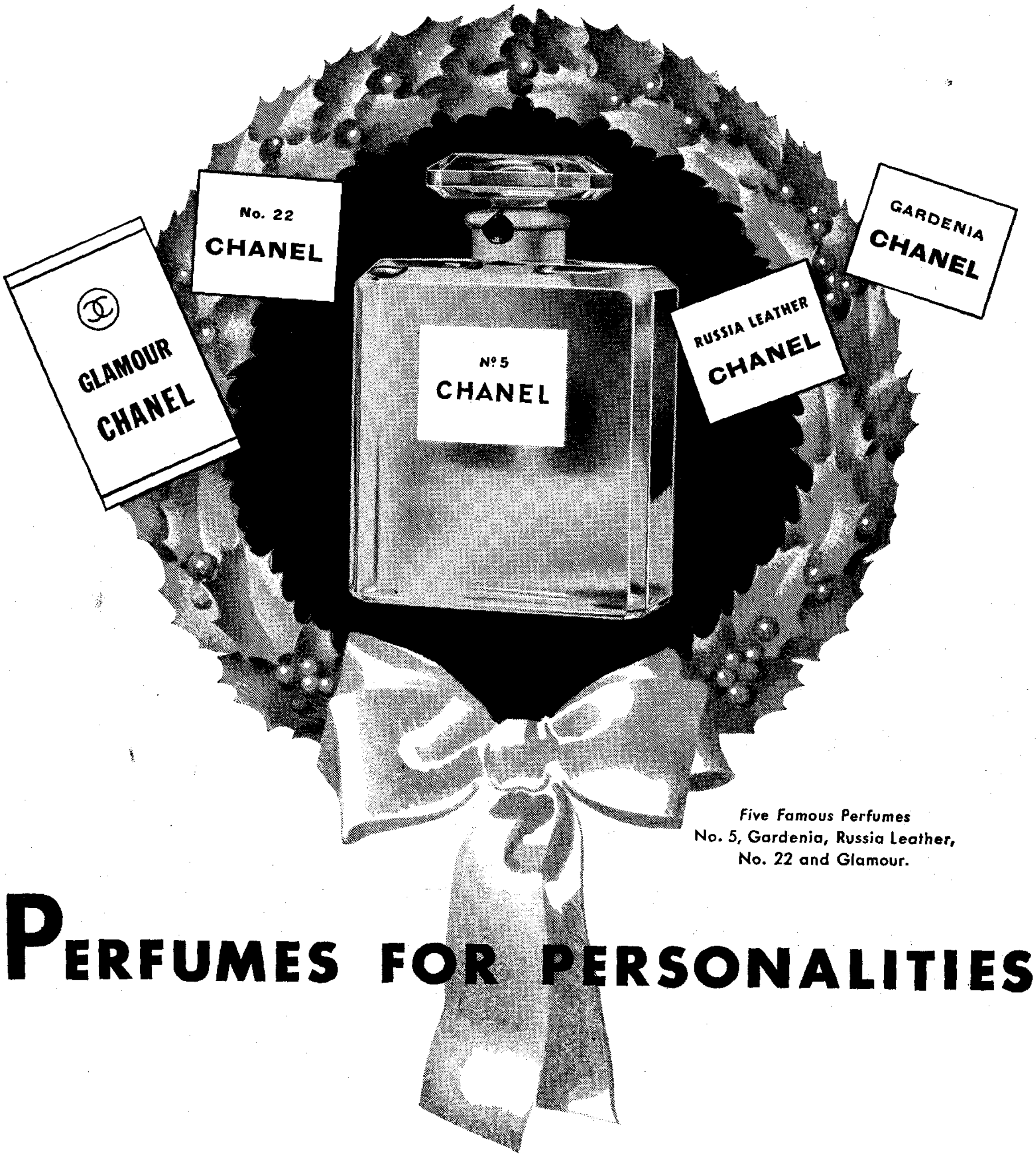
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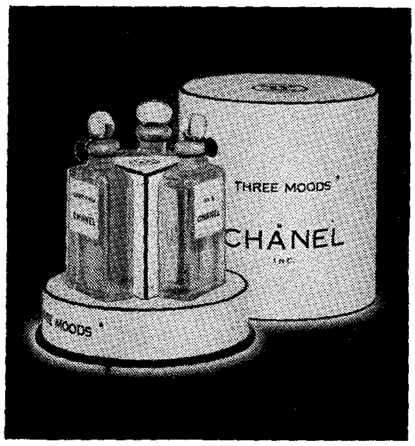
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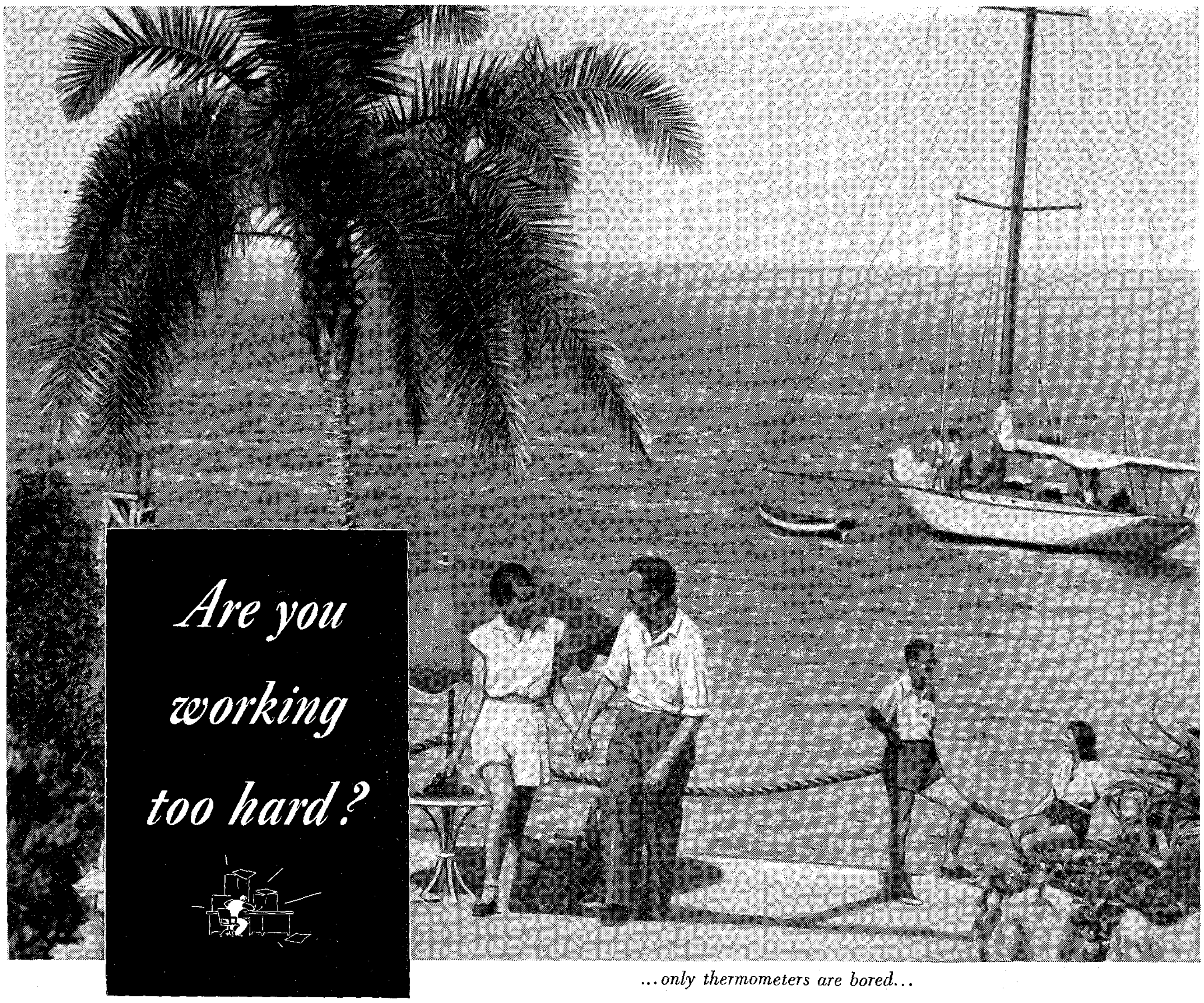

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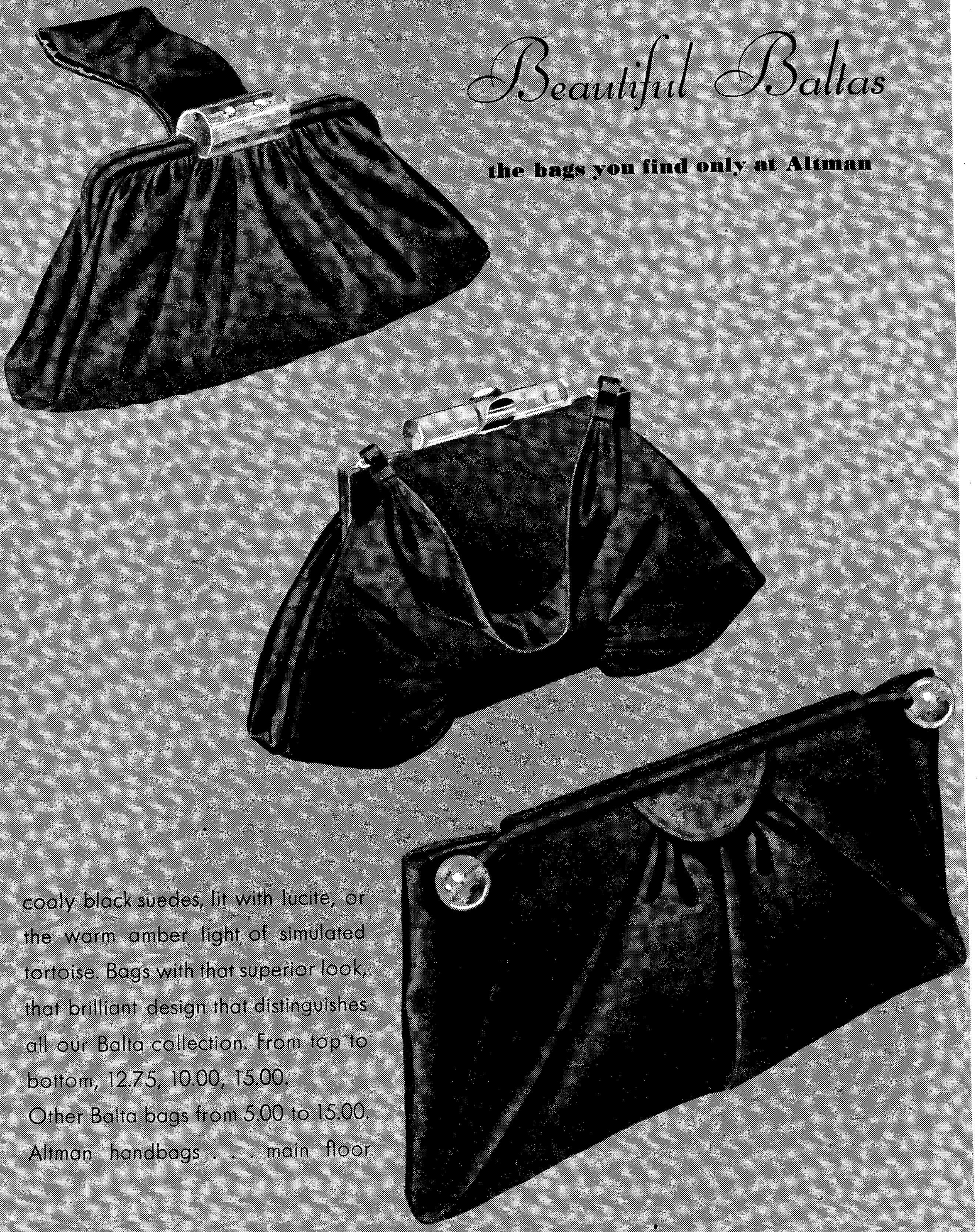

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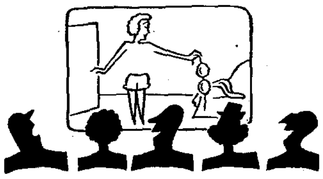
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have a note for the social historian of the day after tomorrow, assuming, of course, that it ever dawns. Nineteen-forty, sir, was the year the lady took all her clothes off in the movies, without stepping too early behind a screen. It hasn't happened as we write, but we have learned that it is about to happen, and we want to record it in advance because we might forget to later on. This was the year the lady took all her clothes off—her name was Virginia Bruce—and as each particular item of clothing left her body, that portion of the body disappeared. The two actions, peeling and dissolving, were exactly simultaneous, perfectly synchronized, so that the quickest eye in the land was no better off than the slowest. This year, in other words, was one for the book, marking the birth of the dodge known as the unmistakable blank. For the first time, when a man went to a moving picture, he knew beyond the shadow of a doubt exactly what it was that he was not looking at.



KNOCKING about from furnished pillar to sublet post over a period of months, we have been in a position to examine a large variety of small libraries, and we've made what seems to us a pretty interesting cultural discovery. We've discovered, in short, that apparently something makes most people read furiously for a few years, usually about ten, and then call it all off. We're living currently, for instance, with a strictly 1919-1929 library, full of Cabell, Dreiser, Donn Byrne, Van Vechten, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and early Lewis. A while back, we got stuck between Gene Stratton Porter and Arthur Machen. It's been like that wherever we've stayed. We haven't been able to reach any very plausible solution of this mystery ourself, but we feel it's high time to bring the situation out in the open. We do it here in the belief that it is sufficiently revelatory about almost everybody to be worthy of serious study. May even be a Ph.D. in it for somebody.

THE Rev. Ernest R. Palen, pastor of the Middle Collegiate Church, was shocked to see a drunk singing "God Bless America." Things like that make a mockery of patriotism, he told his congregation. We can't help feeling that the Doctor is too readily upset. Aesthetically, perhaps, it might be a good thing if bars forbade singing of any kind, forcing lyrical guests to shut up or go home. But nobody, as far as we know, has satisfactorily demonstrated that only the cold-sober are patriotic, or that a man harms his country by serenading her while fried. We submit that tipsy citizens more often than not express the deepest feelings of a community, harking back, in their misty state, to the eternal verities of mother, love, and country. A nation whose drunks feel compelled to chant "God Bless America" is a nation whose heart is O.K. The time to worry will come when the boys in the back room keep howling for "Minnie the Moocher."

AMONG the things we don't understand about architects is their ability to talk out of one corner of their mouths about the flawless cities of the future while the other corner is busy acclaiming the aesthetic benefits of a good big war and a couple of whopping earthquakes every generation or so. Frank Lloyd Wright, for instance, remarked the other day that he "would not say that the bombing of Europe is not a blessing, because at least it will give the architects there a chance to start all over again." However, in the next breath Mr. Wright disclosed that he had planned the only really bombproof city. He called it "the community of the future." This would be as gross a betrayal of the cause of architecture as the mind of man could imagine if the architects really believed in periodical erasure. The man to please everybody, we guess, is the fellow who conceived the Dymaxion House, a model of which we saw some years ago, and which we will never forget. It was earthquake-proof because it was hung from a pole, which in turn was cradled in a sort of subterranean stirrup. It was pretty well protected from war because it could be taken down in a hurry, like a tent, and bundled off in a trailer. It wouldn't stick in any architect's craw because the idea was to turn it out on a production line, like automobiles, and that would lead, of course, to the appearance of new models every spring and fall. We wonder what became of it. It's *our* house of the future because flux is its postulate, and flux is what we see more of ahead than anything else.

IT'S often struck us that one of the troubles with advertising is its lack of any true regional flavor. Trying to address the native in his own idiom, it never quite hits the mark because all the copy is being turned out by fashionable young men who seldom get out of their own cultural group. We are reminded of this by the genuine regionalism we encountered the other day in a rhymed advertisement for a brewery in Newark. No faker turned that out. We knew it when we read the first couplet:

Fido, look! A bright idea!
A tall, cool glass of Hoffman's Beer.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A well-bred young Dalmatian has just been registered with the American Kennel Club under the name of Hooker of Dewars.

The Brevoort Pharmacy, on Eighth Street, has removed its soda fountain in order to enlarge the pharmacy department.

In a corner of the Manhattan Telephone Directory, THWEATT and THWING are thide by thide.

The Massapequa, Long Island, firehouse has a private telephone number.

Full Circle

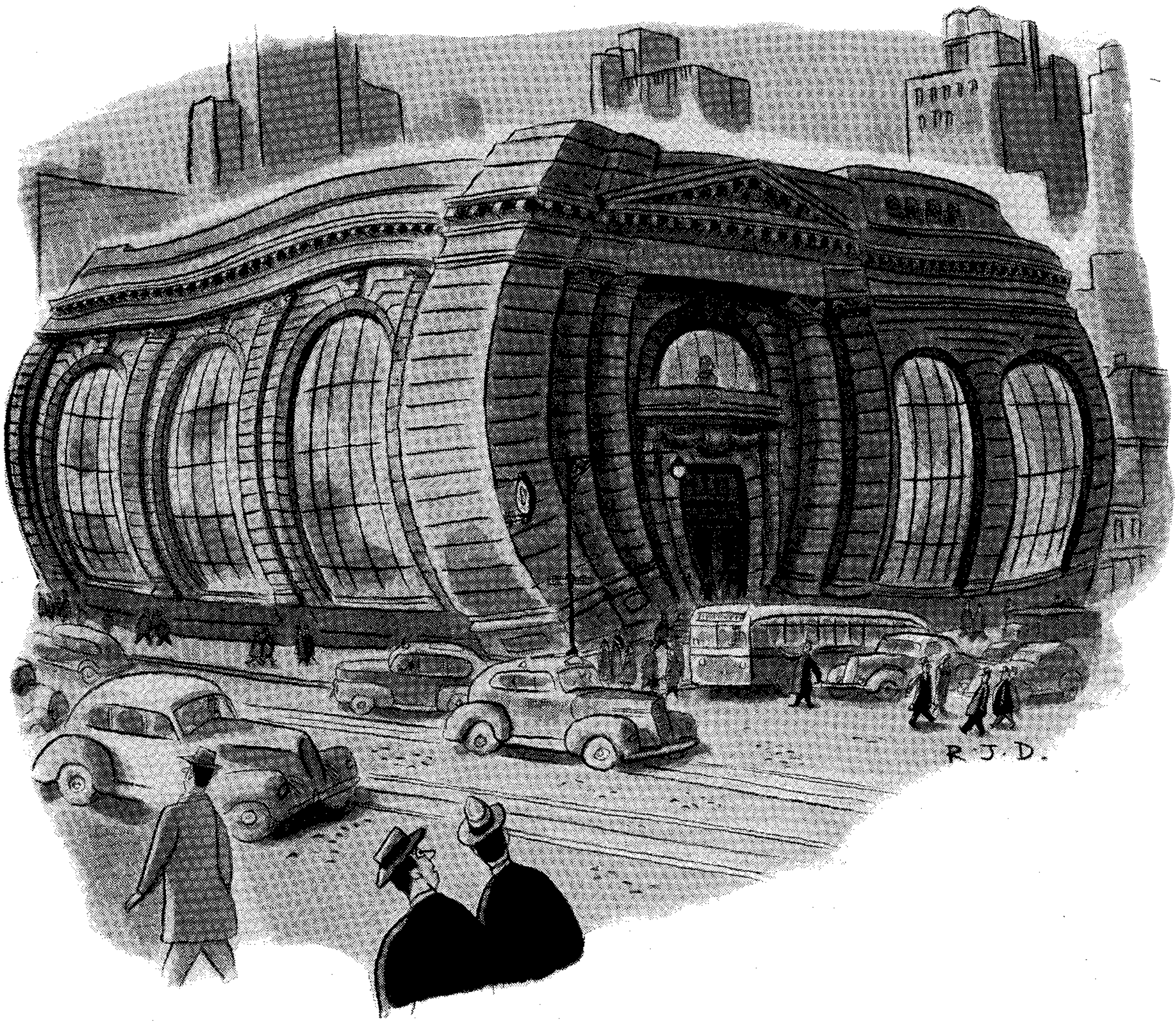
A SMALL boy in a progressive school surprised his parents the other day with the news that he had written a play for the next school assembly, and was furthermore going to play several leading rôles in it. The play, as he explained it, was sort of a saga of America. "In the first act I'm an Indian," he said, "and in the second I'm Wendell Willkie." "And are you anything in the third act?" his mother asked. "Oh, yes," her son said. "In the third act I'm an Indian again."

Quarterback

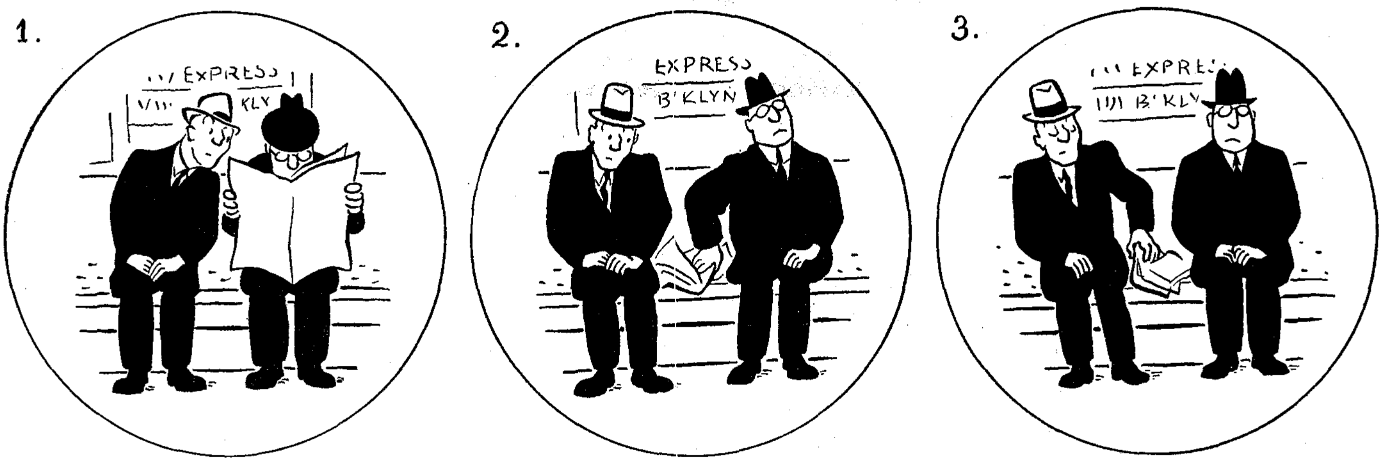
THE Cornell players, who many Easterners claim positively comprise the best football team in the country, stopped off in New York on their way home from Yale and we went over to their hotel, the Governor Clinton, to get a look, close up, of the captain and quarterback, Walter Matuszczak (Ma toó shak). He almost never handles the ball except to relay it to another player, his duties on the offensive being mostly calling signals and blocking, and consequently he isn't as spectacular as some players of the season, but he's one of the most important ones. He told us that his comparative obscurity doesn't bother him at all. "I have no further ambitions," he assured us.

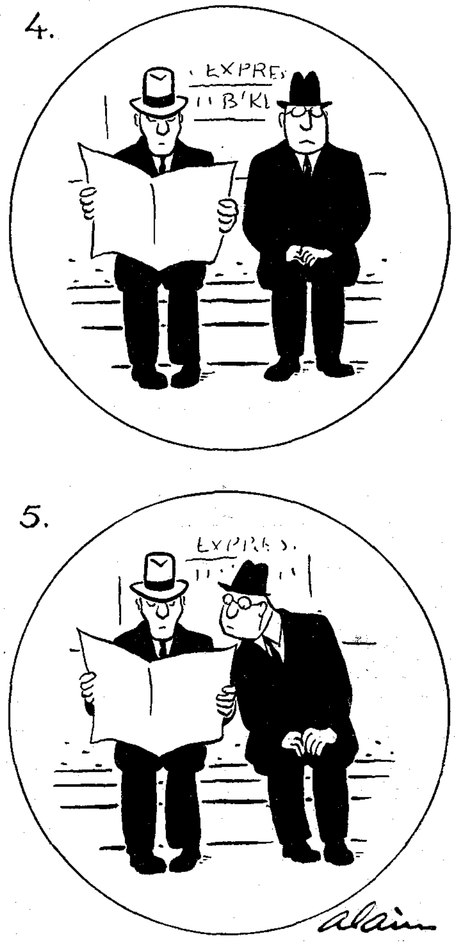
The unchaperoned appearance of Matuszczak on any college campus would cause cheers and jubilation among the modern, press-gang type of coaching staff. He weighs 204 pounds and even in his unpadded street clothes looks like a block of granite we once knew in Vermont. He is one of the Lowville, New York, Matuszczaks, a Polish dairy-farming family which includes seven boys and three girls. Walter is the youngest. None of his brothers went to college and most of them preferred to take advantage of their father's patriarchal system of dividing up his farm, which is (or was) large, as the boys became able to take over on their own. Walter got to Cornell, which is 160 miles to the southwest of Lowville, because he had acquired a kindly feeling for the livestock around his father's farm and decided to learn more about animals at the Cornell Veterinary College. He's got two more years to go in his vet course, and intends to set up in general practice after he finishes. At the moment he is studying the nervous system of the horse.

Matuszczak learned elementary football at high school in Lowville, where he also played on the basketball and baseball teams and on the alto horn in the band. At Cornell, he has stuck closely to football. His teammates are convinced that he can do no wrong and a great deal of right. As evidence, they cited to us his block of a safety man on a touchdown play against Ohio State and his success in finding the weak spot in the Ohio line after a brief experiment in trial and error. In a huddle, his teammates told us, there is no disputing his decisions and orders. He has, however, been known to ask advice of his fellow-backs. It has been charged by certain powers of darkness that Carl Snavely, the Cornell coach, is wont



"There's no doubt about it—business simply isn't borrowing money these days."





to signal instructions from the bench. Snavely has denied this, and Matuszczak denied it to us, too. In support of both of them it can be said that Walter never looks toward the sidelines during a game. In fact, this has been said, and the powers of darkness have murmured that he could have an observer out there working for him. We want no part of this argument. Walter plays through most of every game because he is not only efficient but durable. He has not been visibly damaged in three years of varsity activity, or hadn't been when we talked to him. He has most fun on the field when Ruddy, a substitute, is playing. The two of them speak Polish and confound their unilingual opponents.

As a veterinary student whose name has appeared widely in the papers, Matuszczak has been consulted occasionally by owners of ailing livestock and pets. In all such cases he has called in a couple of senior vets and usually, between them, they have been able to render a diagnosis. The patients have included a bloated cow (symptoms explained by mail), a dog with stomach trouble, and a cat whose mistress, an Ithaca lady, telephoned Matuszczak in the midst of a crisis. He put this problem entirely in the hands of more advanced scholars and doesn't remember much about it. "This cat was bearing young and didn't bear all of them" was all he could tell us.

Good Prospect

THE latest mailing-list story to come our way is from a Mr. Starke, who several years ago collected some unpublished letters of General Grant and offered them to a few thoughtful monthly magazines. He got rejections from all the magazines, but that was by no means the end of the matter. Somebody compiling a mailing list must have taken his name and address from the rejected manuscripts, because a steady flow of circulars has come to Mr. Starke's house, addressed to Ulysses Grant, in his care. The Mayfair Agency has made the General an attractive offer for gift magazine subscriptions, *Writer's Digest* and the *Nation* have invited him to subscribe, and a literary agent named Stuart Tynan, of Rhinebeck, has offered to place any short stories that he may have written.

Step Forward

TEN years from now, when you are accustomed to odorated talking pictures, you'll be sorry you laughed at us for telling about them now. They are what their name implies, talking pictures with accompanying odors. They were invented by two Swiss gentlemen, who put on a demonstration in the Swiss Pavilion at the World's Fair just before it closed. We met them the other day at the Swiss Consulate and, through an interpreter, were told the following: The two men, Hans Laube and Robert Barth, can reproduce odors as readily as sound engineers produce sounds. The mechanical details are largely secret at the moment, pending patents. The device is operated from a master control board with dials. The dials may be operated by the attendant who runs the regular projection machine. Odorated pictures can be shown in any theatre equipped for sound and can be produced in Technicolor. All odors known to man can readily be transmitted, including roasting chickens and burning brakes.

The Messrs. Laube and Barth would not say whether they needed actual chickens and brakes to produce the latter odors. Both are convinced of the importance of their invention. "The natural thing is a smelling picture," Laube said. "You can fool the eye and the ear, but not the nose." The two men flew to the United States by Clipper, having sent their apparatus, which weighs seven hundred pounds, ahead by boat. They brought with them the one picture they have already produced. It is a thirty-five-minute film entitled "My Dream," which has a cast of fifteen people and thirty-two odors, including eau de cologne, tar, peaches, hay, roses, and coconuts. Five thousand people saw, heard, and smelled "My Dream" at the Swiss Pavilion, among them a reviewer from *Variety*, who wrote, "It promises a real entertainment innovation," and President Roosevelt's mother, who said she was amazed. Our interpreter, a lady, saw it, too, and was impressed by "the very strong, peculiar, nice, lovely smell of ripe coconuts."

The Messrs. Laube and Barth realize full well the difficulty they face in finding a colloquial American name for odorated pictures, being familiar enough with the English language to disapprove of "smellies," but they haven't thought of anything else.

Cop

A PARTY set out to drive to Ebbets Field, to see a football game, and, inevitably, got lost in Brooklyn. After driving round and round through the unfamiliar streets, they pulled up beside a traffic cop, intending to ask their way. The cop had the first, and last word, though. "I've been expecting you," he said. "This is what you want, I believe." He handed them a slip of paper with a neat, hand-drawn map indicating the route from his corner to Ebbets Field. Then he bowed and waved them on.

Stick

JOURNALISTS annoy us when they pick up a new word and worry it, without telling us what it means, like "stick"—"A plane of the R.A.F. dropped a stick of bombs on a power plant in Berlin." Doing a chore that the news services should have done for us, we toiled down to (three words censored here), where a man who asked us not to use his name defined "stick" for us. It is the number of bombs dropped from a plane with one push on the release button. A stick may be anywhere from four to twenty bombs, and these leave the plane automatically, one by one, at whatever intervals the mechanism is set for. It may be every second, or it may be every tenth of a second. The origin of the term didn't have anything to do with pushing a stick to release the bombs. Fifteen years ago, our man at the (three words censored here) told us, someone in the British military establishment referred to a line of dropped bombs as a "stick" of bombs, and it's been "stick" ever since. It's distinctly a British word; officially, the United States air force never heard of a stick of bombs. (Thirty-nine words censored here.)

Welcome Home

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, in New York to see his dentist and make a couple of movie shorts in Astoria, has been telling his friends a fairly harrowing tale about something that happened to him last winter, while he was touring the Midwest as the headliner of a vaudeville unit. The booker wanted the act to play South Bend, Indiana, Butterworth's home town. Butterworth demurred, having forebodings of disaster, but finally consented to play a split week. Right away, things began to go wrong. Butterworth, with his intimate knowledge of South Bend, advised the troupe to travel there by interurban trolley instead of by train. When they arrived, it was six below zero, and coming on to snow. The comedian went to his hotel bar, to thaw out, and fell into conversation with the bartender. "I'm certainly glad I don't have to be in that parade today," the bartender said. "What parade?" Butterworth idly inquired. Well, the bartender related, some of the boys had got together and decided to hold a parade in honor of Charles Butterworth; they had hired a band, the local Studebaker agency had sent twenty-eight new cars, and they were all going to surprise him when his train got in. Butterworth dashed out of the bar and made for the railroad station, but it was too late. The train had already come and gone, and the parade, cheated of its celebrity, was making off, the band playing defiantly, the new Studebakers honking, and everybody stepping out briskly, to keep up his circulation. Butterworth chased them, yelling "Hey! Hey!," until they stopped at a restaurant for refreshments. There he got a cup of hot coffee and a much cooler welcome than originally intended.

Things didn't get any better, either. At the last South Bend performance, the girl who was supposed to float, dressed as a butterfly, up to the second balcony and down again while a tenor sang "Poor Butterfly" got stuck in mid-flight, owing to some fault of the machinery. It was twenty minutes before they brought her down, and the tenor had to sing "Poor Butterfly" sixteen times. If this tale has any moral, it is "Stay away from your home town."

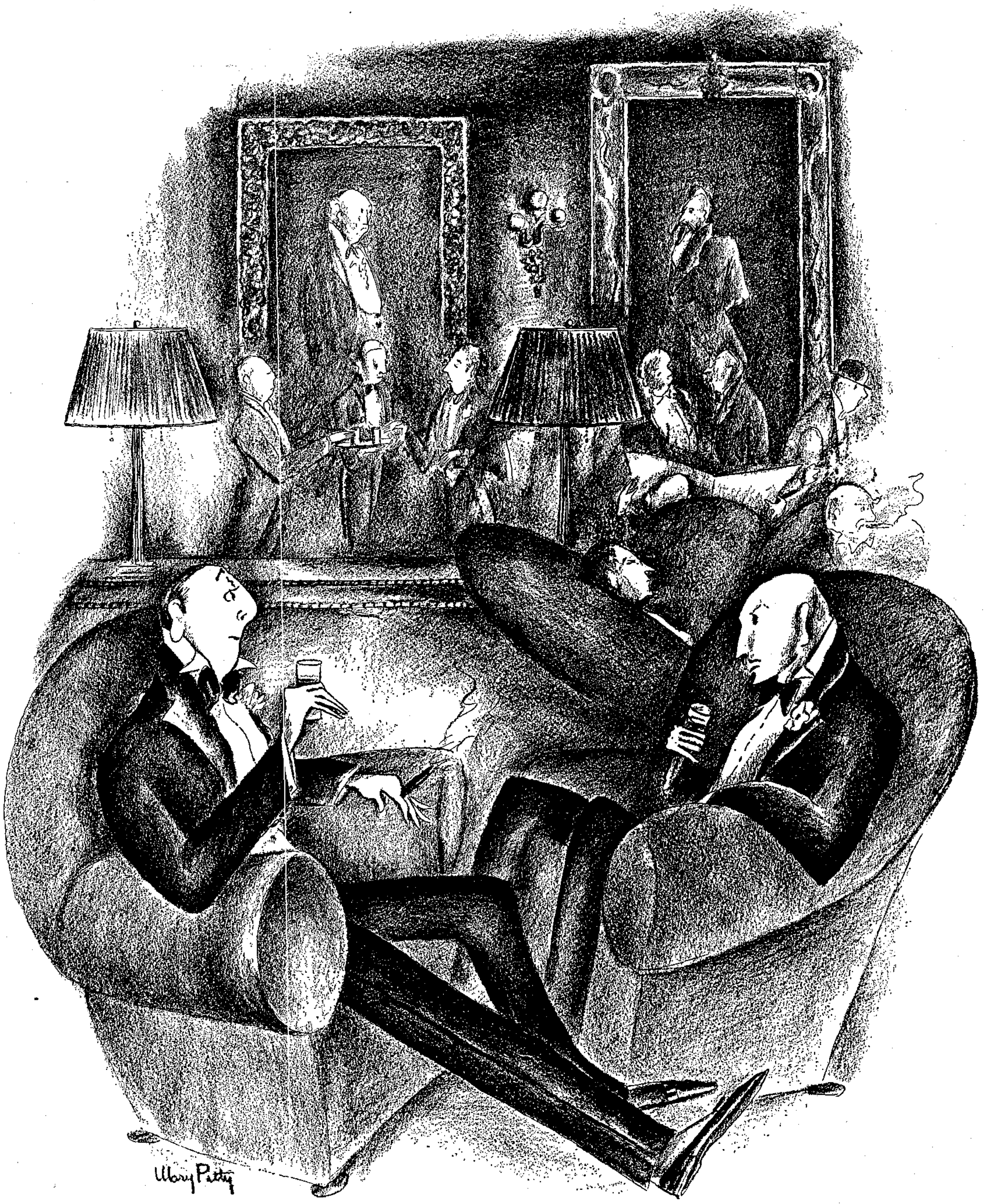
Handy Around the House

FOR several years now we've been an occasional reader of the department called "First Aid for the Ailing House," conducted by Roger B. Whitman, which appears in the *Sun* every day, usually on the next-to-last page. Harried householders write in for information on how to cope with their small problems: failing heat, clanking pipes, squeaking floors, spots on furniture, glass stoppers stuck in decanters—such things as that—and every now and then you get a rather pretty problem. Our favorite is that of the suburban houseowner who was enlarging his cellar and ran into a huge boulder, much too big to haul away. That posed us, but not Mr. Whitman. In such cases you bury the boulder; i.e., you dig up enough dirt to make a hole for it in the cellar floor. Mr. Whitman meets all his questions with such apparent effortlessness that we figured *his* house ought to be something to see, and arranged to inspect it. We learned that it is on Nassau Boulevard in Garden City, and there we found it and its owner. Mr. Whitman is a slight, pink-faced man in his sixties, and his house architecturally looks its age, which is forty. Mr. and Mrs. Whitman have lived in it for nineteen years. All they've done to the outside is face it with stucco in lieu of the original clapboards and build a small ell, which Mr. Whitman designed himself.

Inside the house we found substantial, early-twentieth-century, cluttered comfort. There was a fireplace in the living room, the walls bore many framed photographs and paintings, there was a piano with a throw and small bric-a-brac on it. (Looked hard to dust.) One strip of wallpaper was beginning to peel. No modern gadgets were in sight at all, and Mr. Whitman told us he doesn't go in for them much. The walls of the house are insulated, though, as he recommends in his column, and every radiator has a sheet of aluminum behind it. His furnace is a coal-burner with an automatic stoker.

Mr. Whitman is New York born, we found. After a year at Columbia, he served in the Navy during the Spanish-American War. In 1905 he became technical director of the New York School of Automobile Engineers, which was devoted to teaching, with the aid of several two-cylinder Locomobiles, the rudiments of the automobile to skeptical coachmen. Mr. Whitman also wrote a book, "Motor Car Principles." Subsequently he went into the magneto business, from that into architectural photography, from that into the World War as an aerial photographer, and from that to the staff of *Country Life* as associate editor. When the depression came along, he got the idea of writing a column for people whose homes were falling into disrepair and had no difficulty persuading the *Sun* to use it. Later a news syndicate took it up, and the *American Magazine* engaged him to conduct a page on the same subject. For a long time he has been receiving two hundred and fifty inquiries a week, all of which he answers by letter or in print. Mrs. Whitman does his typing.

At the outset, Mr. Whitman didn't have any special knowledge of his field, and he had to learn all the answers for himself. He has had to explore subjects like entomology. About fifty bugs are sent him every week, some of them alive, although he asks in print that they be thoroughly dead. Most of them are harmless outdoor insects which have wandered in, worrying householders, and the rest are usually ants, termites, silverfish, and bedbugs, which he tells people how to control. He frequently has run-ins with patriotic and humane societies. Once, when he told how to wash a flag, a group of D.A.R.'s protested that "the flag should be washed only in the blood of her sons." Once he infuriated bird-lovers because he told a sleepless man that if he shook the vines of his house every night for a week, he would discourage birds from roosting in them. He's lost out in his biggest battle, which was against squirrels. He used to advocate that people who wanted to rid their attics and walls of them use poison. "Squirrels are varmints," Mr. Whitman told us. "Rats are fairly decent beside them." S.P.C.A. people squawked so over his advice that laws have been passed in New York and New Jersey protecting squirrels (but not chipmunks). Now Mr. Whitman refers all local squirrel questions to the conservation commissions.



"I think of you as rather more the Home Guard type, Fred."

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Safe

THE other night, a pretty little thing who lives with her family in a Westchester town stayed in New York for a show and went out alone on a late train. Sitting across from her was a small, middle-aged man who kept looking at her and tentatively smiling. She ignored him, but he persisted. When she left the train, he did, too. She made for her house, and he kept right behind her. She quickened her steps, but he stayed with her. Finally, in a deserted stretch of suburban street, she turned on him, a doe at bay. "If you come one step nearer, I'll scream," she quavered. The man looked at her with scorn and said, "Don't be a fool! I've lived in your neighborhood for three years, and I have daughters your age." The girl relaxed, took a deep breath, and was about to apologize when the man spoke again. "Anyway," he said, "you're much too skinny."

FOREVER HOLD YOUR PEACE

OF the two country clubs, Furness Brook was the older and the less pretentious. Meals were served only on Thursdays and Sundays unless parties had been planned in advance, and on most weekday afternoons the clubhouse was tenanted by school kids who brooded over the pictures in *Esquire* and tormented the steward and his wife. Today the kids were relegated to the locker room, and a wedding party gathered in the bar and the lounge. The bride's decision had been sudden, the wedding small and informal, and invitations to the reception given over the phone.

Old Mr. Hubbard was one of the first in line to offer congratulations. "It's a fine wedding party," he said to the groom as they shook hands, "and now I look forward to the christening."

Herbert was embarrassed. "We're going to Guatemala," he explained in a businesslike voice. "Hope wanted to go to Yucatan and see the ruins, and I wanted to go to Jamaica, but the fellow in the travel agency said there was trouble among the working classes of Yucatan and Jamaica, so we're going to Guatemala."

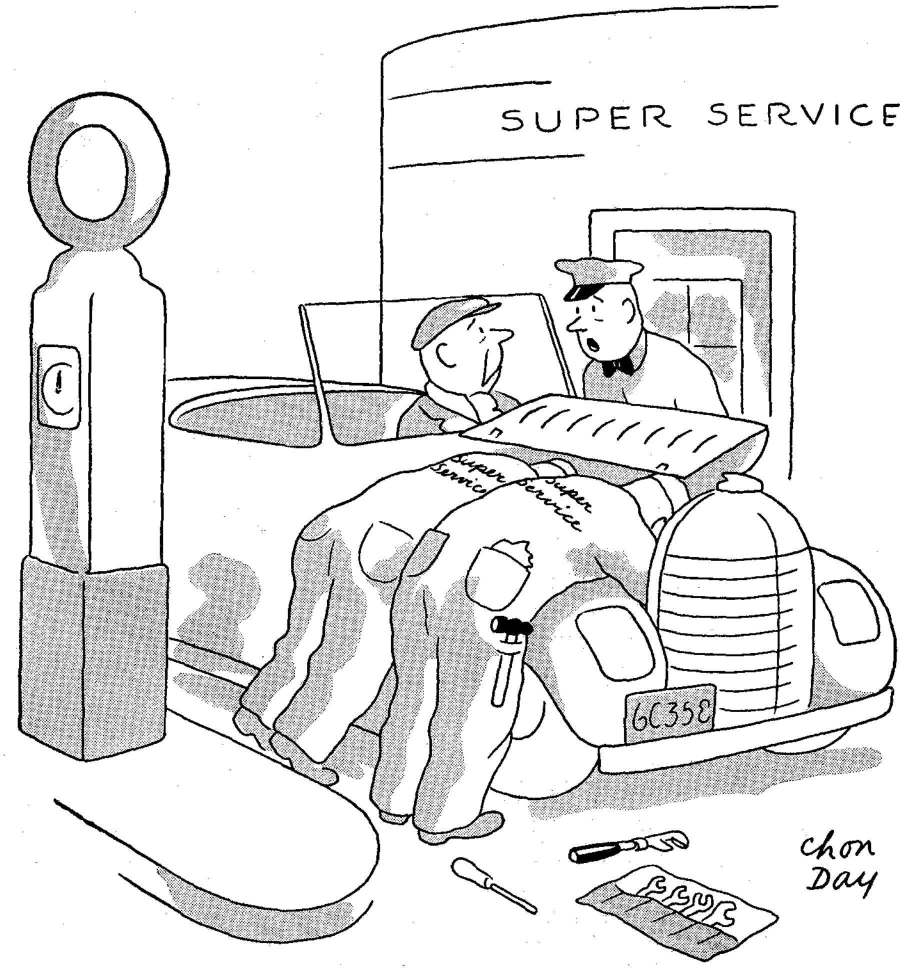
Old Mr. Hubbard passed on to the bride. "It's a fine wedding party. And now I look forward to the christening," he said. Hope smiled at him.

Louise Howe, somewhere behind them, said, "Someone ought to shut the old man up."

Herbert was telling Mrs. Loyd about the wedding trip. "But they have ruins in Guatemala," she said. "I'm sure they have ruins in Guatemala."

Hope stepped back so that she could lean against the sandwich table. A few moments later she heard herself explaining to Mrs. Loyd, "Yes, we've taken the Hollis house. When we get back, we're going to stay in a hotel in Stamford until the house is furnished. I'm going to do the decorating myself."

It had been a hard day from the beginning. She remembered the morning light and the room she had opened her eyes in, but the memory was confused now and the morning seemed far away. Brandy had carried her through the church service, and the crowd was waiting at the club by the time she and Herbert got there. They could hear the storm of talk from the vestibule, and when they came in Mal Pelley began pounding out the "Wedding March" on the upright piano in the ballroom and a feeble, discordant cheer went up. They are all my friends, Hope had said to herself, and I love them.



"How are you personally?"

She looked through the crowd for Tommy Olds, but he hadn't come yet. The thing she wanted most to do was to take off her shoes. She would take them off as soon as they got into the plane. The thought of the relief this would give her was like the promise of some sweet, green valley.

A stout woman who had her back to the bridal couple was saying, "No, we're only Irish on my grandfather's side. Grandfather Leahy came from Dublin. Grandmother was of English descent. I suppose we're really Norman. Grandmother could trace her descent back to William the Conqueror."

"Isn't Helen here?" Hope asked Warren Mayo, who followed Mrs. Loyd.

"She wanted to come," he said in a low voice, "but she's been having these dizzy spells lately."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Hope said.

"I think it's the sinus treatments she's been taking. I read in the *Reader's Digest*—I'm not sure, but I think I read somewhere in the *Reader's Digest* that the fluid in the ear has a lot to do with balance. That's what causes seasickness, they think. She wanted to come. She made all the arrangements, but then she had a dizzy spell this morning."

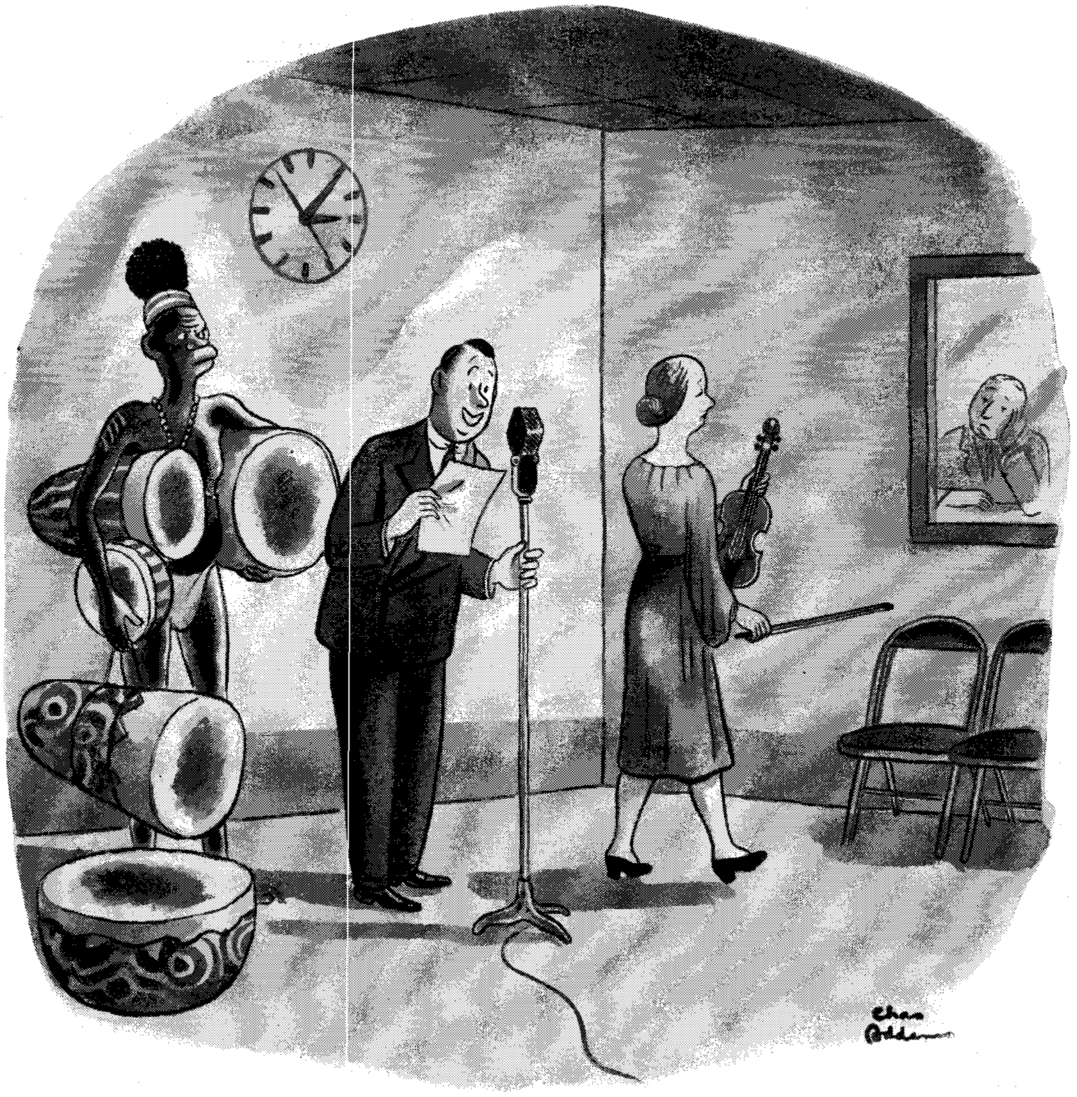
"I'm terribly sorry," Hope said. "And thank you for the brandy inhalers, and tell Helen I'll call her as soon as I get back."

"Doesn't Hope look smart in that suit?" she heard someone say. "It's the first time in three years that I've seen her in a decent outfit. And it's a shame, too, because she can wear clothes so well, but she used to . . ."

At her best, Hope looked fragile, and she looked fragile and remote this afternoon. Her appearance and her easygoing nature and the fact that both her parents had died when she was quite young had made the neighbors feel a more than ordinary concern about her. They married her to Charlie Osburn when she was nineteen, and when she went out to Reno eight years later they were willing to admit their mistake. Still, it made them uneasy to think of her as a single woman, as a divorcée. Then she started going around with

Tommy Olds, and that was the worst thing that could have happened. He was attractive and came from a substantial family, but he had never got his feet on the ground. He had thrown away one good job after another, and Hope’s friends hated to think of the disordered life she would have to live with him. She knew they would be talking about it now in the corners of the lounge. “Tommy Olds doesn’t have the price of a good cigar,” Louise Howe would be whispering. “That’s what I told Hope. ‘You haven’t got a mother to talk to you,’ I told her, ‘so I’m going to straighten you out myself.’ ”

Hope had never quite understood why they hated Tommy. Business failure was not contagious. One by one, her friends had made it a point to tell her that Tommy was poor. Some of them called up the memory of her dead parents. Others warned her of how difficult it would be for her to keep up relations with her old circle. The strange thing was that Tommy felt the same way. He had advised her to marry Herbert. They had been in a Pittsfield hotel room and she had been sitting on the edge of the bed in her slip, crying. “You marry Herbert,” he had told her. “He’s got a nice little nest egg. I can’t give you anything and I’ve seen too many marriages broken up by a lack of money to put you over the jumps.” She could hear him speaking now, above all the din. She could hear his voice saying, “I love you, baby, and I want you to be happy and do the things you’ve always done and see the people you’ve always known. I’m a failure. I’ve been cut out. It’s lonely, and I don’t want you to have to put up with it.” She remembered the way he had sat down on the bed beside her and said, “Skinny as a chicken,” tenderly, putting his hands on her thin shoulders. “A bag of bones.”



“Now for a change of tempo . . .”

Old Mr. Hubbard was standing in the centre of the floor. “Toasts! Toasts, everybody!” He raised his glass and cleared his throat. “May they sleep on archangels’ feathers,” he began, “and feast on strawberries and cream, and . . .”

THROUGH toast after toast, Hope stood quietly, nodding, laughing. When the toasts were finished there was a pause, and then the storm of talk broke again.

“Aren’t these sandwiches delicious!” Louise Howe was saying. “A Russian lady makes them. She doesn’t do anything but make sandwiches.”

“They say that the coast is tropical,” Herbert was explaining, “but in the capital the climate is very much like Connecticut. We’re going to take plenty of warm clothes.”

Who would remind Tommy to wear his topcoat, Hope said to herself, and buy gasoline, and wash the shaving soap off his face. As if he had come to answer her question himself, Tommy Olds appeared in the doorway, grinning. He was taller than the other men and a little stooped. His hair was wet and dark. He looked apologetic, as if there might not be a place for him anywhere in the room. Mal Pelley came up to Hope with a glass in one hand and a sandwich in the other and said, “Tommy’s here.”

“Yes?” Herbert said politely. “Where is he?”

“He looks awful,” Mal said, and bit into the sandwich. “Poor fellow, if he could only get—”

“You’re looking well, Mal,” Hope said.

“Sun lamp,” he explained. “I bought a sun lamp last winter and I haven’t had a cold all year. By the way, I can get you one if you’re interested, Herbert. I can get you a fifty-dollar sun lamp for thirty-four”—he looked around and saw Tommy standing beside him—

"thirty-five dollars. Well, Tommy, I haven't seen you in ages. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Yes, indeed." Tommy shook hands with Herbert and kissed Hope.

"You know they've taken the Hollis place?" Mal said.

"Yes, I know," Tommy said.

He looked ill, and Hope could smell the rye on his breath.

"I hope you'll be very happy," he said, and stood aside to let a waiter pass.

Hope wanted to tell him that the church had been cold and that the pews had creaked. She wanted to tell him that Herbert had repeated the vows in a nervous voice, and how surprised and pleased she had been at her own composure. She wanted to describe Mrs. Loyd's old hat, the drive from the church to the club, and the toasts. And she wanted to tell him that as soon as it was over she would come to him, like a spy from the enemy's camp, and report on the things these people had said, their clothes, their manners, their voices. She wanted to tell him all this and be praised for what she had done, but suddenly he said, "Goodbye, Hope," and walked away.

She thought she was going to cry out, and put her hand to her mouth. Shouts of laughter came from the lounge, and for a moment Hope thought they were laughing at her. Then weariness, the pinch of her shoes, took the terror out of what had happened. She turned to Herbert. "Can't we go now?" she asked.

HERBERT nodded and signalled to Pete Gavin to bring their car around. They were starting out of the room when Mal Pelley came up and threw his arms about their shoulders.

"You people can't go yet," he said. "It's early. Wait a minute. We'll have another drink."

He left them to get a bottle of champagne, and they moved toward the door.

"Are you going?" Mrs. Loyd cried.

"I think we'd better go if we're going to make the plane," Herbert said politely. He tightened his hold on Hope's arm and they continued to move across the room.

When Pete brought the car up, the wedding guests ranged themselves along the porch steps, in the late afternoon sun. Some crows were making a racket in a pine tree. There were dry leaves on the lawn. The guests crowded around the car, shaking hands with the couple and wishing them happiness and a good trip. Old Mr. Hubbard reached into his pocket and pulled out a handful of rice. His aim was poor and the rice rained on the fenders. He was reaching into his pocket again when his wife restrained him. "No, no, George, really. No more rice. You only do that at churches."

"Well, goodbye."

"God bless you."

"Call us up the very day you get back, won't you?"

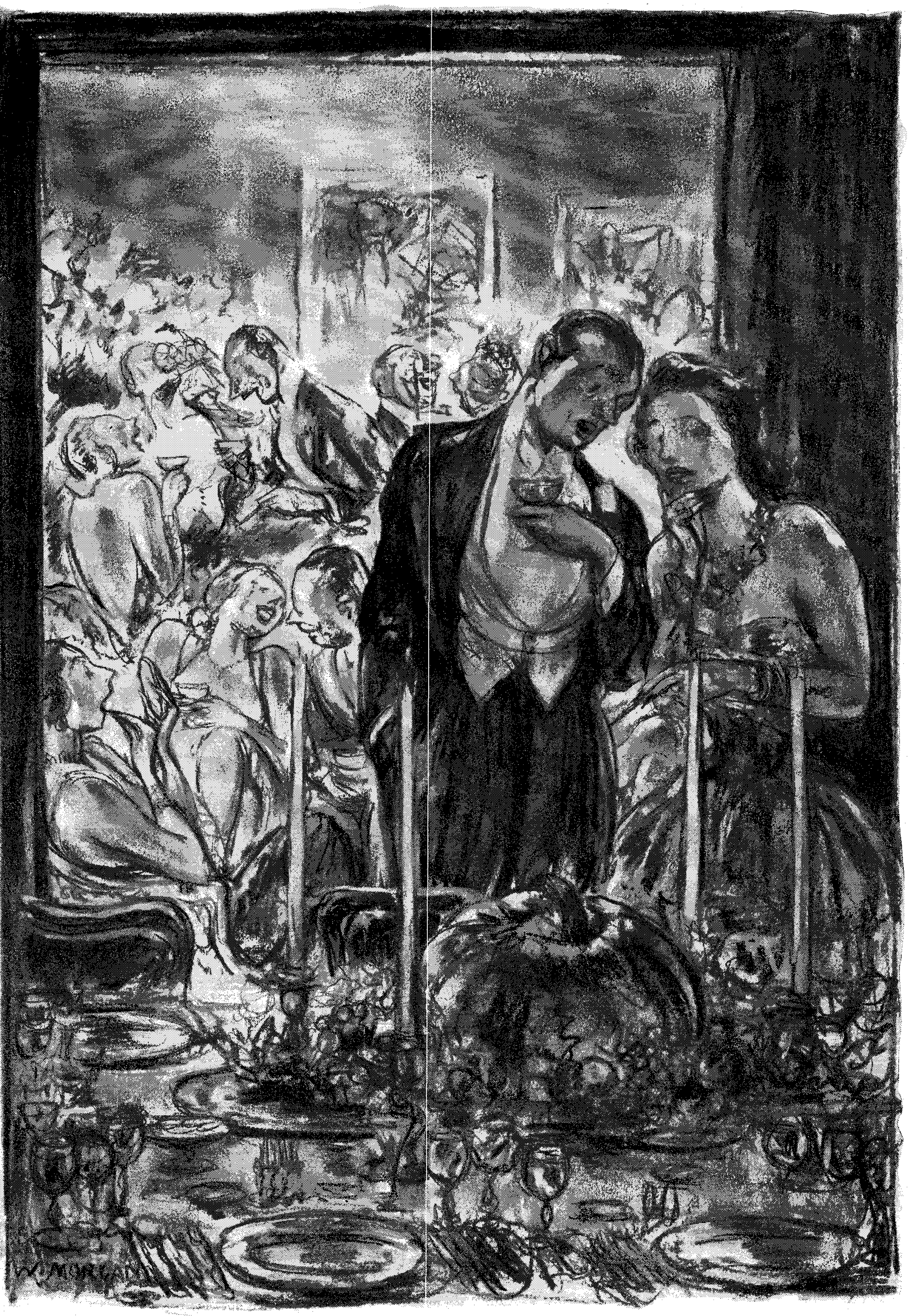
The car pulled down the drive and they all watched it intently. At their backs a door slammed and Mal Pelley appeared with a bottle in one hand. "They gone?" he asked. No one paid any attention to him. They all turned and went back into the club. At the bar the waiters were pouring champagne. "Wasn't it nice?" Louise Howe asked everybody. "Wasn't it nice, though?" She began to hunt for her handkerchief. "I'm such an old woman to cry like this, but it makes me so happy," she said, with the tears running down her face. "Life is really wonderful, isn't it? So just and wonderful and beautiful in the end. I don't think I've ever been as happy. I worried so about that girl. I worried so about what was going to become of her."

—JOHN CHEEVER

ON GRATITUDE WE STAND PATITUDE

This is the Lackadaisical Broadcasting Company, the Friendly Voice that also stands and waits,
Bringing you our annual Thanksgiving message through the courtesy of the President and merchants of the United States.
Now, what shall we be thankful for on this poignant and peripatetic Thanksgiving?
Well, first let us be thankful for being alive, if any of our listeners happen to be living,
Because, of course, if they are dead
The better the less said.
Let us also give thanks for the happy circumstances that led to the friendship of Mr. Sears with Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Montgomery with Mr. Ward, to say nothing of the concatenation of Messrs. Barton, Durstine, and Osborn and Mr. Batten,
And for not being in a bewildered state on the Jamaica platform of the Long Island Railroad and about to step into the train bound for Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, instead of the Pennsylvania Station, Manhattan.
Let us give thanks that women's wedge shoes weren't invented until they were,
And that the bad manners of the younger generation help middle-aged people to grow old without self-consciousness because they no longer shock you into a realization of your advanced age by offering you their chair and calling you sir.
Let us palpitate with thanks that the contents of the Pot o' Gold at the bottom of Fort Knox have been increased again,
And gratefully rejoice that you can now fly from New York to Los Angeles in fourteen hours, while conveniently overlooking the fact that it takes sixteen hours to get back East again.
Oh, there are so many things to be thankful for, such as that no organization has set out to popularize parsnips, or whey and curds,
And that we don't have to change a rear tire on that ingenious snow machine of Admiral Byrd's.
Yes, and let us consider that even if a lot of baritones sing "The Road to Mandalay" and "Danny Deever," at least very few of them sing "Gunga Din,"
And that a batter hitting a long fly with a man on third no longer gets credit for a sacrifice but only for a run batted in.
Let us also remember with affection the confused Democratic delegate who spoke into the Chicago microphone, saying, I want to thank the Chair for its recognichigan of the State of Michigan;
He was indeed an engaging politichigan.
So the Lackadaisical Broadcasting Company bids you farewell, with the message that if you aren't grateful to be living in a world where so many things to be grateful for are yours as a matter of course,
Why, it is now five seconds until fifteen minutes before eleven o'clock and you are just an old Trojan horse.

—OGDEN NASH



"*Whom shall we ask to say grace?*"

TEN YEARS ON A DESERT ISLAND

WHEN the Negro came into Jake's place on Third Avenue, there were four men drinking at the bar. They all looked at Jake to see what he would do.

The Negro ordered a beer and drank up as soon as Jake served him. Then Jake picked up the empty glass and deliberately broke it. He threw the fragments into a garbage can under the counter. The four men looked back at the Negro, who quickly ordered another beer. Two of the men were garage mechanics from Seventy-fifth Street. The third was an interne from Bellevue, and the fourth a tire salesman some years out of Georgia Tech.

"My boy came home with a queer one last night," said the mechanic named Birk. "His teacher gave him a composition to do about who the kid would choose to spend ten years with on a desert island. Wouldn't you say that was queer? In my day they used to make you write about George Washington or how to make a kite—things like that."

"Who'd he pick?" asked Tucker, the other mechanic.

"Johnny Weissmuller. I tried to argue him out of it, but nothing doing. It's these Tarzan pictures. I tried to tell him it's only a movie, but he says the way that guy can swim ain't no movie. So I tell him if it's an athlete you want, why don't you pick one that's all around and not just a swimmer, but he says when it comes to all-around athletes he'll string along with Weissmuller."

"I guess he's not old enough to know it's a woman he'll be wanting," said Tucker. "If I had a boy that age, I'd kind of expect him to pick me. When I was nine I thought my father was the greatest man ever lived. Well, he wasn't, but I'll be damned if he didn't have it all over Johnny Weissmuller. My father could grow mushrooms twice the size of your fist in a little old cellar when we lived down Raritan Bay. That's the sort of man who'd go good on a desert island."

"Not in my kid's book," Birk said. "Today a man would have to swing from trees and wrestle with alligators to rate with his own son. I say it's the teacher's fault for asking that kind of a question. I swear I myself wouldn't know who the hell to pick."

"I do."

"Who?"

"I'd take Benito Mussolini," said Tucker.

The Negro finished his second beer and waited. He gave no sign of ordering a third. Jake broke the glass again and threw the fragments away. The interne and the salesman stood at the far end of the bar, watching Jake and the Negro and listening to Birk and Tucker.

"Why?" asked Birk. "Why in hell take Benito Mussolini?"

"I don't like him, that's why. All you have to do is look at him to know the fellow has never done an honest day's work in his life. It'd be a big pleasure to make *him* toe the line. I'd work him from sunup to sundown."

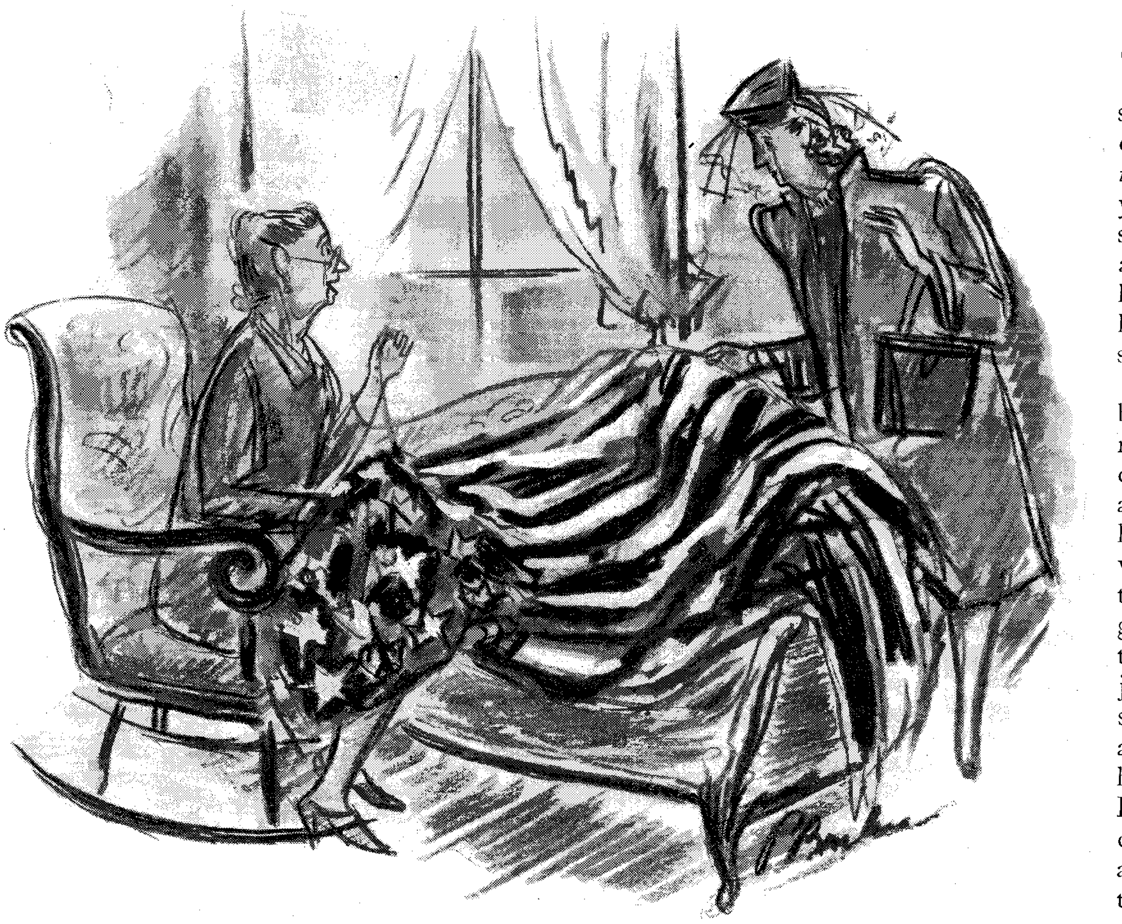
"How do you know you could? How do you know he wouldn't make you do the dirty work? He looks pretty hefty to me."

"He wouldn't stand a Chinaman's chance," Tucker said. "I wasn't foreman on a construction gang for nothing. I know how to handle his kind. The dago never lived could monkey with me. I don't care if he's Primo Carnera."

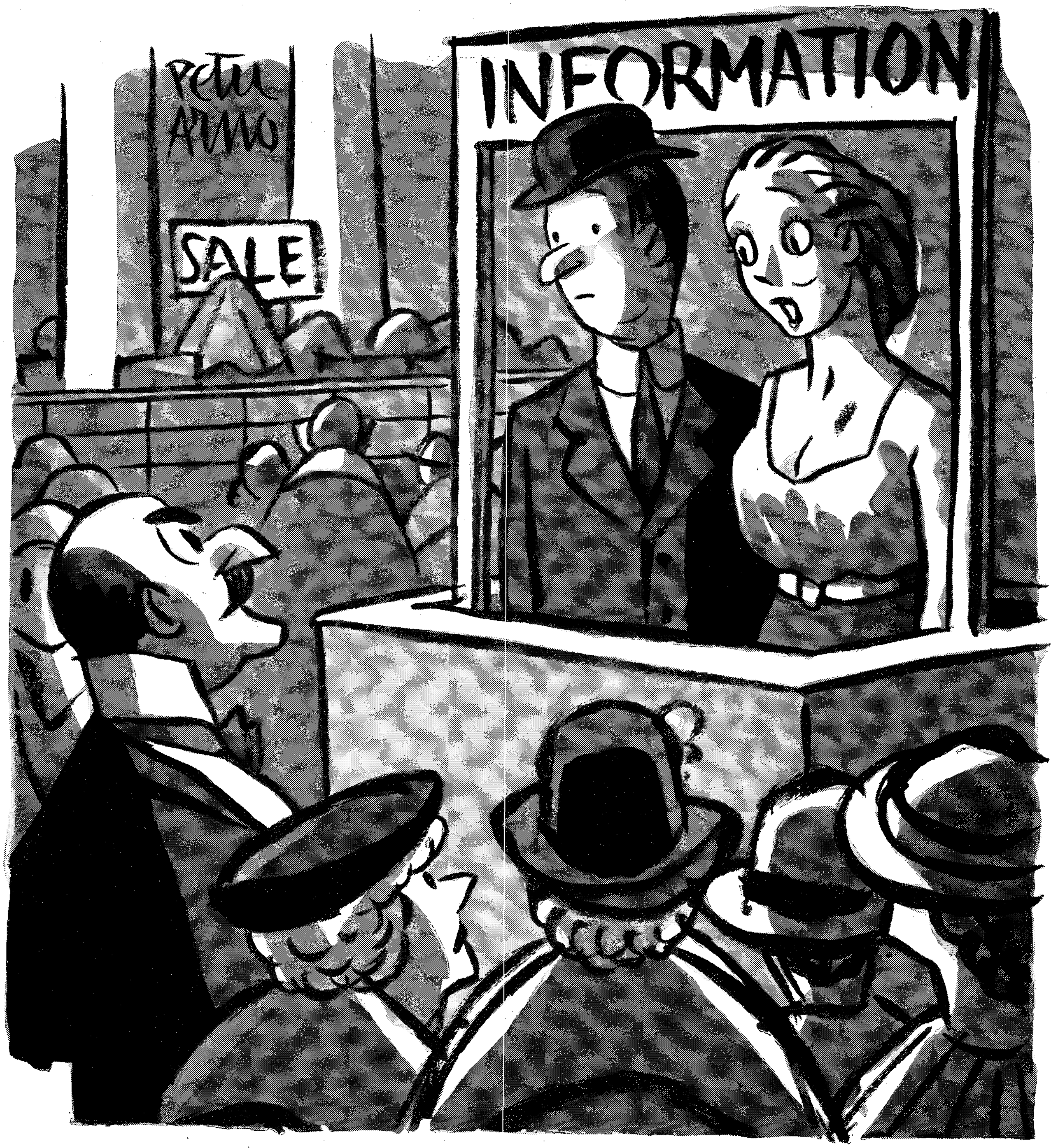
"They're shifty though, don't kid yourself. Turn your back just once and there's the point of a stiletto sticking out of your chest."

"That's where my straw-boss experience comes in. I wouldn't *turn* my back. There's your answer. I'd just stand around and grin and make him work till he stood ankle-deep in his own sweat. No more speeches from balconies."

The tire salesman had been drinking beer, but now he switched to a double rye as ominously as he could manage. Jake had nothing to do. He wiped the bar in front of the mechanics. The Negro ordered again. This time he did not drink up, just nursed it. He was a slender, light Negro in a well-pressed suit, and he wore an American Legion button. The mechanics and the interne and Jake had all noticed the unmistakably threatening attitude of the man from Georgia Tech.



"It's for my nephew. He's been made a corporal."



"He had a very personal question, Mr. Dexter."

• •

"On second thought," said Tucker, "I wouldn't take Mussolini, after all. Why the hell should *I* put in ten years of my life alone with a heel like that? Wouldn't be worth it."

"You see?" Birk said. "What did I tell you? That composition is not as simple as it sounds. Sweet Christ on a crutch, I could stand here all week and not figure out an answer! It's wrong for a teacher to make a boy rack his brains about something as useless as that. What do you say, Doc?"

The interne was not quite sober. He had a week of night duty ahead of him, and two months ago he had married a girl without the knowledge of his family. Now he was not certain he should have married at all.

"It's hard to tell," the interne said. "Conundrums like that are supposed to stimulate the imagination. There's a lot to be said for these new teaching methods. Don't the kids of today seem brighter to you than the ones you grew up with?"

"They do, that's a fact," Birk said. "But I'm not so sure it's a good thing."

"I'm all for it," the interne said. "If memory serves me right, half the time I didn't know what went on around me when I was a kid at school. It took twenty years before I could figure out what some of my nursery rhymes meant. Did you ever hear the one about the mouse that ran up the clock?"

"No."

"I did," said Tucker. "It went like this:

> 'Dickory, dickory, dock,
> The mouse ran up the clock;
> The clock struck one,
> The mouse ran down,
> Dickory, dickory, dock.' "

"The way I remember it," the interne said, "it's '*Hick*ory, dickory, dock.' Anyway, it means life is nothing. Do you get it? The clock struck one, the mouse ran down, so what? So nothing. Life is nothing. You live and you work and you work and you live and it all adds up to nothing. Of course, as a kid I couldn't understand that. I probably don't understand it now."

Nobody said anything. The Negro finished his third beer and got ready to go. Jake took his glass and broke it.

"You get my point, don't you?" the interne said. "The clock struck one, the mouse ran down, so what? So nothing. Life is nothing."

"I get your point," the Negro said.

The salesman pushed his drink away. "Listen, you black son of a bitch," he said. "I've stood all I'm going to stand. First you come in and drink with white folks, then you get up on your hind legs and start talking bigetty."

The Negro said, "I'm going because I was on my way anyhow. But this ain't Arkansas. You meet me on the sidewalk and find out."

"I don't come from Arkansas," the salesman said. "I come from Georgia, where we don't soil our hands on apes. Only this time I'll make an exception. I know you bastards can run faster than human beings, so I don't aim to chase you down any sidewalks. Nigger, you going to get it right in here."

He was within two steps of the Negro when Jake leaned over the bar and hit him on the back of the head with a sawed-off baseball bat. He staggered against the wall and sat down.

"I got to go," the Negro said. "I got things to do. You tell him my name is Baxter and he can find me on the corner of a Hundred-and-thirty-first and Lenox any time he feels like. I ain't scared of him." He left.

The salesman's eyes were open, but he seemed to have lost his power of speech. Even after he staggered to his feet, he could only mumble. The interne took his arm and led him out. Jake and the mechanics watched the man struggling to get his bearings on the seat of a taxi. The hackie finally got an address out of him and drove off.

THE interne came back. "You want to be careful where you hit these guys," he said.

"He'll be all right," Jake said. "I know just about how hard a one they'll take. You pick those things up as you go along. I just made him try that one on for size. I can't have no lush messing up my place."

"My own head isn't as clear as it ought to be," the interne said, "but it seems to me you yourself were asking for trouble when you broke those glasses."

"That's different," said Jake. "That's policy. I make my living off these men from the garage. They wouldn't drink out of the same glass with a colored man. I got to destroy them glasses so's they know I don't use them again. I can't help it if the colored man gets his feelings hurt. He ought to have better sense than to come here in the first place."

"Jake's right," Tucker said. "I wouldn't drink out of the same glass."

"All right, I'm a little groggy," the interne said. "I still don't see why you can't refuse them service when they come in."

"I just can't, that's all. He got a right to buy a drink in a public place, just like Tucker's got a right not to drink out of the same glass and I got a right to smash it. We all got to make a dollar and we all got a right to our own opinions. That's what they ought to teach them at school instead of making them worry about who to take on a desert island."

"The thing that got me," said Birk, "was that this kid of mine didn't worry or hesitate a minute. He just picked Weissmuller right off the bat. What's the use of working and slaving away for your family when they'd rather live with a complete stranger? Like the Doc says, you live and you work and you work and you live and where are you?"

"Nowhere," the interne said. "That's what I was getting at a little while ago."

"You guys sound like a funeral," said Jake. "I better turn on something cheerful." He tried several stations on the dial before deciding on a transcribed program of records by Kay Kyser and his College of Musical Knowledge.

—Edward Newhouse

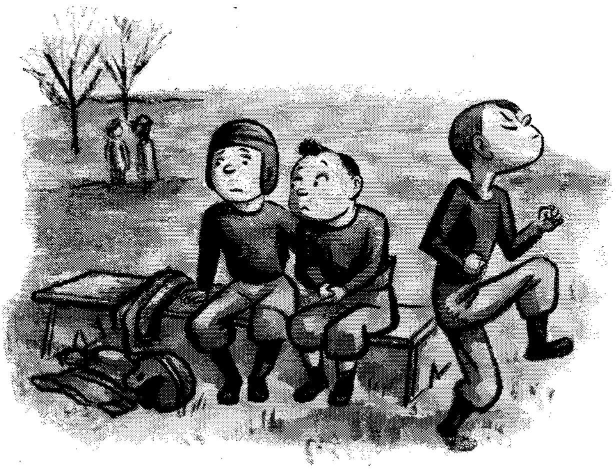
•

Miss Thompson and I left yesterday for a little jaunt into New England. At night we were with our friends, Miss Esther Lape and Miss Elizabeth Reed in Connecticut. Today you will hear from us somewhere along our way, but where we will lay our heads for the night is still in the lap of the Gods.—*Eleanor Roosevelt in the Chicago Times.*

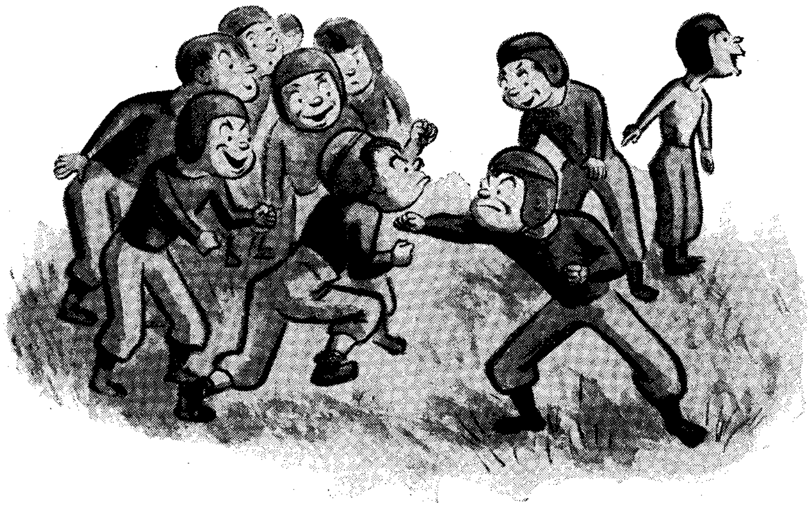
Cozy enough for anybody.

SMALL FRY

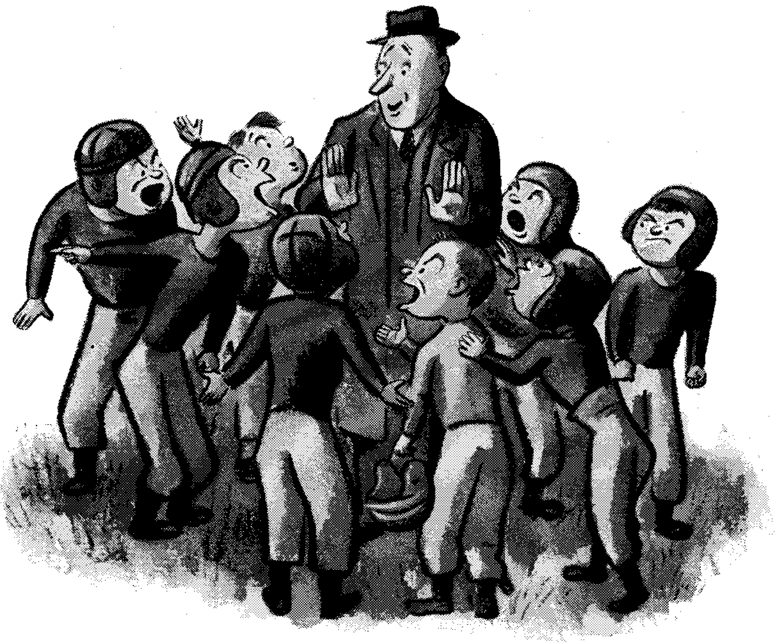
FOOTBALL



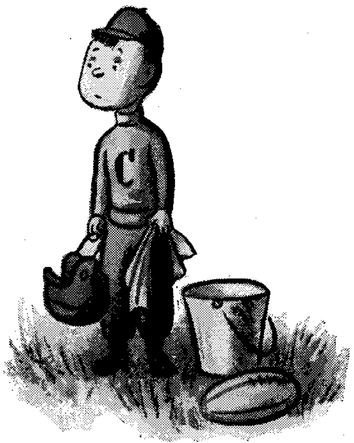
Warmup



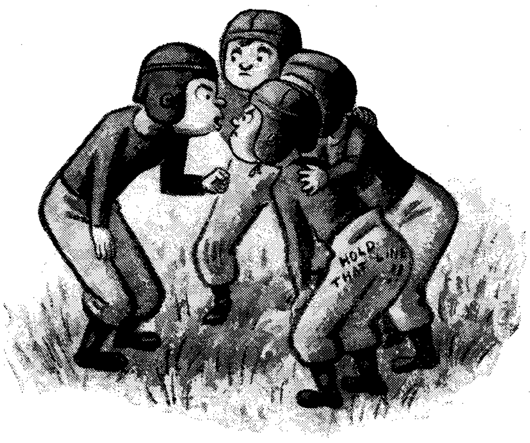
Flareup



Appeal to authority

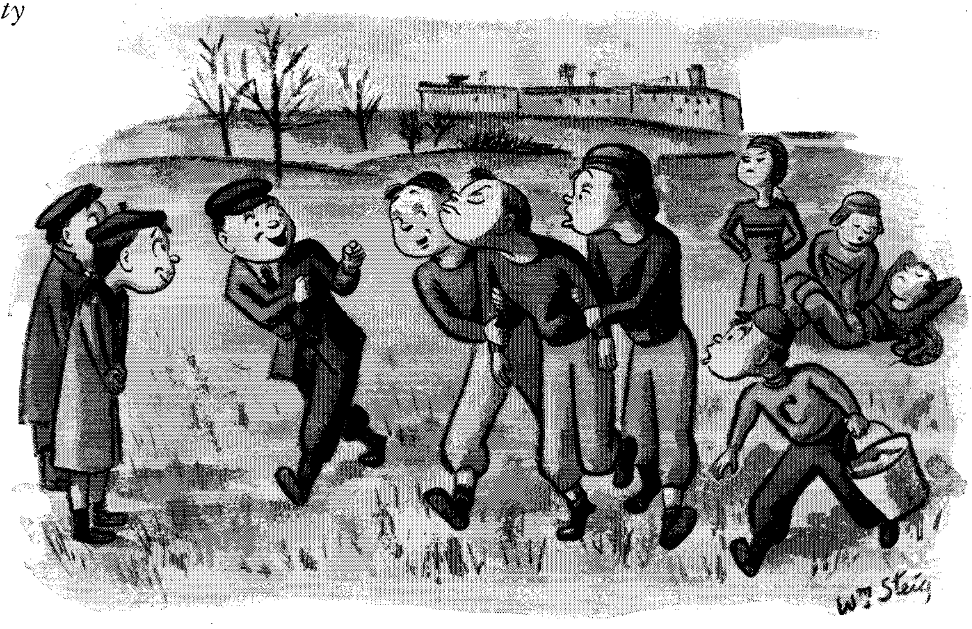


Mascot



HOLD THAT LINE

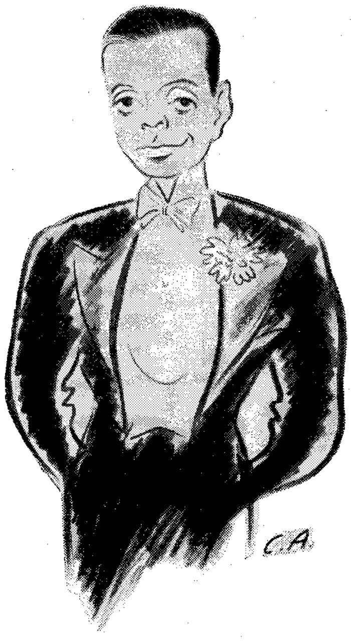
Huddle



Hero

PROFILES

WORDS AND MUSIC



Cole Porter

AT a party recently, an attractive woman in her thirties was dancing with a young man who in his working hours plays an oboe in a swing octet. The orchestra drifted into a Cole Porter tune, and the woman closed her eyes reminiscently as she followed the familiar words:

Like the beat, beat, beat of the tom-tom
When the jungle shadows fall,
Like the tick, tick tock of the stately clock
As it stands against the wall,
Like the drip, drip, drip of the raindrops
When the summer show'r is through,
So a voice within me keeps repeating
You, you, you . . .

“Night and da-ay . . .” The woman hummed softly with the chorus.

“Yeah,” said the oboe player. “Wouldn't you think that guy Porter would have the *initiative* to get off that one goddam note?”

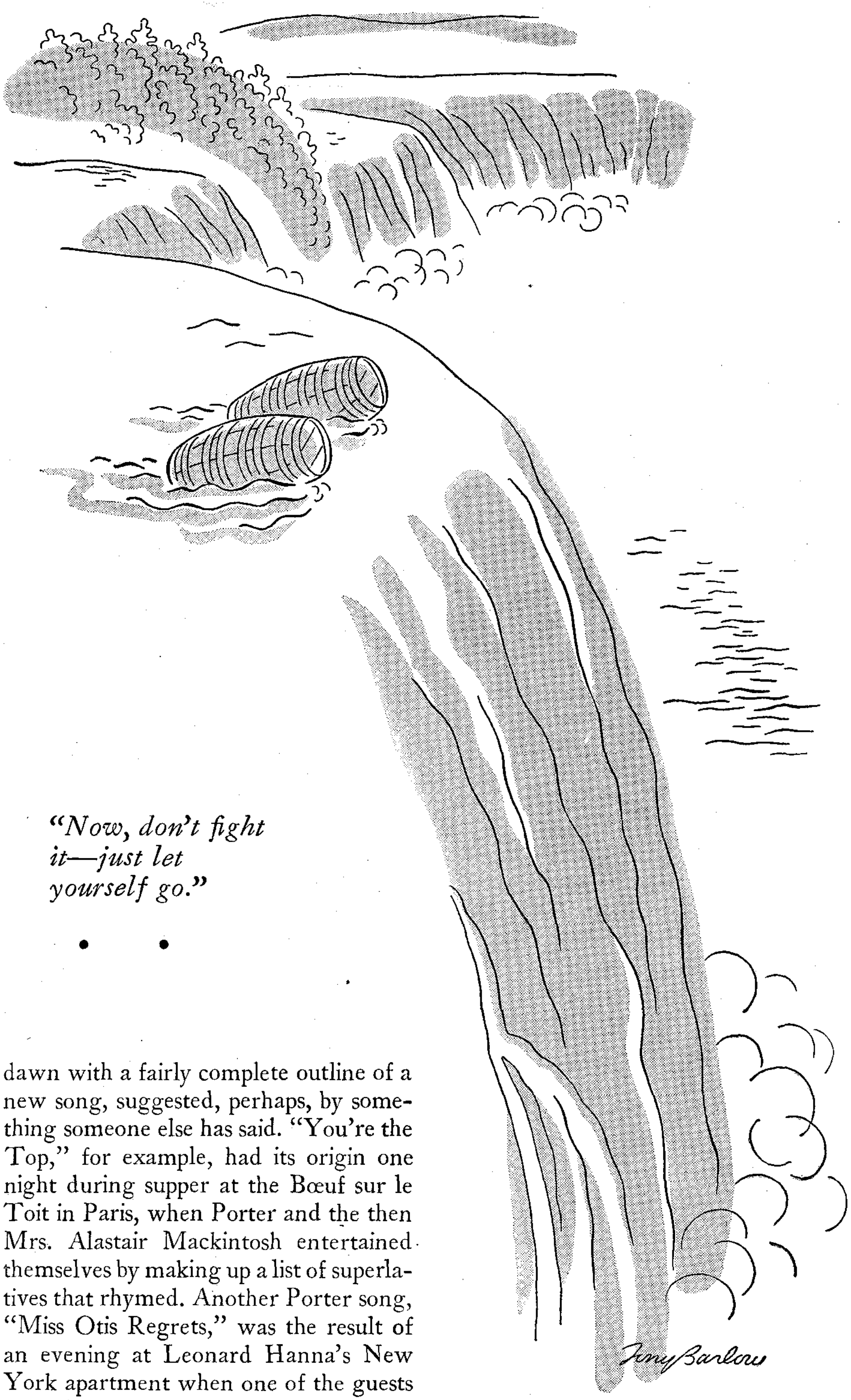
Some of the swing boys are inclined to pout at Porter's musical tricks as compared to their own; others revere him, believing that the calculated monotony of some of his songs is a smoother stunt than any that has yet come out of swing. Neither reaction seems to affect Porter's popularity or to confine him to any particular period of songwriting. He wrote his first hit, “An Old-Fashioned Garden,” twenty-three years ago, and one of his latest, “Make It Another Old-Fashioned, Please,” this year, for his newest show, “Panama Hattie.” The way Porter has kept abreast of the phrase “old-fashioned”—from a nosegay to a national institution—is one indication of his agility in marching with the trend. His relation with the public has been a timeless one, unconnected with the calendar except in the number of emotional careers his songs have punctuated. Mention “Begin the Beguine,” “What Is This Thing Called Love?,” “In the Still of the Night,” “I Get a Kick Out of You,” or “I've Got You Under My Skin” to almost any affectionate and not too repulsive woman, and she is apt to murmur dreamily, “Yes, that was 1936” or “That was that year in the south of France.” Generally, she is not referring to the year the song was published.

Cole Porter produces this sentimental dynamite methodically, working with charts. The charts, occupying the top of his piano along with a litter of cigarette cartons, throat tablets, and Kleenex, indicate the musical plan of whatever show he is working on and help him to pace the show by writing a comedy number after a romantic song, a fast number after a slow one. Porter's headquarters in New York is a three-room suite on the forty-first floor of the Waldorf Towers—a kind of streamlined Mecca where a tide of agents, actors, arrangers, managers, and fascinated friends is regulated, but seldom stemmed, by Miss Margaret Moore, Porter's secretary, and by his valet. Miss Moore's telephone rings constantly with urgent messages from Elsa Maxwell, William Rhinelander Stewart, Clifton Webb, and other of the boss's cronies, all of whom must communicate with him through his secretary. Porter has not answered a telephone in years. The living room, where he works, has, besides the piano, a radio-phonograph so huge that Porter, who is not very tall, has to stand on his toes to see the machinery in the top of it. A card table holding bottles, glasses, and a cocktail-shaker stands in one corner of the room, and some two hundred phonograph records are stacked indiscriminately on a long table against one wall. Behind the records is a row of dictionaries: English, French, and Spanish, two or three rhyming dictionaries, a medical dictionary, and a thin book called “Words, Ancient and Modern.” For relaxation and peace, Porter occasionally escapes to his wife's apartment across the corridor. There, Mrs. Porter, a sleek and finely fashioned woman, lives in an atmosphere untouched by rehearsals, tryouts, or anything less gracious than her own collection of aquamarines.

PEOPLE who meet Cole Porter for the first time often find his personality baffling. He is by turns pensive, nervous, mercurial, and polite. When he is interested or amused, he talks with a rush of words which betrays him into a slight lisp. At other times his air of boredom verges on the spectacular. He can withdraw from a room while continuing to sit in it as completely as though he had got up and walked out of the door, and sometimes, during such a silence, he puts in some private work on whatever song he happens to be writing. Once, at a rehearsal of “Red, Hot and Blue” several years ago, Porter passed Russel Crouse, one of the co-authors, some fifteen times in one day without speaking. Crouse wondered what he had done to offend Cole and was about to ask him when Porter walked up to him at six o'clock in the evening, laid a matey hand on his shoulder, and said firmly, “In my pet pailletted gown.” It turned out that he had merely been trying all day to think of the right line to fit into a lyric.

Unlike songwriters who compose over a piano keyboard, Porter stays away from the piano until he has written the words and music of a song in his head and has put them down on paper. Then he plays it and sings it, making changes. He plays cheerfully, with a rhythmic shrug of his right shoulder that suggests at times a hot “I'm Just Wild About Harry” piano player, at other times a simple, ineffable delight in his own work. He has different ways of singing, too. If he is pleased with a lyric, he sings it with a relish that is handsome to see, throwing his head back and closing his eyes. If he is not yet sure about it, he leans forward tensely and listens to each word as it comes out of him. His singing voice is high, true, and slightly metallic, and his own comment on it is brief. “I sing unpleasantly,” he says. Nearly all of Porter's most successful songs have been written to fit the personality or the vocal tricks of the star who is engaged to sing them. He wrote “Night and Day,” in “Gay Divorce,” to fit Fred Astaire's voice, which has a small range and sounds best on a certain few notes. He wrote “I Get a Kick Out of You” for Ethel Merman, in “Anything Goes,” when he discovered that her best notes are A-flat, B-flat, and C-natural, and that she has an engaging manner of throwing herself away in the last few bars of a song. Porter long ago abandoned the songwriters' tradition that a popular number should have a sixteen-bar verse and a thirty-two-bar chorus; some of his songs have had a thirty-two-bar verse and a sixty-four-bar chorus. He likes to add a few extra bars, or "tag," to a Merman chorus, holding some of the notes twice as long as usual, because he knows that Miss Merman can deliberately flat a long note and make it sound brassy and fine, and that she can work up to an exciting finish with a few unexpected bars. He tries, too, to put the words "very" and "terrific" in the lyrics he writes for Miss Merman; no one, he says, can sing these words as she can. The verse of "It Ain't Etiquette," sung by Bert Lahr in the Porter show "Du Barry Was a Lady," ends with the phrase "Now, for ninstance, Snooks." Porter feels that syllables like those were obviously created so that Lahr could spray them at an audience.

Porter will tell you, with a reminiscent grin, that the source of "for ninstance" is a story about Miss Peggy Hopkins Joyce that entertained certain Americans in France a few years ago. Miss Joyce, who had arrived in Monte Carlo in one of her statelier moods, confided to a friend a few days later that she had simply decided to *leave*, because Monte Carlo was full of such *dreadful* people that season. When the friend protested mildly that a good many attractive people seemed to be around, Peggy drew herself up and loftily inquired, "For ninstance, whom?" Porter treasures things like that, sometimes for years.



"Now, don't fight it—just let yourself go."

ANY man who works according to a system as rigorous and as efficient as Cole Porter's may be forgiven a distaste for being referred to in print, by some breathless biographer or other, as "a rich playboy" or, conversely, as "a small-town boy whom the gods have smiled on." Actually he is both. Seventeen years ago he inherited over a million dollars from his maternal grandfather, J. O. Cole, and during the past ten years his songs have brought him in an annual income of more than a hundred thousand dollars, about half of which he has paid to the government in income taxes. He likes fashionable people and elaborate parties, partly because they genuinely amuse him, just as poor people and makeshift celebrations honestly depress him, and partly because ideas for songs flow sweetly through him in the midst of a jewelled throng. In contrast to lyric-writers and composers who sweat in lonely toil over a pad and pencil or a piano, Porter relaxes at a party, drinks champagne, and gets home at dawn with a fairly complete outline of a new song, suggested, perhaps, by something someone else has said. "You're the Top," for example, had its origin one night during supper at the Bœuf sur le Toit in Paris, when Porter and the then Mrs. Alastair Mackintosh entertained themselves by making up a list of superlatives that rhymed. Another Porter song, "Miss Otis Regrets," was the result of an evening at Leonard Hanna's New York apartment when one of the guests turned on the radio and picked up a cowboy lament. It sounded so terrible to Porter that he sat down at the piano and began to burlesque it in tortured and nasal strains which gradually formed themselves into a new Cole Porter song. As the music and lyric took shape, Monty Woolley, who was also present, hastily borrowed a morning coat from Hanna's clothes closet and a silver tray from the hall table and, reappearing as a butler, sang the words Porter had just devised: "Miss Otis regrets she's unable to lunch tod-a-ay, Madam." Woolley, that night, had been chiefly prominent as the only guest at the party who had a beard, but "Miss Otis" launched him on the vivacious career as a wit and a mimic that was to lead to the starring rôle in "The Man Who Came to Dinner." At all of Elsa Maxwell's parties the rest of that winter, Woolley made a carefully timed entrance in the butler getup and conveyed Miss Otis's regrets in a loud tremolo to the convulsed hostess. The song, a sensation with New Yorkers, never became popular throughout America, but for reasons which nobody connected with it can explain, it sold over a hundred thousand copies in Hungary and Scandinavia, in the days when Hungarians and Scandinavians were still buying songs.

Cole Porter rather cherishes the idea of himself as a small-town boy, and he will sometimes ingenuously show visitors at his apartment the testimonial letter and bronze medal presented to him two years ago by the town of Peru, Indiana, in whose environs he was born. His father, Samuel Porter, had a seven-hundred-and-fifty-acre farm near Peru and was a successful fruitgrower. The only rich member of the family, however, was Cole's grandfather, J. O. Cole, who had made some $7,000,000 from coal mines and timberland he owned in West Virginia. This gilded relative proposed to leave one-sixth of his fortune to his grandson on condition that he become a lawyer, and he was depressed by Cole's preoccupation with music and the way his mother and grandmother encouraged him to take violin and piano lessons. At the age of ten, Porter had already composed and dedicated to his mother "The Song of the Birds," an ambitious work accompanied by a kind of libretto, written above the notes, explaining throughout what was happening to the birds; "Mother's Cooing," "Echo," "The Young Ones Learn to Sing," and "One Birdling Falls from the Nest (pianissimo, lento)" were among the composer's directions, and they seemed to agitate Mr. Cole. A year or so later, when Porter produced a number called "The Bobolink Waltz," his grandfather stared at him and sent him off to Worcester Academy, in Worcester, Massachusetts, where he prepared for Yale.

At Yale, Porter wrote "Bingo" and "Bulldog," both now a part of New Haven tradition. These achievements and his talent for playing the piano—he had given up the violin—rapidly established him as a social success in one of the most social-minded cliques ever to invade the university. Among the friends Porter made at Yale were William C. Bullitt, Vanderbilt Webb, Howard Sturges, Leonard Hanna, and Monty Woolley. All were the sons of rich parents, and Porter, whirling through weekends at Southampton, East Hampton, and Newport, learned from them the joys of living colorfully without financial worries, and, by implication, the necessity of becoming his grandfather's heir.

Graduated from Yale in 1913, he entered Harvard Law School, where he played the piano so enthusiastically that Dean Thayer, then head of the School, advised him before the end of his first year to transfer to the Harvard Department of Music. Mr. Cole objected to this plan, but tactful pressure from his wife and daughter finally convinced him that his grandson was not meant to be a lawyer, and he agreed to finance Porter through music school and to keep him in his will in spite of everything. In 1916, while Porter was still at Harvard, he wrote his first show, "See America First," with book by Lawrason Riggs, a fellow-student, and lyrics by Riggs and Porter. The late Elisabeth Marbury, whom Cole had met in East Hampton, produced the show in New York. One song, "I've a Shooting-Box in Scotland," is still remembered by Porter fans, but "See America First" was a violent failure and closed after two weeks. Lawrason Riggs entered the priesthood soon afterward, and is now Catholic chaplain at Yale. Disaster affected Cole Porter in a showier way; he joined the Foreign Legion.

Before Porter sailed for France and the first World War, a friend, Charles Munn of Philadelphia, gave him a portable piano—a kind of combined zither and harpsichord that could be carried on a man's back like a knapsack. On this instrument, in the next twelve months, Porter played "Over There" and a number of his own, "An Old-Fashioned Garden" (which he wrote within sound of the German guns), to congenial throngs of soldiers in France and Alsace. In 1917, when America entered the war, Porter was transferred to a French artillery school at Fontainebleau, as an instructor. In the same year, at the wedding of Ethel Harriman and Henry Russell at the Ritz in Paris, he met Linda Lee Thomas. Mrs. Thomas, at one time a Louisville belle, was beautiful, fashionable, and, through a former marriage to E. R. Thomas, a newspaper owner, extremely rich. After the armistice, Porter sailed for America with the practical aim of persuading his grandfather to give him an allowance that would be appropriate to the income of Mrs. Thomas, whom he hoped to marry. Another passenger on the boat that trip was Raymond Hitchcock, the comedian, who was planning a new show for New York. One day Hitchcock heard Porter moodily playing "An Old-Fashioned Garden" on a piano in the ship's lounge. Porter was twenty-six years old then, he parted his hair in the middle, and he was in love. Hitchcock asked him to play some of the other things he had written and engaged him to write the score for his new show, "Hitchy-Koo of 1919."

The show ran two years in New York and on the road, and during the New York engagement alone, about two hundred thousand copies of "An Old-Fashioned Garden" were sold, earning a profit to the composer of some $12,000. Porter saw no harm in going to Indiana anyway and putting the question of an allowance before his grandfather. He explained to Mr. Cole that he needed the money so he could marry Linda, and he described Linda winningly. Mr. Cole refused, pounding the arm of his chair. "I told you," he shouted, "that no good would come of this music business!" Porter returned to New York, picked up the royalty checks that were waiting for him, and took the next boat to France. In December, 1919, he married Mrs. Thomas in Paris. The wedding took place in a *mairie*, but it was in a fashionable *arrondissement*.

"I feel so foolish without a hat."

IN the nineteen-twenties, the business of writing musical comedy underwent a kind of revolution in America. Until then, songwriters had coasted along with an easy system, spotting a song here and there in a show regardless of plot, and rhyming "moon" with "June" and "love" with "skies above." Then composers like George Gershwin and Richard Rodgers began to write musical comedies with "plot" numbers—songs that came out of situations in the story—and lyric-writers like Lorenz Hart and Ira Gershwin turned out slick, polysyllabic rhymes that had to do with love, all right, but not at the expense of reason. Cole Porter, living in Paris, saw none of this gradual change, but he independently headed in the same direction. He studied harmony and counterpoint with the late Vincent d'Indy at the Schola Cantorum for a while, but he gave that up when he found the influence of the French classical school was interfering with his own sense of rhythm. After that he wrote songs, mainly to entertain himself and to sing at parties. They were perhaps more revolutionary than anything that was being done in America. His melodies were overlaid with European rhythms and his lyrics were, like the party people they were written for and about, smooth, brittle, and full of insinuations. To songwriters in America, "I love you" was still a simple declaration; to Cole Porter, musing among a complicated society of American expatriates, it was beginning to be a smart crack calling for a smart answer. Within a few years after his marriage, Porter had written, and had courteously tossed off at one party or another, such songs as "Two Little Babes in the Wood," "Let's Do It," and "What Is This Thing Called Love?" He turned a bland eye upon his excited friends when they insisted that these songs should be published. He had plenty of money and a vast indifference toward making any more. To one enthusiastic pep-talker, he solemnly explained his fear of commercial success. "Suppose I had to settle down on Broadway for three months just when I was planning to go to Antibes," he said. Some of the things Cole Porter said and did in the twenties have a quaint, Graustarkian ring these days.

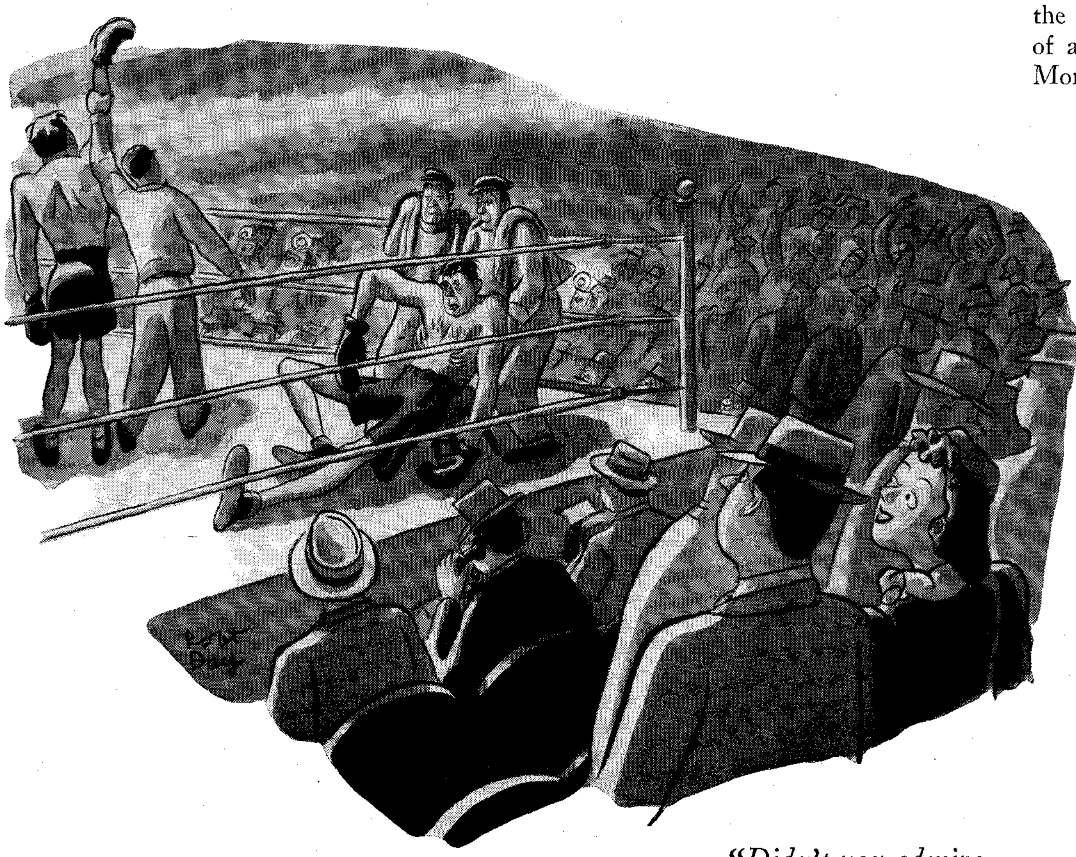
The twenties were the years of postwar American gaiety in Europe, and the Cole Porters were happily involved with the shining fleet of vicomtes, contessas, princes incognito, and rich Americans that swept from Paris to London, to the Lido, to the Riviera, with Elsa Maxwell as the tireless tugboat that pulled them forever onward. The Porters' flat in Paris, on the Rue Monsieur, was one of the first to have walls made of mirrors and furniture upholstered in zebra skin. Cole Porter habitually wore in his lapel a kind of blossom which was described by onlookers as the biggest Malmaison carnation in all Paris. He had learned, too, the beauty of a magnificent gesture. One Christmas a friend in New York sent him a pair of gold garter clasps and arranged to have them delivered by Moss Hart, who was sailing for France. Porter met Hart by appointment in the Ritz bar, opened his present, fastened the new garter clasps to his socks then and there, and gave his old clasps to the barman. Hart has never forgotten this incident, because the old garter clasps that Porter tossed across the bar to the barman were gold, too. Mrs. Porter was more conservative in public. People who survived the postwar period in Paris will tell you that her collection of bright jewels and plain dresses was so famous that her name came to be a part of the expatriate language. More than one woman's evening was spoiled when she innocently turned up at a party wearing a classic gown accented by diamonds, rubies, or emeralds and some man said to her, "You're looking very lindaporterish tonight." Generally this comment was preceded by "A-ah!" or "Hm-m"—depending on the speaker's degree of admiration for Mrs. Porter. Either way, Mrs. Porter was the standard of comparison, and the idea turned out to be very vexing for a number of contemporary belles.

It made the Porters happy to realize that they were almost never known in European society as Mr. and Mrs. Porter. In England, they were the Coleporters; in France, the Colporteurs. This fascinating union of two Indiana names gave them, early in their invasion of Europe, a kind of cachet which they were careful never to lose. With the

Paris flat as their headquarters, they travelled seasonally to all of the right places, and these voyages took on an epic grandeur. They had developed the need of being surrounded by amusing people, and frequently, for a train journey from Paris to Venice, they would engage eight or nine compartments. One compartment was for Mr. Coleporter, one for Mrs. Coleporter, and two more were occupied by a maid and a valet; a fifth compartment was a service room, where the maid and the valet steamed and pressed the Coleporters' clothes. The sixth compartment was turned into a bar, and the remaining rooms were occupied by friends of the Porters who had come along to keep them company. Sometimes these companions bought their own tickets, but more often the Porters paid for everything.

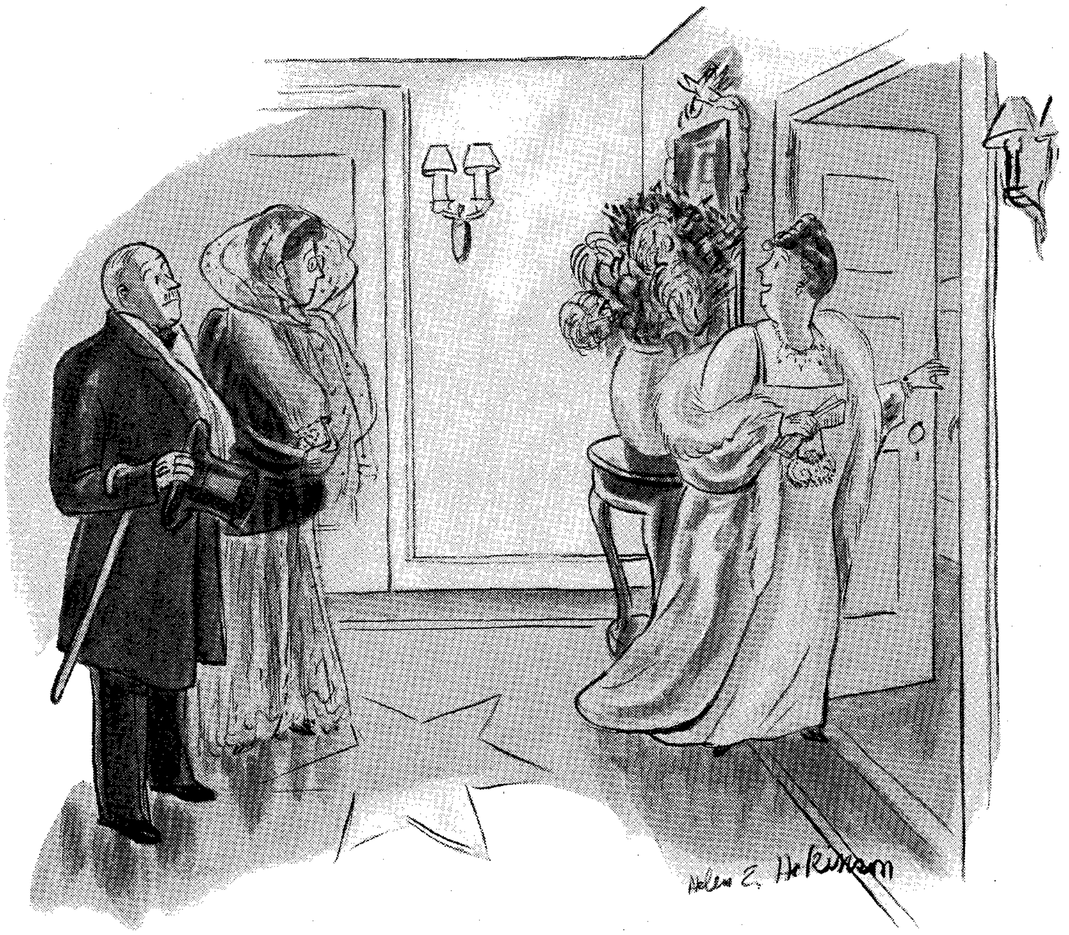
Americans returning from Europe in the early twenties began to bring news of the songs Cole Porter was playing at parties in Paris, on the Riviera, and at the Lido, and Broadway producers, who had not heard from him since "Hitchy-Koo of 1919," soon began to hanker for him. In 1924, John Murray Anderson persuaded him to come to New York to write the score for "The Greenwich Village Follies." One of the songs Porter wrote for the show was "I'm in Love Again," which later became a hit, but the "Follies" was only a mild success. When Anderson wanted the composer to do some rewriting on the score before the New York opening, he found that Porter had already started once more on his casual travels. This dispiriting news spread along Broadway, and helped to establish Porter's reputation for elusiveness—a vivid one, only recently dimmed by the war in Europe, which now considerably limits his wanderings. "This fella Porter," a prominent producer said a few years ago, "he's great, great! But where is he?" Another Broadway czar of the time, sitting gloomily in his office a few blocks away, could have told him. "I spend hundreds of dollars in cables trying to get in touch with Cole Porter," he muttered to a henchman. "I beg him to write his own contract. And what is he doing in return?" The producer pointed to a brief cablegram on his desk. "He is faltbooting down the Rhine! First, I am sick and tired," this gentleman declared, "and second, what is faltbooting?"

A good deal of Porter's indifference to producers at this time is traceable to the fact that J. O. Cole had died in 1923 and his grandson had come into his inheritance at almost the same moment Elsa Maxwell undertook (for a fee from the Italian government, it was said) to popularize the Lido. After a respectful pause in honor of Mr. Cole, the Porters embarked on their most fabulous era in Europe. They rented the Palazzo Barbaro in Venice and began giving parties for the colorful folk who had swarmed to the Lido in Miss Maxwell's wake. At one party, tightrope-walkers swayed in a blaze of colored light above the ancient courtyard to amuse the guests; at another, fifty gondoliers served as footmen. The Porters spent several summers in Venice, in one imposing palace after another, and in 1925 they leased for four seasons the Palazzo Rezzonico, where a cardinal had once lived and Robert Browning had died. The parties they gave there have been described as terrible in their grandeur. Guests arriving in the great hall proceeded by way of a mammoth staircase to a room that had twelve windows facing the Grand Canal, then through archways and corridors to a second staircase, more majestic than the first. At the top of these stairs the host could be dimly discerned, small and cheerful, like a cricket in a cathedral. It cost the Porters about $4,000 a month to run the Palazzo Rezzonico, and Porter still thinks of this sum as reasonable. "The lira was cheap then," he explains.

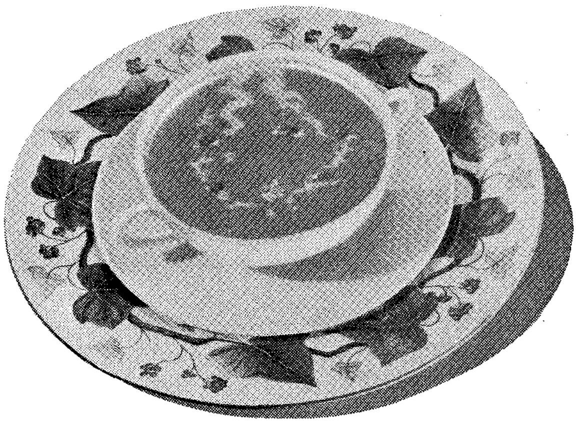


"Didn't you admire the way he threw caution to the winds?"

Porter's constant jaunts to Venice, to Morocco, to Bali, Haiti, and other provocative points during this period contributed a good deal to the music he wrote later. He was learning the native rhythms, which in every foreign country penetrate even the roar of American jazz bands. The melodies of the music boats in Venice, the flat wail of an Arab singing from a rooftop in Morocco, and the fast, humorous pace of French popular songs sung in a Paris *boîte* were all eventually translated into Porter's own songs. "Night and Day" suggests the monotonous, compelling strains of the Moroccan music; "What Is This Thing Called Love?" was inspired by the rhythm of a native dance Porter once saw at Marrakech; "Begin the Beguine" developed out of an off-beat he detected in another native dance at Kalabahi, a village in the Dutch East Indies; and the business with the brass and drums in "Katie Went to Haiti" originated, of course, in Haiti. "Make It Another Old-Fashioned, Please," from "Panama Hattie," reverts to a beguine tempo, and the fact that most of the other music from that show is strictly U. S. A. in rhythm holds fascinating implications of Porter's rediscovery of America. Porter's frequent trips down the Rhine in a



"Come on out in the kitchen while I scare up something"



Let them arrive by twos or droves, happy the huntress who beats the hedgerows of her pantry and raises a can or so of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup. Happy her guests, too, for there couldn't be a warmer welcome on a fall evening than steaming plates of this well-liked soup.

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Faltboot also moved him to composition in the old days, and he wrote a good many songs, including most of the score of "Anything Goes," lying on cushions with his face turned to the sky while Rhine waters flowed musically past him.

PORTER's professional return to Broadway, after an absence of nine years (if you disregard his brief skirmish with the "Greenwich Village Follies"), occurred in 1928, and it came about because E. Ray Goetz, the American producer, literally unearthed Porter from the sands of the Lido one morning. Goetz was planning to put on a revue in New York starring Irene Bordoni, and he wanted a score written by an American composer who had a Continental point of view. At the first night of the show, "Paris," the audience went out happily humming "Two Little Babes in the Wood" and "Let's Do It." In the twelve years since then, Porter has had eleven shows on Broadway. "Fifty Million Frenchmen," in 1929, was followed by "Wake Up and Dream," "The New Yorkers," "Gay Divorce," "Anything Goes," "Jubilee," "Red, Hot and Blue," "You Never Know," "Leave It to Me," "Du Barry Was a Lady," and "Panama Hattie."

The Cole Porter legend thrives in America as it did in Europe. Fascinated columnists inform the public that before every opening night Mr. Porter presents Mrs. Porter with a jewelled token. For "Anything Goes," it was a diamond-and-aquamarine necklace; for "Red, Hot and Blue," a platinum cigarette case with rubies, diamonds, and sapphires (red, hot, and blue) on the top and the signs of the zodiac in green gold on the bottom. Audiences come early to Porter first nights to see the entrance of the Porters and party, who arrive courteously on time and sweep, in a wave of chatter, perfume, and furs, to their seats in the second row. Porter always buys seats for his own first nights and pays for them at the box office, and—unlike many authors and composers who spend such gruelling evenings downstairs in the men's washroom with a bottle of bromide tablets—he enjoys the opening performance enormously, beaming and applauding without restraint. One time, strolling up the aisle at intermission and waving and stopping to chat with friends in the audience, he was heard to say repeatedly, in a tone of honest admiration, "Good, isn't it?"

THREE years ago, Porter's talent for a full life was brought to a grim though temporary halt. He was riding

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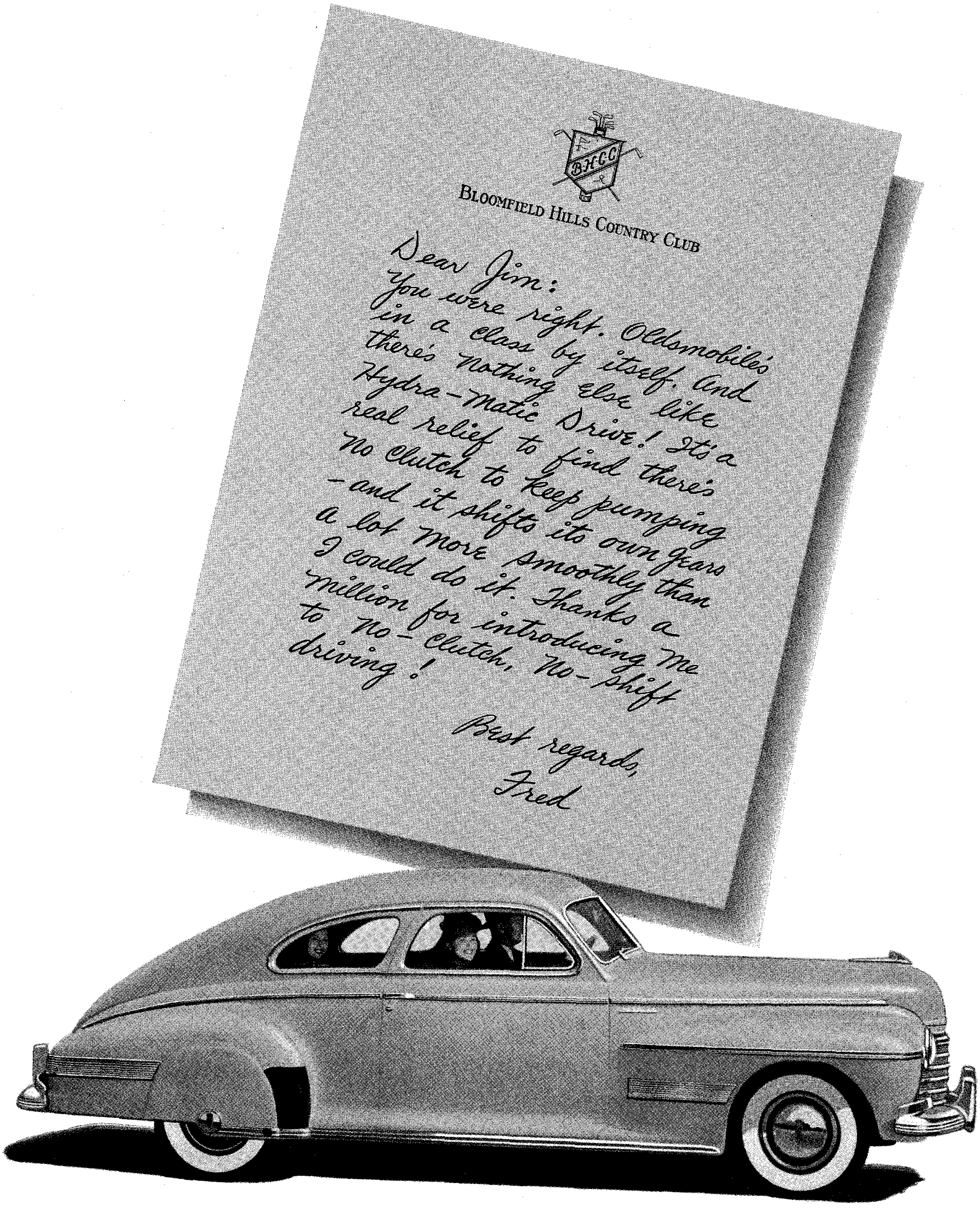

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Best regards,
Fred

with the rest of a houseparty at Countess Edith di Zoppola's place on Long Island one day when his horse reared, slipped, and fell on him. Both of Porter's legs were broken so badly that doctors at first had little hope of saving either. After eight months in a plaster cast, he had begun to get around a little on his left leg, with the aid of crutches—his right leg was still in a cast—when he fell again, breaking his left leg a second time. With both his legs once more in a cast, his state of mind became almost suicidal, and it still astonishes him to recall that he was saved from melancholia by, of all people, the Shuberts. While he was convalescing physically but was still mentally despondent, the Shuberts asked him to write the score for a show, and his doctor advised him to try it. The piano in his Waldorf-Astoria apartment was raised on wooden blocks so that he could sit at the keyboard in a wheelchair with the plaster casts shoved underneath. Auditions and rehearsals were held in the apartment, and Porter, full of morphia against his constant pain but cheered by the bounding presence of chorus girls and the stars of the show, Lupe Velez and Clifton Webb, turned out the score of "You Never Know" in less than four weeks. Someone gave him a Persian kitten about this time, and Porter, in gratitude to the Shuberts, named it Jake.

He is still obliged to walk with a stick, but he gets around spryly. At auditions and rehearsals for a show he is a brisk figure hurrying about the dim auditorium, or, with an arm around someone's shoulders for support, climbing the short flight of rehearsal stairs onto the stage. New singers trying out for a job in a Cole Porter show are apt to sing anything, from "Depuis le Jour" to "Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar," but they never attempt a Cole Porter song; they have heard that he is fussy about the way his songs are sung and that one way to keep out of his shows is to sing them according to any ideas but his own. Porter's trick of tossing a French phrase into a lyric now and then necessitates his carefully drilling the singers until they get the accent right. One of the numbers sung by a girl quartet in "Du Barry Was a Lady" includes the line "*C'est pour l'amour de la France.*" "Girls, girls!" Porter would cry at rehearsals, clapping his hands for silence in the middle of the number. "You're getting in the habit of saying '*Pour l'amour* dee *la France*.' It's 'deuh, deuh.'" Later he would collect the girls around him in the back of the auditorium while another number was

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being run through on the stage and rehearse them for twenty minutes on that one line alone. In a "Panama Hattie" number called "God Bless the Women," Rags Ragland and Pat Harrington sing the following couplet:

You wine them and dine them and buy
them bouquets
And beautiful bonnets from Lilly Daché's.

During the road tryout of the show, Harrington, who sings the second line, got a series of polite notes from Porter (who likes to write notes), pointing out that he was letting his voice drop on the last word. "Lilly Da-*ché's*. Lift it, lift it," these missives would urge.

Toward six o'clock on rehearsal afternoons, Porter generally sighs and murmurs to whatever friends have happened to drop in, "Well, let's all go out and drink ourselves to death." He drinks little, actually—a dry Martini before lunch, an Amer Picon with lime juice at cocktail time, and wine with dinner. He likes to eat and to discuss food gravely with headwaiters and chefs. When he is working alone in his hotel apartment, his lunch, served by the waiter permanently assigned to him, may consist of melon and thin slices of Parma ham, filet of sole *bonne femme*, fresh asparagus, and a green salad. He always eats everything on his plate, and he is indignant at people who leave scraps.

Now that Europe is no longer a playground, Porter's plans for wandering are vague, but whatever they turn out to be, they are likely to include something racy. Three summers ago, when his accident prevented him from travelling far, he and his wife experimented with a house near the Lido Country Club at Long Beach. The Long Beach Lido bears no resemblance to the Italian Lido, and the house was small, but where the Cole Porters are, there is glitter. Twice a week a dark and shining delivery car with the name "Waldorf-Astoria" in gold letters on its side drew up and waited at the door of the house while the neighbors speculated curiously. What delicacies, they wondered, what strange imported pleasures could the Waldorf be sending the Porters twice a week? They found out, finally. The Waldorf sent the car every Monday to pick up the Porters' laundry, and returned it the same way every Thursday.

—MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN

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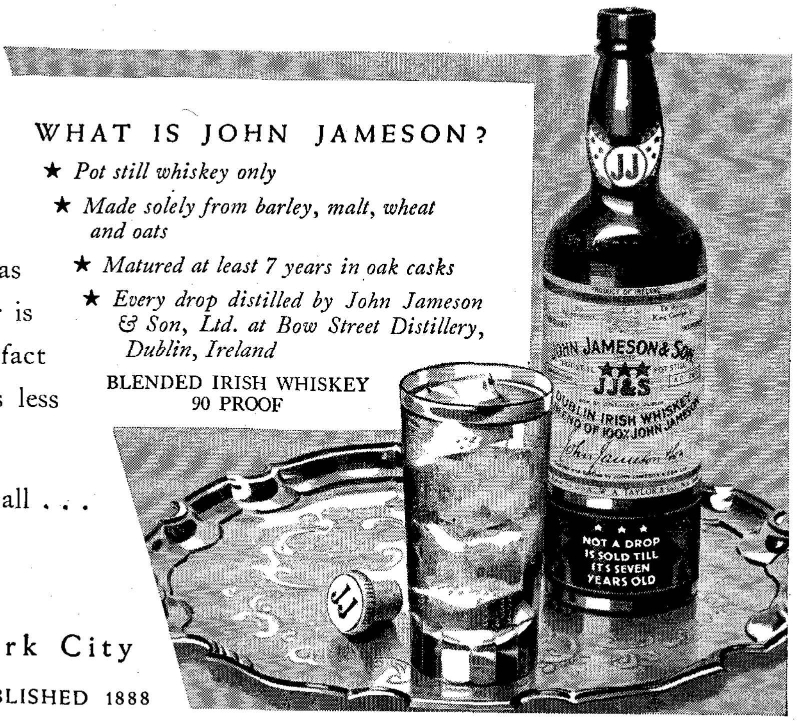

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Made for us in Scotland — attractive — incomparably rich, soft, warm — smart practical garments — with or without sleeves — in navy, maroon, brown, cadet blue, natural

Pull-overs $17.00 and $22.50
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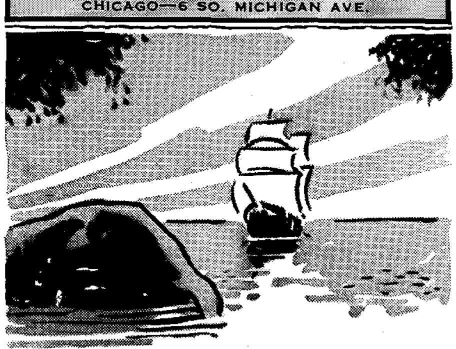


They Dreamed of Such a Place...

Your forefathers, who as they neared these shores visioned a life of comfort, contentment and freedom, would certainly look on The Barclay as complete realization of their dreams. It's the sort of hospitable hostelry you've dreamed of, too, and we would welcome the opportunity to prove it.

The Barclay
RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
Arthur T. Murray, Managing Director
PHILADELPHIA

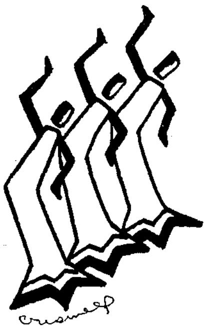
THE THEATRE

THREE STRIKES IS OUT

BEFORE I went to see "Glamour Preferred," the third Hollywood comedy to visit this unhappy city in the space of two weeks, a young lady who attended a dress rehearsal was kind enough to give me a brief synopsis of the plot. Even allowing for the fact that the very best drama is apt to sound like an opium eater's fantasy when described over cocktails, this one seemed intricate and foolish almost beyond belief. The synopsis, however, wasn't more than a patch on the grim reality.

"Glamour Preferred," still presumably available at the Booth, is the story of Kerry Eldridge, a handsome actor, and his spouse, Lynn, a memory of the Mack Sennett days. So happy were they, if I may borrow an inversion from *Time*, that a producer called Bernard C. Goldwater (by all means to be confused with Samuel Goldwyn) invited the Grand Mistress of the Purity League to inspect their devotion. It is probably easy for the indignant reader to figure out what happened next. Shortly after Mrs. Pengilly, the lady from the League, arrived, the hero was on the scene with a famous piece of nonsense known as Lady Bonita Towyn, his wife was meditating a trip to Australia with Lord Towyn, and various minor characters were also behaving in a typical California way—everybody shouting and carrying on. This situation, as difficult as it was dull, rapidly went from bad to worse. Lady Towyn and the actor went for an automobile ride, in the course of which she batted him over the head with his own Academy award, or Oscar; Mrs. Pengilly started to telephone her headquarters to report that Hollywood was evil beyond her most hopeful dreams; and the audience coughed and twitched in the manner of audiences everywhere who would rather be somewhere else.

Incredibly, all these problems were resolved. Mrs. Pengilly got tight on champagne (I doubt very much if many more character actresses should be encouraged to play this scene), the heroine was persuaded to return to the screen and star with her husband in a little horror to be called "Night of Love," and then, finally, everybody was allowed to go home. I can give the clearest picture of the prose style employed by the authors, Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements, by quoting a line which somehow fixes itself in your memory. "As the proverbs say," remarked one genial specimen, "stick to the wine and let the chippies fall where they may." All the rest was on about the same level of urbanity and charm. On the whole, it is my opinion that the humorous possibilities of Hollywood have been explored to their utmost, and now perhaps we can go on to something else. This, however, is undoubtedly no more than a childish and empty dream.



Of the actors and actresses employed by Brock Pemberton for this romp, I should like to commend Robert Craven, Flora Campbell, Betty Lawford, Louis Sorin, and James O'Rear. They were given very little but they were in there trying. Mr. John Root's set was exactly what I've always thought it must look like out there.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

• •

ALLIGATOR SONG

Its voice is gentle, and it grieves
Like pigeons in the eaves.
How sweet a note
Within the valved, amphibious throat!

There is no hatred in the eyes
And no surprise.
Life is diffused throughout the alligator
By its creator,

Not focussed in the brain.
Comfort it vaguely feels, and vaguely pain,
And, in the hour of love,
Coos like a dove.

—LINDLEY WILLIAMS HUBBELL

OF ALL THINGS

It may be quite a while before we know the real results of Molotov's visit to Hitler. From all we hear, however, the boys had a lovely time trading other people's real estate.

•

Perhaps, as the Italian papers say, the Soviet Premier's Berlin trip was of "world-shaking importance." Still, it must be remembered that the Italians shake easily these days.

•

There is reason to believe that the attack on Greece is not an Axis enterprise. The Rome partner is just trying to do a little neighborly back-stabbing on the side.

•

Italy's performances on land and sea have been less magnificent than the Duce's balcony orations. He must have moments when he wishes he had confined himself to front-porch campaigns.

•

Willkie's Armistice Day speech was well received by all. Like most of us, Wendell talks better when not running.

•

It is good news that the Republicans plan to organize an effective Loyal Opposition Party. In these crucial days, the Administration needs constructive criticism from the L.O.P.

•

The twenty-first of November is Thanksgiving Day for Rooseveltians but in good Republican homes it is just Thursday. This is what is laughingly known as "unity."

•

The Vichy government offers clemency to any soldiers who will desert de Gaulle. Those innocent boys were misled by Perfidious Albion, which refused to surrender as the Nazis had promised.

•

The number of British ships sunk by that German raider turns out to be 5, not 38. The Nazis are even worse guessers than Joe Martin.

•

This department is informed that Mrs. Anna Milburn of Seattle declined the Greenback Party nomination for President. Thus the good lady narrowly escaped defeat.

—Howard Brubaker

137 years ago...in 1803...the Louisiana Purchase was made

313 YEARS AGO...IN 1627

the Haigs were making Scotch!

You can be sure of utmost enjoyment in Scotch that has satisfied the public for over 3 centuries! So choose Haig & Haig! It is the only Scotch that can point to a 313-year-old history of continuous satisfaction. And yet Haig & Haig makes no extra charge for its great name and fame!

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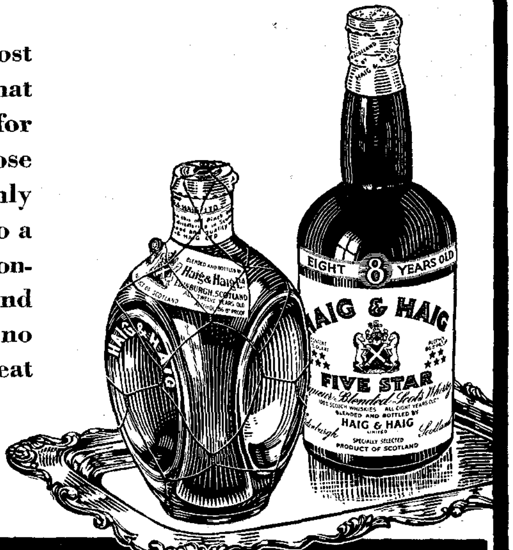

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BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF
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THE OREGONIANS

NOT for years had such a fine plum been within Mr. Devore's grasp. As he approached the desk clerk at the St. Regis and announced that he was calling to see Mr. Elwell H. Smock, he thought kindly of Lewis Moody, who had divulged exactly when and where the fruit could best be plucked. Providence alone, Mr. Devore felt, must have sent Moody, his friend and banker, on that Oregon hunting trip with a group of Western business colossi that had included Mr. Smock.

"He can in no way be said to 'belong,' of course," Moody had written. "This, however, does not prevent me, and I fancy will not prevent you, from realizing that the Oregon Superfoods idea is an excellent possibility in a commercial sense. The potential capital will be almost unlimited. Having secured certain dispensations for the bank, I feel it a moral obligation to let you know that F. H. B. & D. would not suffer from getting in on the ground floor as legal representatives. I happen to know that at present Superfoods have not engaged counsel in the East but plan to do so shortly, and I think you can be certain that Superfoods will turn out to be just the type of corporation F. H. B. & D. have always preferred to handle. I've taken the liberty of mentioning you to Smock and his friends. It occurs to me that you might find it advisable to suggest to your good sister that Mrs. Smock would no doubt appreciate a Cosmopolitan Club guest card, or something of the sort. Incidentally, do give Fannie my warm regards. Ever cordially, Lewis."

Unlimited capital. Free-and-easy Westerners throwing money about like rice at a wedding and yet, by their own special talents, able to make it multiply over and over again. The method was so truly, so inextinguishably American. Yes, Lewis Moody was entirely right. This was indeed the sort of corporation that Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore preferred to handle.

The St. Regis desk clerk informed Mr. Devore that Mr. and Mrs. Smock would be very happy to see him and that their suite was 1217. As Mr. Devore rode up in the elevator, he reflected how immensely the Wolverine Commercial Car Corporation, the Estate of Henry F. Rossiter, and Annesley Bolt & Screw, among other clients of his firm, would be improved by a certain Western openhandedness on the part of their executives.

In answer to Mr. Devore's ring, the door of the Smocks' suite was opened by a thickset, rumpled man who greeted his visitor warmly. "You're Devore, Moody's friend? Come right in. We appreciated getting your note. As you can probably tell, we've been unpacking some of the packages we've had sent over from the stores. That's why there's so much stuff lying around." He presented Devore to Mrs. Smock, who was kneeling on the floor in the midst of her purchases.

"How do you do?" she said. "Elwell, you must make Mr. Devore promise not to go around telling everybody in New York how he found us living in a pigpen. This terrible mess!"

"Dear lady!" Mr. Devore protested.

Mrs. Smock was as small and neat as Mr. Smock was thickset and rumpled. Her eyes were jet-black and penetrating; his, hazel and good-natured. Mr. Devore took their measure rapidly. He was glad that they were such forthright, kindly persons. By comparison, the officers of Annesley Bolt & Screw were ravening panthers.

"Maybe you won't believe it, Mr. Devore, but I'm supposed to have the reputation of keeping my house in Portland neat as a pin. Goodness knows, I have to! Elwell's poker games and my bridge, and our *mixed* bridge, and my reading club, and the Torchlight, and the Portland Saints and Sinners, and all the other things we belong to. People coming in and out every single minute of the day. You can imagine."

"Addie's very active," Mr. Smock said. "She's one of the most active women in the state."

"So you belong to a reading club, Mrs. Smock?" Mr. Devore said graciously.

"She certainly does," Mr. Smock said.

"No doubt she is rewarded by a host of delightful hours."

Mrs. Smock became defiant. "More books are bought per capita in Portland than in any other city in the country," she said, and Mr. Devore bowed a polite acknowledgment. He had not counted on meeting such warm chauvinism; rather, he had expected to do the honors for New York and to explain with hospitable enthusiasm that Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore were prepared to go to any length in helping the visitors to feel at home. It was not too late, of course, to convey these friendly sentiments. Mr. Devore prepared to take the upper hand.

"You and Mrs. Smock have been East before, I presume?"

"Once to Chicago and once to St. Louis. This is the first time we've ever been to New York."

"So far, we like Chicago better," Mrs. Smock said.

"How about a little something to drink, Devore? I'm going to phone room service and give an order."

"No, no, no! Let *me* have the privilege of taking *you* downstairs to one of the cafés," Mr. Devore urged. "You must allow me to demonstrate our New York hospitality, you know. In fact, I should like to take this opportunity to assure you that as friends of Lewis's you are entitled to the heartiest welcome we can bestow. I must explain that the chief reason for my visit was to inform Mrs. Smock that my sister Fannie looks forward to entertaining her and hopes that she will use the facilities of the Cosmopolitan Club while she is in New York."

"That's very nice of your sister," Mrs. Smock said, "but I'm afraid I won't have much time. The Kappa Gammas are going to keep me terribly busy."

"Fannie will have a card sent to you anyway," Mr. Devore said earnestly. "And now may I take you both downstairs and offer you some refreshment?"

"When I want a drink, I'm ready to pay for it," Mr. Smock said with great firmness. He picked up the telephone. "Room service. . . . What'll you have, Devore?" Mr. Devore said a Daiquiri. "Room service? This is 1217. Send up a Daiquiri and two Apple-Colas. . . . What's what? Apple-Cola? Why, it's just what the name implies, Apple-Cola. . . . You've never even heard of it? Well, I'll tell you. It's apple juice with pure cherry flavoring and carbonated water added. It's made by the Siskiyou Fruit Products Company, Corvallis, Oregon. . . . Never mind. You'll be able to buy it in a month or two. Send up three Daiquiris instead." He turned to Mr. Devore and said, "I knew they didn't carry it, but I wanted them to get the name fixed in their minds."

"What an ingenious idea," Mr. Devore said. "Is Apple-Cola one of the products that you and your friends will put on sale in this region?"

Mr. Smock nodded. "It's one of the Oregon Superfoods that people who don't mind spending a few cents more for the best will walk into our New York outlet and buy right smack off the counter. It won't be long before they'll be able to do the same thing in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and eventually everywhere. We're going to eliminate the middlemen, Devore, and put Eastern money into Western pockets."

Mr. Devore managed not to look too predatory and affably said to Mrs. Smock, who was removing cardboard boxes from a chair and indicating that he was to sit down, "Are you planning to take any sort of active part in Oregon Superfoods, Mrs. Smock?"

"Goodness, no! It's just one of Elwell's hobbies. I'm surprised you happened to hear about it. Oh, I know—that funny little man who went on a hunting trip with Elwell and Mac and Herpie. Why, of *course!* I'd forgotten he was the one who told you we were coming to New York."

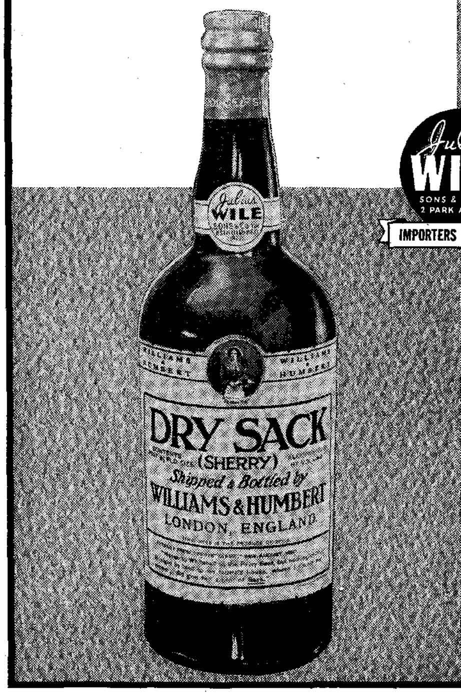
Mr. Devore was appalled. The tone in which she spoke of one of the most powerful bankers in New York was—one had to face it—almost disparaging.

"Moody," Mr. Smock remarked with a contemplative air. "He's funny, isn't he? I wish you could have seen him with us out in the Wallowa Range. I hear he's a pretty good banker, though. Herpie Wingate tells me that if anything's safe in America today, it's Moody's bank."

"Your informant was correct," Mr. Devore said with admirable restraint. "It is a most distinguished institution. Perhaps I should go so far as to say a New York landmark. I was greatly relieved to learn that Oregon Superfoods—an enterprise that captured my interest and imagination the moment I heard of it, I might add—had decided to bank with Lewis Moody. And I daresay that at the time you and your colleagues took the precaution of engaging legal counsel here, to safeguard your interests along other lines as well. It is always so reassuring to feel that one's affairs are in experienced hands in every department. You have engaged legal counsel, I take it?"

"Not yet," Mr. Smock said. "That's one of the things I've got to settle before I go back. And I've got to line up locations for our stores, beginning with New York. We're going to start by making a big splash here, and then open in the other cities. People have got to realize right away that we're selling perishables along with the staples. We're going to stress the fact that a lot of these things are flown by plane. The point is, whether it's fruit, vegetables, meat, fish, or whatnot, fresh, frozen, or canned, that it's all from Oregon. We

DRY SACK
Sherry
A FAMOUS PRODUCT OF
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT



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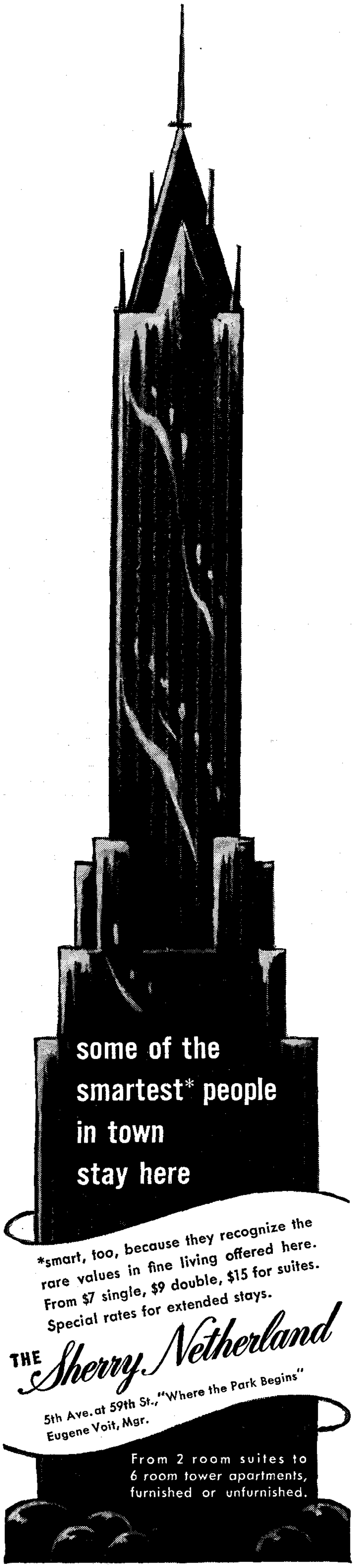
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5th Ave. at 59th St., "Where the Park Begins"
Eugene Voit, Mgr.

From 2 room suites to 6 room tower apartments, furnished or unfurnished.

figure on the publicity compensating for what we lose on a few products. What we're really after is for Oregon to be synonymous with luxury foods in this part of the world. You folks get a lot of our output as it is, but you probably don't know it, except for Hood River apples, Du Comice pears, and one or two other things. Take peaches. When people in New York go shopping for the last word in quality peaches, we want them to ask for *Oregon* peaches. That goes for everything—salmon, crabmeat, potatoes, cherries, plums, and apricots—*everything*. Particularly the frozen meats. I just happened to mention a few of the things I have a financial interest in myself." He made the last statement without emphasis, and Mr. Devore looked at him with the reverence a manual-training-high-school shortstop might display toward a big-leaguer. "We expect to see a big increase in orders for Oregon produce from wholesalers all through the East. And here's the wonderful part of it: as fast as the demand increases, our own outlets will feel the trend and profit from it in proportion. Eventually we won't supply wholesalers at all, or at least as few as possible. Only our own markets. Eastern money in Western pockets—that's what we're aiming for."

THE Daiquiris were brought in. Mr. Smock lifted the miniature carafe from its nest of shaved ice and filled the glasses. "Funny way to serve drinks," he said.

"They don't serve them that way at the Heathman or the Multnomah," Mrs. Smock said, doubtfully.

"I should like to propose a toast," said Mr. Devore, still hopeful of striking a fraternal note. "A toast to Oregon Superfoods and its farseeing sponsors." He hesitated, then took the plunge. "Your enthusiasm for the project is so contagious, Mr. Smock, that I almost feel as if I were involved in it myself."

Mr. Smock again displayed his talent for missing the point. "I can just see you people taking your first bite of Tillamook," he said as he dreamily sipped his drink.

"Tillamook?" said Mr. Devore, bewildered.

"Tillamook cheese," Mr. Smock said.

"I shall look forward to trying it," Mr. Devore said. "Incidentally, Mrs. Smock, I have just had a delightful inspiration. I hope you and Mr. Smock have no previous commitment for dinner this evening?"

"I'm awfully sorry, but we're having dinner with a friend," Mrs. Smock said. "He's coming here in a little while to pick us up."

"Maybe we could go to a night club some evening, though," Mr. Smock said kindly. "Addie doesn't care for night clubs, but I'd kind of like to get an idea of the type of food they buy."

He was manifestly sincere. Mr. Devore, who hated night clubs and as a rule deputed this branch of entertaining to one of the junior members of his firm, said, "Nothing would afford me greater pleasure. It would be most interesting." He drank the last of his Daiquiri. "How singular! It has just occurred to me that our paths converge—in a professional sense, I mean. As we sit here, chatting together, I learn that you and your associates have not yet engaged legal counsel. What a coincidence that I and *my* associates should be in a position to dispense that very commodity! Perhaps we shall find that we can join forces not only socially but in a business relationship as well." He chuckled at the sheer novelty of the idea. "How unexpectedly the law of supply and demand asserts itself!"

"I had a funny experience the other day," Mr. Smock said.

Mr. Devore's hope that camaraderie had been established was shattered. He had a foreboding that the conversation was going to turn to salmon or apricots or the Wallowa Range. For the first time in his life he felt that he had been born outside the pale. "A funny experience?" he said nervously.

"Yes," Mr. Smock said. "At least *I* got a kick out of it. I was looking through the yearbook of the class of '16, and suddenly I came across a picture of one of the teams. I realized I'd been out of touch with Spike Todd, Sam McAndrews, and some of the others since God knows when. Next night, when Herpie Wingate was at our house for dinner, I said, 'I've lost track of some of the best friends I had when we were at Oregon. Spike Todd, for example. Now, whatever became of Spike?' And Wingate said, 'Don't you remember? He went East to Columbia Law School. The last I heard he was practicing corporation law in New York.' We looked at each other, and right there each of us had the same idea."

"Not Clinton Todd?" Mr. Devore said uneasily. "You don't by any chance mean Clinton S. Todd of Sloane, Todd, Veterito & Susskind?"

Mr. Smock nodded and said, "That's right. So, as I say, each of us had the same idea. We sent him a telegram right away. We'd all been *looking* for a New York law firm, of course, and making inquiries about who we ought to go to. As a matter of fact, your name was one of those we heard mentioned." Mr. Smock spoke with light good humor, as if Oregon Superfoods had nearly made an amusing blunder. "I don't think we'll have any trouble coming to an agreement with him. Addie and I are having dinner tonight at his apartment."

Mr. Devore was incapable of comment. To do him justice, he knew defeat when he encountered it.

"If I know anything about Spike," Mr. Smock said cordially, "my guess would be that he keeps you New Yorkers on your toes."

"Mr. Todd is very competent," Mr. Devore said. It was one of the noblest gestures he had ever made. He glanced at his watch and then turned to Mrs. Smock. "I had no idea it was so late. If you and Mr. Smock will excuse me, I fear I shall have to say goodbye."

The telephone rang, and Mr. Smock said, "He's early. That's fine. We can all have a drink together."

"Goodbye," Mrs. Smock said as Mr. Devore clutched her hand. "It was awfully nice of you to come and see us."

"Wait and say hello to Spike," Mr. Smock urged.

"Thank you, but I really must go," Mr. Devore said.

They shook hands. Mr. Smock went to the telephone and Mr. Devore hurried out of the suite and down the corridor.

At the elevator bank he made a slight change in his plans. He walked slowly down the emergency stairway to the eleventh floor, and after a long interval, during which he lighted a cigar and took a few deliberative puffs, he rang for a car. —JAMES REID PARKER

•

NON-STOP SENTENCE DERBY

[*From the Atchison* (*Kans.*) *Globe*]

Mrs. Anna Langworthy, who has devoted many years of her life in rearing her sons, one of whom, Clinton, is now married and engaged in business in Kansas City, and one, Burton, who is in the U. S. navy and at present is stationed in the navy yard at Seattle, and rearing her nephews, Robert Groves, who in three weeks will finish his training as an aviator and will then go to San Diego, where he will be employed in an aviation factory, and Frank R. Groves, jr., who will be married, as has been reported in The Globe, to Miss Betty Jane Baldwin of Kansas City, and whose home is now in Bartlesville, Okla., has decided to move out of the house at 513 Mound street, where she has lived for 20 years, having taken the house where her nephews were little boys, and will move into an apartment.

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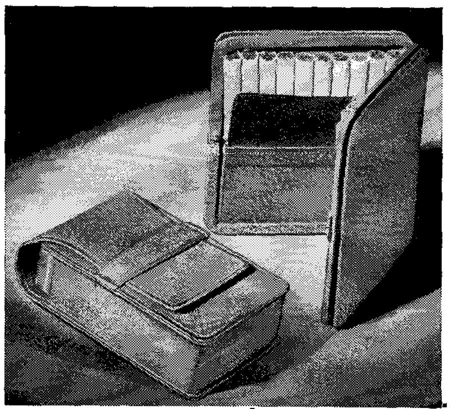

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

MRS. BRAUNE'S PRIZEFIGHTERS

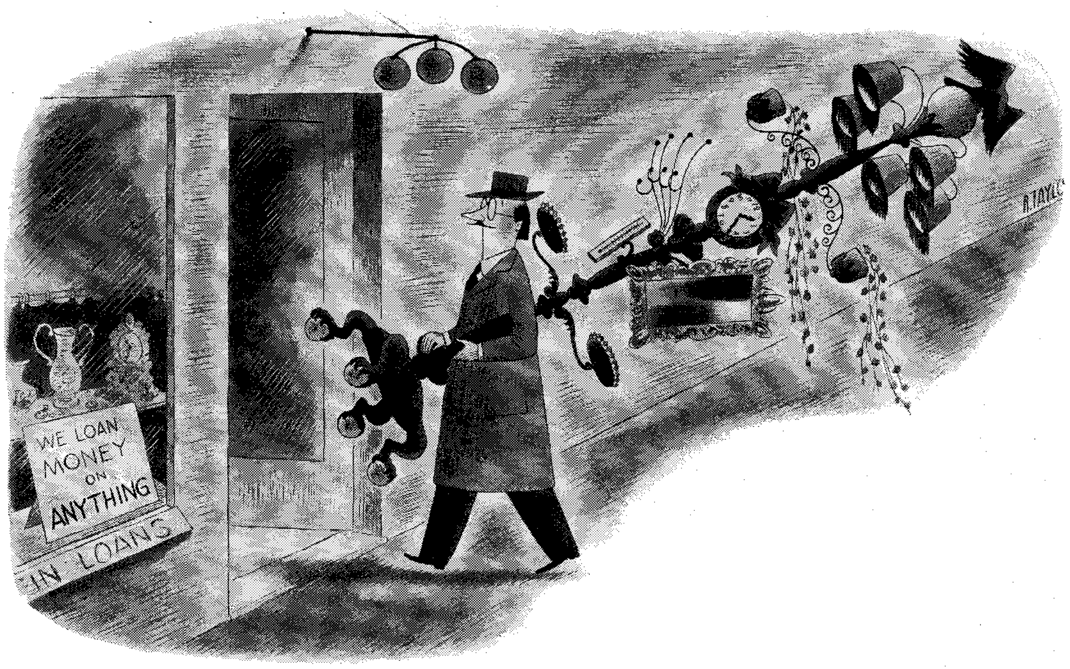
IN times like these, the lodging house conducted by Mrs. Rosa Braune on West Ninety-second Street, near Central Park, is a peaceful and comforting place. It is almost entirely inhabited by prizefighters, who are the most tranquil of athletes. Unlike baseball players and jockeys, fighters seldom have noisy arguments. Not fighting is their avocation. Mrs. Braune's house gives a city-dweller the same soothing sense of continuity that the round of seasons is said to impart to peasants. There are always new fighters coming up, old ones going down, and recurrent technical problems to discuss. I hadn't been to see Mrs. Braune and her lodgers since midsummer of 1939, and, as the world had gone through a lot in the interim, I visited the house a few days ago with certain misgivings. Happily, I found everything serenely unchanged.

Most of Mrs. Braune's lodgers are under the direction of Al Weill, a bulbous man who is the thriftiest and most industrious fight manager of the day. Fighters not in his charge occasionally stop at the house, but Mrs. Braune doesn't encourage them. Prizefighters are drawn inevitably to parks, and the Central Park reservoir, around which they can take their morning runs, makes the neighborhood especially popular with them. Weill has a family and a home of his own on the upper West Side; his viceroy at Mrs. Braune's is Charles Goldman, a trainer and an old friend of mine. Goldman is a brisk little man with a flattened nose and a thickened right ear. These add authority to his comments on professional subjects. He used to be a smart bantamweight and never lets any of his pupils forget it. Charlie opened the door and greeted me as soon as I had rung Mrs. Braune's bell. This was not strange, because he lives in the front parlor of the old-fashioned brownstone house. His wide windows are a strategic point from which he can see any fighter who comes home late at night or tries to bring a girl in with him. From them he can also check on the boys as they leave for their morning runs in the Park.

We shook hands, then Goldman yelled up the stairs for Mrs. Braune and took me into his room to wait for her. It is a big room and there are three beds in it. A French-Canadian fighter named Dave, who is not under Weill's management but lives in the neighborhood, was sitting on one of them talking in French to a Weill featherweight named Spider. Goldman introduced me and then Spider said, raptly, "Go on, Dave, talk more French." "Spider don't understand him," Goldman said seriously, "but he thinks it sounds pretty." When Mrs. Braune came in a couple of minutes later, Dave stopped talking, because Mrs. Braune, a German Swiss, understands French and would not have liked what he was calling Spider. "It's better than double-talk," Dave said to me with a grin. The two boys went out, and as they were leaving, Goldman said, "Don't get into no crap games." The house stands in a tree-shaded block of almost identical brownstones, all with high stoops, and usually there is a crap game in progress on at least one of them. Goldman disapproves of crap games because they take a fighter's mind off business. Whenever one of the boys is arrested and fined two dollars for shooting crap, Goldman gloats over his misfortune.

MRS. BRAUNE is about sixty years old and built like a large, soft cylinder with a diameter not greatly inferior to its axis. She has a pink face, sparse gray hair parted in the middle, and calm blue eyes. She is so much like the conventional idea of American motherhood that no fighter in his right mind would think of talking back to her. Mrs. Braune once ran a rooming house at 19 West Fifty-second Street—an address which disappeared some years ago when the next-door neighbors, Jack and Charlie, bought the building and added it to their restaurant at No. 21. Her clients in that house included a Fifth Avenue jeweller who had a lot of girl friends and suffered from a complaint that Mrs. Braune calls "the gouch;" theatrical people, who were noisy and kept late hours; and a number of White Russian countesses, whom she calls in retrospect "the Countesses of Having-Nothing." The countesses were much the worst pay. Mrs. Braune prefers her present lodgers, who are in bed by ten o'clock except when they are professionally engaged. She is sure of getting the room rent from Weill's fighters, at least, because Al pays it and takes the money out of their earnings. He is always urging his boys to live frugally and put their money in the bank. They have a hard time obtaining a couple of dollars a week from him for spending money. He telephones at ten every evening to ask Mrs. Braune if the boys are all in their rooms. Sometimes she covers up for a fighter she thinks must be staying on at the movies for the end of a double feature, but she doesn't condone any really serious slip. Weill has five-year contracts with his boys, and if one of them won't behave, even for Mrs. Braune, Weill simply declines to make any matches for him. This means that the fighter must get some other kind of work, a prospect so displeasing that discipline at Mrs. Braune's is usually perfect.

The one detail of Mrs. Braune's appearance that sets her apart from other landladies is a pair of miniature leather boxing gloves pinned high on her vast bosom. She likes to show them to visitors, for they have been autographed by


WE LOAN MONEY ON ANYTHING
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Lou Ambers, twice lightweight champion of the world. Ambers, she explains, was her star lodger for years and was responsible for her entrance into the prizefight business. In 1935, before he became illustrious, Ambers asked her for a room. He was training for a fight and had no money in the meanwhile. Mrs. Braune let him run up a bill of seventy or eighty dollars, a proceeding so extraordinary that after the fight Ambers induced his manager, Weill, to put all his fighters in her house. Ambers knew it was a lucky house, because he had won the fight. The boys living at Mrs. Braune's won a long series of bouts, and Weill began to call it, grandiloquently, the House of Destiny. It is impossible to tell how much Mrs. Braune's motherly discipline contributed to the winning streak, but the manager was sure it had some effect. Besides, the house is clean and Mrs. Braune's rentals have always been reasonable. Now, after six years of it, she says, she feels like an old-timer in the fight game, and Goldman reports that once he even heard her telling a tall heavyweight how to "scrunch himself over so he wouldn't get hurted."

Weill practices a kind of pugilistic crop rotation. He has under his management fighters who are valuable properties now and others he thinks will be profitable in from one to four years. Fight people speak of a boy as being one or two or three years "away." Weill even has one towering youngster who hasn't yet had a professional bout but is living at Mrs. Braune's while he learns his trade. A manager gets from thirty-three and a third to fifty per cent of a fighter's purses, which, in the case of Ambers or Arturo Godoy, another Weill property, runs into considerable money. Often, however, a fighter on the way up doesn't earn his keep, and then Weill has to carry him. Weill pays Mrs. Braune the fighter's room rent and gives him a weekly five-dollar meal ticket. The ticket is good for five dollars and fifty cents in trade at a Greek lunchroom on Columbus Avenue. This arrangement keeps the boy from overeating, Weill explains. He makes his bookings in an office in the Strand Building, on Duffy Square. Usually he keeps a fighter working in towns like New Haven, Utica, and Bridgeport until he seems ripe for a metropolitan career. The boys come back to the house on Ninety-second Street after each bout.

"I PREFER fighters than any other kind of lodgers," Mrs. Braune said to me. "They got such interesting ca-

Sleeping de Schiaparelli
Sleepin
Vertès

parfum sleeping de schiaparelli

reers, like opera singers, but they are not so mean."

"She is just like a mother to them boys," Goldman said admiringly. "She presses their trunks for them, so they will look nice going into the ring, and sometimes when I tell a boy he is getting too fine, she fixes him a chicken dinner. They don't board here regularly, but she likes to cook for them now and then. A fighter can't stay down to weight all the time or he will work himself into t.b. Now and then he has got to slop in. Mrs. Braune is a restraining influence on them kids. They got too much energy."

A boy walked down the hall past the open door, and Goldman called him in to show me a sample of the student body. "This is Carl Dell, a welterweight," Goldman said. "He spends all his time writing long letters to dolls." "Charlie is always worrying about maybe I would have a good time," Dell said before acknowledging the introduction. "He is always beefing." Dell has a strong, rectangular head with the small eyes and close-set ears of a faun. Goldman, perhaps affected by some remote sculptural association, said, "Look at him. He has a head like an old Roman." He said Dell had been a good amateur and had won thirty-seven straight fights after turning professional. He had lost a couple of decisions in recent months, but that was natural, as he had begun to meet good men. "It is a lot in how you match a fellow," Goldman said, "but anyway he is a great prospect." "I beat a fellow out on the Coast that they said was the champion of Mexico," Dell said, "and when I was down in Cuba, I beat the champion of Cuba. That is two countries I am champion of already." Dell is twenty-three years old and is at least a year "away." He told me he came from Oneonta, New York, and had spent three years in the CCC, a government enterprise which develops fine arms and shoulders. Then he had won a lot of prizes in amateur tournaments and finally turned professional. He said he had never had any kind of job except boxing.

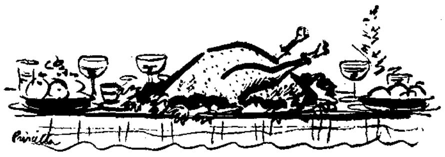
Goldman began talking to me about the importance of concentration in shadowboxing. Dell looked embarrassed, seeming to know that the little trainer was talking at him. Mrs. Braune just sat quietly, as if used to such seminars.

"One of the most important things in training is shadowboxing," Goldman said, getting into the middle of the floor and assuming a guard. "Most boys, now, when they are shadowboxing they are just going through the motions and thinking of some broad, maybe. Shadowboxing is like when the teacher gives you a word to take home and write out ten times, so you will know it. In the examination you only get one chance to spell the word. The best two moves I ever had come to me when I was shadowboxing, but I was not just going through the motions with a swelled head, thinking of some broad. I always used to have a move where I feinted a jab and stepped to the left to get away, and one day it come to me, 'Why not really jab when I step that way? If I hit, I am in position to throw a right, and if I miss, I got my right hand up anyway.' " Goldman went to his left, jabbed, and threw a right. "Then the thought come to me," he said, " 'Why not throw a left hook for the body instead, and that will bring me in position for a right uppercut?' Now, when I straighten up with that uppercut the guy is going to cross me with a right, ain't he? Sure! He can't stop himself. So then, as I throw the uppercut, I duck to the left in one motion, see?" The little man moved his feet and swayed to his left. "And I come up under his right!" he exclaimed.

Dell had been watching with the detached interest of a boy who has no talent for mathematics but must pass a required course in trigonometry. "Do you get it?" Goldman asked him, abandoning his pretence of talking to me. "Sure," Dell said without enthusiasm, "but I guess I would rather just wear the guys down." He went away, saying he had to write a letter to his girl.

In addition to listening to Goldman's expositions of theory, routine for the prizefighters of Mrs. Braune's *pension* includes a long run around the reservoir early every morning and laboratory exercises at Stillman's Gymnasium on Eighth Avenue from noon until about three o'clock. At Stillman's, the fighters box against boys from other managers' strings, to avert possible upheavals in the Braune home. A boy who has had a hard workout is content to do nothing for the rest of the day, which is exactly what a trainer wants him to do.

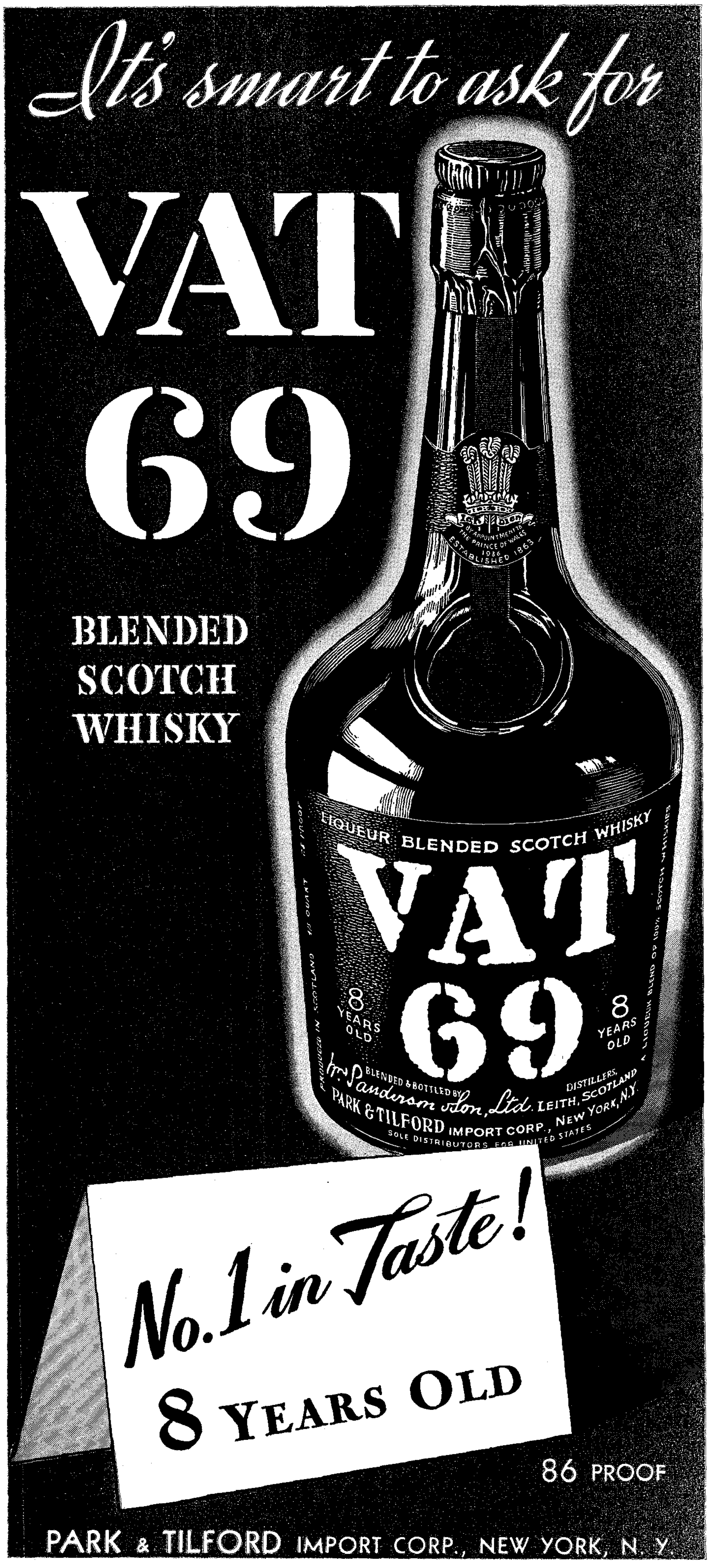
MRS. BRAUNE, who used to take a normal matronly pleasure in promoting marriages between young people, has come to feel differently about marriage now that she is interested in prizefighters. Most managers don't like fighters to get married. "One manager is enough," they often say. Mrs. Braune concurs in this prejudice, because when the boys get married they stop living in rooming houses. Also, she takes a proprietary attitude toward any fighter who has lived in her house and she thinks that no young woman can give a pugilist proper care. Lou Ambers got married this summer. He had lived in the rear parlor of Mrs. Braune's house for four years, remaining there even after he had become lightweight champion of the world and a great drawing card. The rear parlor has cooking arrangements, and a fellow named Skids Enright, an old short-order cook from Herkimer, New York, Lou's home town, used to live with him and do the cooking. The fighter was never extravagant. After his marriage Ambers went to live in Herkimer. A few months ago he was knocked out by a lightweight named Lew Jenkins, who was also married but had been in that condition long enough to develop a tolerance for it. Another Weill fighter, Joey Archibald, won the featherweight championship, got married, and then lost a decision to a bachelor from Baltimore. Archibald is not acutely missed at Mrs. Braune's, however. Because of his unbearable erudition, her other lodgers never felt close to him. "Do you know what Archibald said to me?" Ambers once asked Goldman. "He said 'equilibrium.' " Goldman and Whitey Bimstein, Ambers' trainer, had a hard time restoring friendly relations. Arturo Godoy is also married, but Mrs. Braune feels that, being a South American, he can stand it.



I gathered that because of all the marriages and the absence of a couple of fighters who were on expeditions to the provinces, there are not as many boys as usual stopping at Mrs. Braune's. Goldman mentioned, besides Spider and Dell, a clever welterweight named Al Nettlow; Marty Serve, a coming lightweight; and Tony, the twenty-year-old heavyweight who hasn't fought yet. Tony came in while we were talking, and, after Goldman had introduced him to me as "possibly a future heavyweight champion if he's got the stuff in him," just sat there listening to us. He was bashful, I guessed, because he had not had a fight and so had nothing to talk about. "He is pretty big for a baby, only six feet five inches," Mrs. Braune said, "but he don't make no trouble at all. I was going to get him a special long bed, but he says no, he would just as soon sleep slanting." Some fighters are difficult about beds, Mrs. Braune said, and keep asking for new ones until they have tried every bed in the house. They sleep reasonably well in any of them, apparently, but there seem to be gradations in the profundity of a fighter's unconsciousness, caused by differences in bedsprings and not explainable to other persons. Mrs. Braune's hands, while she talked to Goldman and me, were busy with a darning egg and a pair of socks undoubtedly belonging to a prizefighter.

There is a Mr. Braune, but, like most rooming-house husbands, he stays in the background. Until about twenty years ago, he and Mrs. Braune ran a stationery store. Then, she told me, she leased the Fifty-second Street rooming house which disappeared into Jack and Charlie's. The new business was somewhat in the family tradition, she felt, because one of her maternal uncles in Switzerland had kept a big hotel near Lake Geneva. "I would like to see again the Genfersee," she said parenthetically. "The Lake of Geneva, you know. But conditions must be pretty hard over there now. I got confidential postcards from the old country that every mountain is full of cannons. Still, what can they do now they got Hitler all around them?" She went on to say that the fighters are always offering her tickets to bouts but she never goes. She's afraid she couldn't stand the sight of blood. She does listen to fights on the radio, though, whenever she has a chance. When Ambers was fighting Henry Armstrong, the great colored boxer, Mrs. Braune prayed between rounds that her lodger would grow stronger. "And he did get stronger in the last," she said. "He won."

"WHY don't you go upstairs and see Marty?" Goldman suggested. "I got to make some phone calls, but just say who you are and he will be glad to see you. Marty is the baby of the house. He's only nineteen. He went up to Van Cortlandt Park Sunday and wanted to show the other boys how good he could play football. So he is laid up with a skinned nose and a sprained ankle." I climbed to the third floor to see Marty. Over the bed in which the boy lay hung a picture of the late Pius XI and, under the picture, a crucifix. Marty wore a large silver religious medal around his neck. His small, impish face made him look younger than nineteen, but his biceps and forearms were big and brown. He was restless, lying in bed with nobody to talk to, and was glad to see me. He said he had just been looking through an old scrapbook of newspaper clippings about his amateur fights. "I



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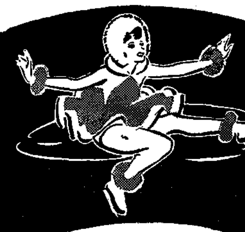

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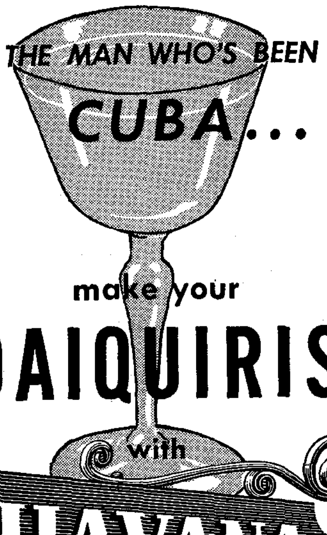

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had ninety-three of them," he said. "I only got three or four dollars a fight. I was the highest-paid amateur in the Hudson Valley." Marty said his real name was Mario Severino and that he came from Schenectady. (Weill, since he got Ambers, has picked up several fighters from upstate.) "I didn't know anything before I turned professional," the boy said. "I thought I did, but I didn't. Amateur fighters aren't smart like my roommate, Al Nettlow. Al is a real cutie." Nettlow, he explained, is seldom around the house until the weather gets very cold because he is a "fishing nut." He leaves before dawn every morning he can get off training and takes the long subway ride out to Sheepshead Bay, where he boards one of the deep-sea boats that take fishermen out all day for two dollars. When he gets back, he tries to make the other fighters eat the fish he has caught, but only Tony, the heavyweight, who almost always uses up his weekly meal ticket in five days, displays any enthusiasm. Nettlow is a very clever fighter and is now of near-championship class. I gathered from Goldman that if he wins a title, he will probably want to pose in his publicity pictures with a dead swordfish.

Marty said that he had had thirty-nine professional fights and had won them all. "Mr. Weill gets me guys that I figure to lick," he said modestly. "He is a great manager. But he gave me hell for playing football. I don't like a sprained ankle. I got to fight once a week or I don't feel good."

I went downstairs and said goodbye to Mrs. Braune and to Charlie Goldman, who by that time was clipping a newspaper account of the death of a preliminary boy in a Brooklyn prize ring. The boy had died of heart failure. Goldman collects newspaper stories he thinks will be instructive to his wards. "He was a nice kid," Goldman said to me, "but he never trained right. He relied on his ticker to get him by. He had plenty of moxie, but it is just like I am always saying to my kids. If the flesh is weak, the spirit don't mean a thing."

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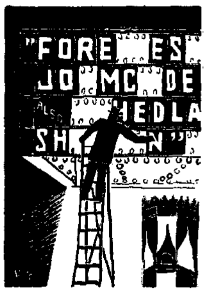
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Music Goes Round and Round



WALT DISNEY now and again comes to the surface in this stupendous "Fantasia," and when his familiar and beloved creations, never so fancifully imagined or more beautifully presented, appear upon the screen, a sense of delight and appreciation and possibly gratitude pervades the audience. Long after the mammoth cinema concert has died away to the strains of Schubert's "Ave Maria," profane memories return to one with incessant pleasure, memories of very small details, exquisite tiny items, like the dance of the mushrooms, or the milkweed ballet, or the flight of winged horses, or, exquisite too, the pirouetting hippopotami. With that "Ave Maria," Mr. Disney was contrite and unassertive, but here and there, in preceding numbers of the musical program, he used all his gifts.

It would seem that out of the eight compositions which form this program, only three had been selected with special care for the genius of Mr. Disney. He appears to survive against perverse odds, which is all the more a tribute to his powers. That he does survive is clear. The vital spark of life in this film—much as the picture may be a technical triumph of sound mechanism, a step forward in the art of the cinema, and the establishment of a new standard for the harmony of sight and sound—comes straight from the old Disney studio.

Two of the three logically Disney pieces precede the intermission, which may explain some later impatience and exhaustion and the popular complaint that the film is too long. Beginning with the assemblage of the orchestra, a snack of humorous realism that is subdued eventually by the silhouette of Stokowski on the conductor's stand, there follows the Bach Toccata and Fugue in D-minor, with which Disney gives us only sumptuous color arrangements, waves of scarlet and the like, slightly reminiscent of the old color organ, or clavilux. However, Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite" follows, and here is Disney at his best—mushrooms, milkweed, and all—raising our spirits and preparing us for the next opus, Dukas's "The

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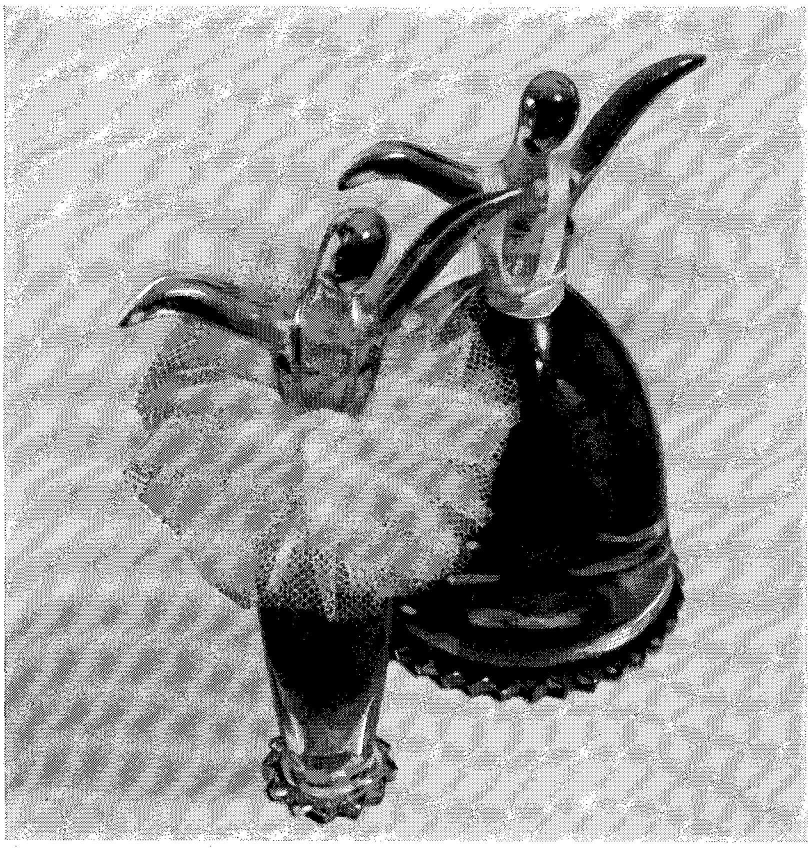

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"Sorcerer's Apprentice," a welcome Mickey Mouse. These are the two high moments that come ominously so early in the picture, both straight Disney—Disney in spite of the grandeur of all the amplified music, Disney, indeed, enhanced by the rich production and not swamped by so much style. After the intermission, Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours"—the one with the hippos, yes, and alligators too—brings us Disney again. This might also be said of Beethoven's "Pastoral," though here he has departed on a vein of classical fantasy, with centaurs and centauresses and Jove up above hurling thunderbolts, which isn't quite as stirring or in his best manner.

The most curious production of the whole sequence is, I should say, Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring." The music seems to have bestirred Mr. Disney to a dissertation on paleontology, though at times his imagery suggests the makings of a nightmare experienced in the Museum of Natural History. The music led him to portray the love life of the amoeba and some prehistoric spirochetes, and to the conceivable behavior of dinosaurs and such monsters of pristine aeons. Sometimes he can't resist, even with such unwieldy subjects, a spasm of pleasantry, and his dinosaurs will have the wicked eye of a matron about to pass out in a powder room. These are sly interpolations, though, and much of the interpretation is on the cosmic side, or perhaps is just an experiment in color schemes.

Disney shows often enough a taste for the macabre and the horrible. There is his witch from "Snow White"—in fact, there is quite a train of villains and sorcerers and wicked folk, whom he obviously enjoys. No one wants him to be always just funny or just charming, yet neither the "Ave Maria" at the end nor Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain" belongs to Disney. Moreover, it is a question whether they belong to the rest of the program. Possibly they are presumed to bear some relation to the times in which we live, the one a revel of the dead and the devil, the other that proper "note of hope." As a conclusion to the film, they seem as separate, as marked a shift from the mood of the evening, as the last speech in the Chaplin film.

There should be nothing puzzling to anyone about "Fantasia," for Deems Taylor has been so kind as to take a teacher's rôle and lecture us before each number. Culture-lovers who like to feel that they understand something important should be pleased. Music-lovers, I

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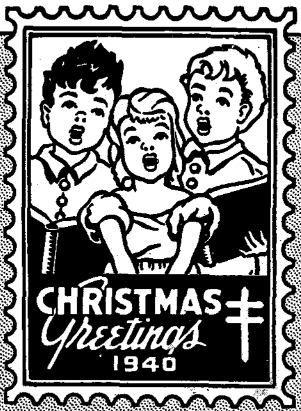

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

**The National, State and Local
Tuberculosis Associations
in the United States**

suppose, may wonder why they should bother about the film, since Carnegie Hall is right around the corner. Disney-lovers will have their happy moments, though they may feel they have to pay for them.

A NEW ending has been arranged for "The Letter," which may surprise many and did, I hear, surprise Somerset Maugham himself. Mr. Maugham's own cool, ironic story of the Singapore planter's wife who shoots her lover, stands trial, and is courteously acquitted did not quite come up to the standards of the higher morality and the Hays office, and therefore, though it seems drastic, we must have another murder in order that the lady pay for her crime. Properly, of course, the murderer of Mrs. Crosbie, the planter's wife, should then be killed herself, but the affair can't go on forever, and anyhow it doesn't matter so much about this villainess, I suppose, since she's Eurasian and doesn't count. This ending might seem claptrap and perfunctory did it not happen to be superbly handled by both Bette Davis, as Mrs. Crosbie, and Gale Sondergaard, as the Eurasian. Miss Davis, unlike Katharine Cornell of the stage production though she is, contrives a performance superbly adapted to this scenario. The important contrast between the poised woman of plantation society, busy with her knitting and her entertaining, and the woman crazy with jealousy and fear is a pretty balancing for her to manage. With utter charm, she fibs and fibs to husband and lawyer alike; and with utter abandon, even without a gun, she reveals the true woman beneath the mask—all of which is very exciting and educational.

Miss Sondergaard has simply to stand about, for the most part, rigged up like an idol, but that she does very capably. As the lawyer, James Stephenson introduces the most natural and human element in the whole overwrought group. As the husband, Herbert Marshall seems to get more boyish the more gruesome his circumstances, and one can imagine that he may leave the tropics after this miserable business is over and settle down as a scoutmaster. Perhaps the husband's rôle is somewhat thankless at best, and it is possible that Mr. Marshall's ability is wasted on it. All of these people appear in a setting presented with careful attention to the atmosphere of Singapore and Malaya and the intense tropic life on the great rubber plantations, which are perhaps the more enthralling now, since most of us travel so little these days. —JOHN MOSHER

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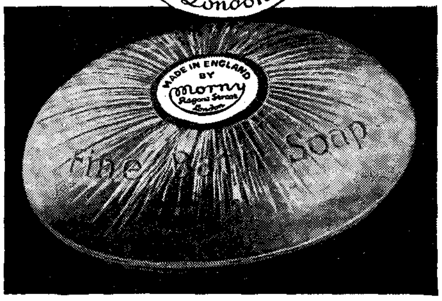

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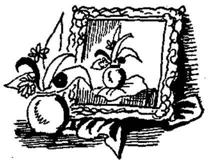
THE ART GALLERIES

A Courbet Revival—Two First Showings—Joe Jones

IT'S twenty-odd years since there has been a full-length Courbet show in these parts—far too long for him to have been neglected—and I'm sure the Marie Harriman Gallery deserves, and will get, thanks from everyone for the show it's now put on to make up for that lapse. Courbet, after all, was an important painter, not only because of his own accomplishment, which was considerable, but even more for the influence he had on the still greater artists who came after him. Born in 1819, he lived on until 1877, and his work thus spanned the gap between the formalized style that prevailed at the beginning of the century and the wholly new techniques that were developed at its close; it would be hard indeed to think of a painter of his general period who had a more powerful influence on the generation of the Impressionists.



Degas had his Ingres, while Renoir went still further back to take Watteau as his model, but Courbet's influence, though less direct, was more universal, and it was his emphasis on direct observation, homely subjects, and "realistic" portrayal—all ideas as revolutionary to the official painters of his time as his political theories were to the Third Republic—which in large part broke the ground for the yet more advanced experiments the Impressionists later began along the same lines.

For us, it's not easy to appreciate fully the upset to accepted artistic canons Courbet's work represented. That, of course, is the way with such matters. It's rare that the "revolutionary" ideas of one epoch, in art or in anything else, don't become the commonplaces of the next. All this is particularly applicable in the case of Courbet himself; at times his dark palette and somewhat heavy style make his work seem not only conventional but even downright dreary by contrast with the daring color his successors brought to the same scenes. Courbet hadn't quite broken loose from the grandiose style of his period, and in many of his larger landscapes—in, say, such a one as "La Source du Lison" in the collection on view—there's an overblownness in the treatment uncomfortably reminiscent of our own Hudson River school. In the main, though, the pieces in the current show were chosen, quite wisely, not for size and "importance" but for their appeal to the contemporary eye, and even if you've been let down by Courbet in the past, I'll guarantee you won't often be here.

Twenty-five paintings make up the exhibit, and at least a dozen are really major performances. Indeed, there is one, "Les Chasseurs," that performs the mildly incredible feat of reconciling me to Courbet's hunting scenes. Another painting, "Paysage avec Biche"—without hunters, but with a brown doe bedded cozily in a glade—is truly superb in the air of intimacy and innocence it somehow conveys. There's a swell self-portrait, too, called "Le Violoncelliste: Portrait de l'Artiste," very dark and rich and Venetian, as well as a bright, swiftly painted seaside scene called "La Plage d'Etretat" and a fine, solid still life, "Pommes et Poires sur une Table," which must be mentioned. Last of all, there is the landscape called "Le Ruisseau de la Brême ou de Plaisir-Fontaine." A large painting, it portrays a stream flowing placidly through a tree-hung ravine, but it's done with none of the solemn romanticism Courbet sometimes loaded such subjects with. Instead, the whole scene—the cool water, the shadowing foliage, the bright glances of sunlight—is painted with a calmness, delicacy, and clarity that make it indescribably moving. Unquestionably the high point of the show, it's also, I think, one of the real landmarks of nineteenth-century landscape painting.

FLETCHER MARTIN, a young California painter who has already made quite a name for himself on the Coast, is having his first Eastern one-man show at the Midtown Galleries. At first glance it would seem that he's likely to meet with equal success here, for he is bold and resourceful, with a good sense of design and an even stronger flair for the dramatic, and in his choice of subject he shows a fondness for those rough-and-ready scenes and characters—boxers, brawlers, cowboys, prostitutes—which for some not entirely flattering reason have come to be hailed in many quarters as "typically American." But though there's no denying the immediate impact of his work, it has its weaknesses, and these are, paradoxically, the weaknesses of too much striving for strength. Too often his lighting, always harsh, is pushed to the point of theatricality, and too often, as in the almost meaningless "Exit in Color" and the excessively streamlined baseball study called "Out at Home," he lets his feeling for dramatic simplification carry him to sheer posterishness. Only in such pieces as his rodeo scene, "July 4th, 5th & 6th," in which his very fine sense of design is allowed to shine through, does his work show real value. For the rest, one can't help thinking that if he would quit trying to put so much muscle in it, his painting would be all the stronger.

MY own particular enthusiasm of the week is for Theodore Roszak, a young abstract sculptor who, among other things, is the only one I can remember ever to start exhibiting his work with two simultaneous "first" showings. These are at the Artists' and the Julien Levy Galleries. At the first he is paired with Ruth Livingston, who shows a small group of pleasantly fanciful naïve paintings, and at the second he's backed up by a mixed group of modern pieces that includes paintings by Max Ernst and Enrico Prampolini and photographs by Eugene Atget and Clarence John Laughlin. At both places, however, Roszak's sculptures are the main features, and properly, for they're really startlingly suggestive. Constructivist in style, and developed mainly from machine motifs, they are about as fluent in design, as sure in balance, and as mysteriously and engagingly expressive as anything of the sort that I've seen in some time. The show at the Artists' Gallery closes next Monday. Both are worth seeing. . . . So are the new Joe Joneses, at the A.C.A., though his palette is still rather drab and its application to his subjects monotonous. But his work has a sweep, an ability to deal in large effects without sacrificing simplicity, that is always compelling, and while there's much that's uneven in the present show, at least one canvas, the big dockside painting called "Oil for Sale," is surely among the best things he's ever done. . . . Bignou has a couple of Courbets on display in a collection of nineteenth-century French painters that includes Corot, Daumier, Delacroix, and Fantin-Latour. I liked one of the Courbets, a big, lush affair called "Nature Morte aux Fleurs;" a fine Corot landscape, "Souvenir de Martigues;" and the lively little Daumier, "Le Peintre Devant son Tableau."

—ROBERT M. COATES

ART FOR CHRISTMAS

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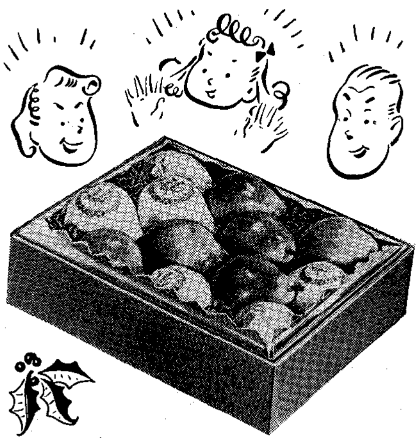

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which is to burst upon us next Monday will do as much as its sponsors hope toward making us all art-conscious. But it ought to help, and one healthy manifestation would be an increase in the giving of art for Christmas—something for which this department has been campaigning a good many years. The plans for National Art Week are really ambitious. Some sixty exhibitions are scheduled, about a dozen in regular art galleries and the remainder in locations that range from Greenwich House in the Village to the headquarters of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters in Harlem. All the work will be for sale, mostly at very modest prices, and more than seventeen hundred artists will be showing.

Meantime, here are some of the established dealers offering Christmas selections, all of them having things well under $100:

A.C.A., 52 West 8th: Paintings by William Gropper, Joe Jones, and others; $50 and up.

ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Avenue (55th): Water colors and prints by Aaron Bohrod, Ernest Fiene, and other Americans; $5 to $150. "Budget" oils; $50 to $200. Also, Gelatone Process color reproductions of paintings by Thomas Benton, Raphael Soyer, and others; $12.50, framed.

CLAY CLUB, 4 West 8th: Small sculptures by such artists as José de Creeft, George Cerny, and Thomas Lo Medico.

CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 38 West 57th: Young, relatively unknown artists are practically a specialty here. Some of them, like Jon Corbino, have gone on to do pretty well for themselves. A good place to make "discoveries" of your own; $5 to $50.

DOWNTOWN, 43 East 51st: Water colors by such younger artists as Rainey Bennett and Edmund Lewandowski; $15 and up, unframed. Drawings by William Steig; $10 and up, unframed. Also, small sculptures by various artists, some as low as $2.50.

DURLACHER, 11 East 57th: A real repository of drawings of all schools and periods from the thirteenth to the twentieth century. Prices go from $10 right on up, and there's a choice of excellent things at from $100 to $500.

JULIEN LEVY, 15 East 57th: Tricky little surrealist knickknacks called "Toys for Adults," mostly mobiles, and immensely decorative, by Joseph Cornell. Oils and water colors of Ecuador by Ludwig Bemelmans; $5 to $400. Color photographs by David Hare; $10 and up.

PERLS, 32 East 58th: Paintings, water colors, etc., mainly of the Paris school, "for the young collector;" $5 to $500. Drawings and water colors; from $50.

ROBINSON, 126 East 57th: The specialty is a relatively new development called "Sculpture in Limited Editions"—reproductions of original pieces in cast stone and other materials in "editions" of a hundred or so and at prices ranging from $5 to $125. Such well-known

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Wakefield Gallery & Bookshop, 64 East 55th: Drawings and small paintings by Frede Vidar, Desha, and other young artists; $30 to $150.

As for reproductions—which, if not quite such imaginative gifts as originals can be, are sometimes safer—there is an almost unlimited field. Listed below are a few of the more important houses:

F.A.R. Gallery, 19 East 61st: Reproductions in color of modern French and Americans, as well as old masters.

Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Avenue (43rd): Silk-screen stencil prints by various contemporary Americans; $5 to $20. Also, a set of original water colors by Gordon Grant; $40 to $100.

Harlow, Keppel & Co., 670 Fifth Avenue (53rd): The union of two old houses has brought together an unusually comprehensive selection of prints of all periods. Featured this year are sporting prints by A. J. Munnings and a selection of Disney originals, including some from his new picture, "Fantasia."

Kennedy & Co., 785 Fifth Avenue (59th): Vlasaty animal prints; from $30. Original Disney sketches, also including several from "Fantasia." Audubon prints; from $15. Nancy Dyer genre drawings.

Knoedler, 14 East 57th: All the standard names, with emphasis on twentieth-century French.

Living American Art, 315 Fourth Avenue (23rd): Excellent reproductions in color of modern Americans, sold either separately at seventy-nine cents apiece or in portfolios of eight at $2.98.

Old Print Exchange, 14 East 48th: This year specializing in old engravings and lithographs of colleges. Also old botany and fashion prints, Currier & Ives, clipper ships, etc.

Old Print Shop, 150 Lexington Avenue (30th): Now, in addition to Currier & Ives, they are stressing hundred-year-old flower and bird prints (from fifty cents up), old maps of America (from $5), and hand-colored prints of towns and colleges.

Raymond & Raymond, 40 East 52nd: Of particular interest this season are reproductions of water colors and gouaches in limited editions of around two hundred. These were made in Paris and are mostly by nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists. Prices, from $15 to $25.

Sporting Gallery and Bookshop, 38 East 52nd: All the regular sporting prints—Wayne Davis, Roland Clark, etc. They have a series of ten race-horse prints by F. B. Voss, to which this year they have added Seabiscuit and Discovery. The prints are $30 each, but you can get a set of the original ten for $250.

E. Weyhe, 794 Lexington Avenue (61st): New specialties are silk-screen color prints by younger American artists (from $5 to $18) and African art objects—small statues, textiles, etc. (from $20). Their regular print collection, too, contains some rare items.

—R. M. C.

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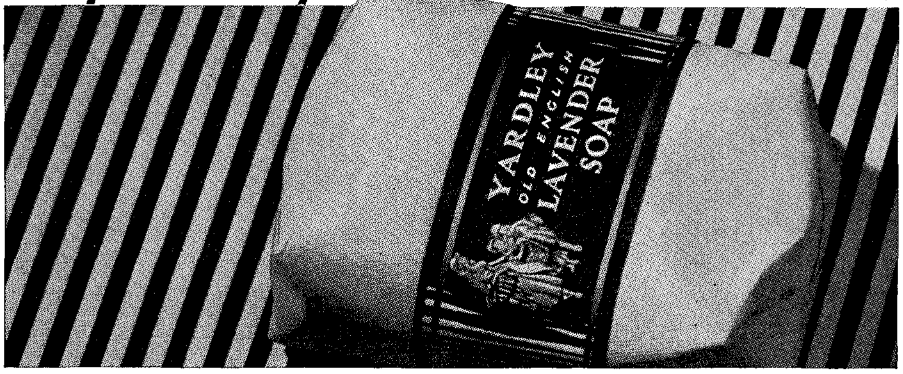

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

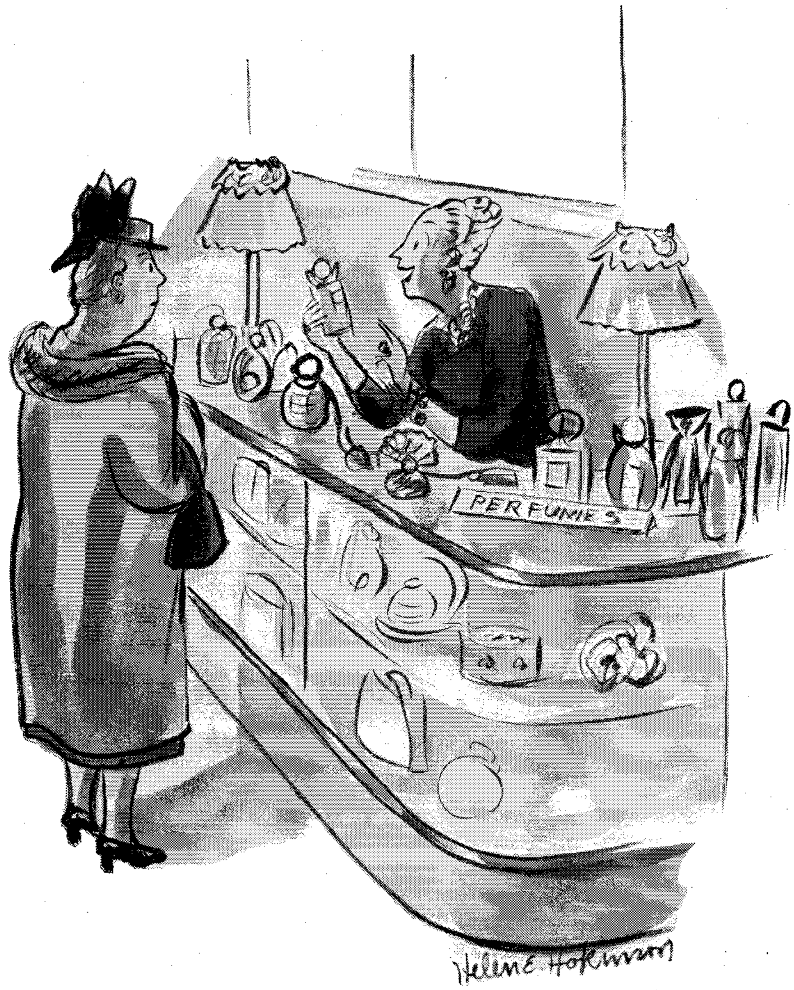
FEMININE FASHIONS

Mainbocher's collection at 6 East 57th Street—his first on his native soil—has been causing considerable confusion among fashion observers. He has been instrumental in starting a great many styles, but apparently now he has no intention of seeing them through to a finish. The long, sleek, wearable lines of the clothes he used to show in Paris did much to bring about the longer waistline and the longer suit jacket that are part of the current season, but it seems Mr. Bocher does not *like* long suit jackets, at least with short, day-length skirts, contending (and rightly) that anything which makes a woman look short-legged is structurally wrong. So he shows things like a navy-blue wool suit with a navy satin blouse and a jacket that is nipped in at the waistline and then ripples only a tiny distance below. Also, the majority of his full-skirted evening clothes are belted and their fullness begins directly at the normal waistline, which is a surprise when your eye is accustomed to all the wrapped, sleek hip bands and fullness starting at the hip that we've been seeing. Furthermore, there was a time when Mainbocher produced affairs of splashing embroideries and vivid brocades, with the result that sequins now scream all across the evening horizon, but not in his collection. The Master shrugs, and uses them very little.

Among the evening dresses, a magnificent slim black sleeveless thing has pale-gold lamé making two jagged leaves, one across its bodice and one running from the waistline down the skirt; silver-shot pale-blue moiré is the fabric of a second, in which godets are inserted at each side, giving the effect of a peplum. Oyster satin with a faint silvery pattern is used in a dress with a round neck, buttons down the bodice, and a full skirt trailing a bit in the back; pale-pink satin brocade makes a stark-simple, long-sleeved dress of the same type. The simple round neck appears everywhere, and, as a rebuke to the peekaboo school of thought, all of Mainbocher's décolletages are modest.

As for dinner suits, the Mainbocher genius is as apparent as ever. A black and a navy wool suit with white satin blouses are adorned only by intricate folds on the bosom; both have loose, almost knee-length jackets with mannish vents in back, both have prim ermine collars, and both swing out in almost Pierrot style. There is much talk of Mainbocher's "swan" silhouette, created by folds of fabric slanting downward from the waistline in back, like a bustle but much more ample and not so abrupt. This idea appears, for one, in navy taffeta on a dress of navy chiffon with a fan-pleated skirt. I prefer, though, the new look of a tunic on a pale-gray chiffon dress with deep oval panels all around and descending from the waistline almost to the knees; each panel is edged with a circular flutter of self material and there is a round-hipped effect that is most attractive. For eccentricity: a black tulle evening dress with two wide bands of silver fox smack down the front of the skirt. For a coat you'd wear every day of your life: a raspberry tweed with a nipped waist, vast buttons down the front, and fullness suggesting panniers at each side. The whole collection is wearable and, in an extremely vulgar era, enormously well bred.

Every once in a while, in a group of women wearing real emeralds, the hostess will hold the centre of the stage for a full minute by announcing that her costume came from the Bendel negligee department and cost only $55, my dear. Bendel's latest in this kind of thrill for everyone is something with very full trousers or a skirt of black velvet; the top is made of lamé in blue, green, and tiny gold stripes worked in diagonal lines, and has a turnover collar, a trim zipper down the bodice, and a wide sash around the hips and knotting in front. This arrangement seems to be good on all kinds of figures and *couldn't* be smarter, as the saying is. Another sensation around here is a house coat of white-and-gold-striped lamé; its basque top has a round neckline and four knobby gold-metal buttons down the front, and the skirt is full. Many customers make this double as a coat or dress for evening; if it's to be worn as



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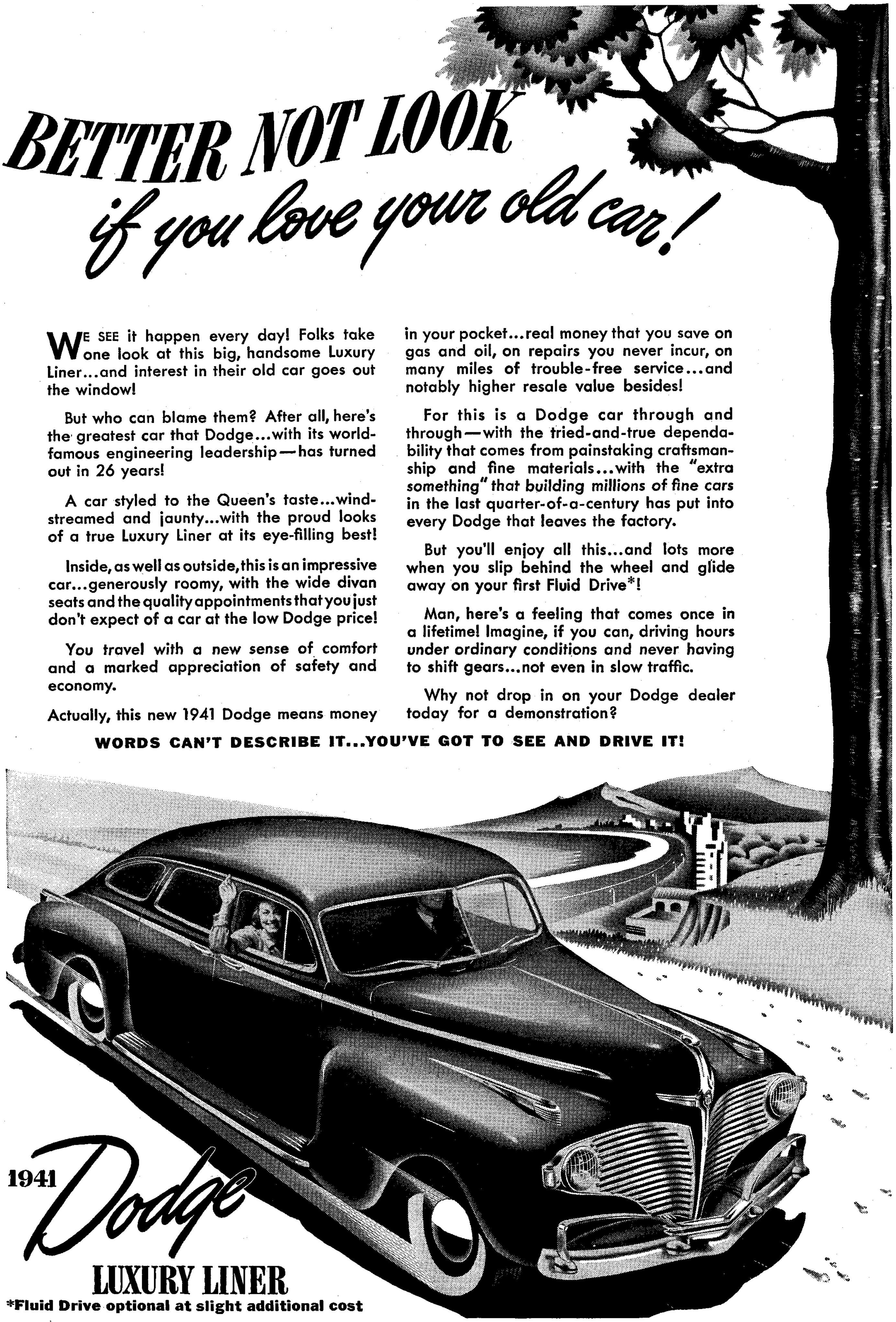
For this is a Dodge car through and through—with the tried-and-true dependability that comes from painstaking craftsmanship and fine materials...with the "extra *something*" *that building millions of fine cars* in the last quarter-of-a-century has put into every Dodge that leaves the factory.

But you'll enjoy all this...and lots more when you slip behind the wheel and glide away on your first Fluid Drive*!

Man, here's a feeling that comes once in a lifetime! Imagine, if you can, driving hours under ordinary conditions and never having to shift gears...not even in slow traffic.

Why not drop in on your Dodge dealer today for a demonstration?

WORDS CAN'T DESCRIBE IT...YOU'VE GOT TO SEE AND DRIVE IT!



1941 Dodge

LUXURY LINER

***Fluid Drive optional at slight additional cost**

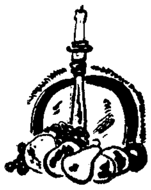
a dress, they just sew up the opening in front and there they are. It's $39.75. For older women, a swell black velvet hostess gown has sleeves that are slit up to the elbow and trail below to waver and hide the actualities of the hipline; there is no seam at the waistline and no belt—its wearers go in corsetless comfort. This is $55, and it's made highly feminine by pink satin lining in the sleeves and by puffed detail along the edges. Strictly for the boudoir, a warm negligee that eschews all attempts to make it look like anything but a warm negligee is smart as anything. It's made of blanket wool, in camel's-hair color as well as pastels, and has stitching on its one huge pocket and on the edges; the sleeves are three-quarter length, so you aren't eternally splashing your cuffs when you wash your hands; $29.75.

IN a tiny basement at 45½ East 61st Street is the millinery workshop of Bertram Coppock, where you are quite likely to have the time of your life. The boys who make hats there delight in creating them as they go along, on a highly personalized basis, and no wheedling on earth will induce them to turn out the same model more than three times. They still have quantities of imported feathers and of flowers that cannot be duplicated, such as beautiful velvet roses with soft green-gray leaves and violets in dusty-pink colors that shade into raspberry. They do tiny sailors with very deep crowns; a gray one made entirely of mallard-duck feathers has splashes of color to indicate a band around its crown. If you like your hats insane, they're experts at doing things like placing a rose, a bird's wing, and a veil on a crushed leopard-skin affair. There are also touches that are essentially practical, however; the Grip-Tuth comb, for instance, that lurks within hats of the precariously balanced type to anchor them to your hair. A little skullcap has snappers on top and you are invited to pick out any number of decorations which can be snapped on it—great loops of felt one minute, a curl of ostrich the next; this demonstrates the sound theory that once a hat is made so that it will cling firmly to your head, you can go haywire in decoration without disaster. Everything is made to order at prices that start at $12.50 and average around $16, which is a modest fee for the use of as gay a set of imaginations as you'll find anywhere.

MISS PENN, at Jaeckel, is noted for her artistry in making lovely, practical, and long-lived handbags (from $13) and, inspired by the atmosphere around her, is now doing them in fur. There is a beauty in ermine, flat-pouch style, with a deep stole handle through which you can thrust your arm —a great relief from the usual muff type. A costly bit at $179, but you can have copies of it in other furs for $75 and up. —L. L.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Food from Back Home



IT is a very satisfactory coincidence that just as the pinch of doing without European delicacies is beginning to tell on us, the ladies and gentlemen back where a lot of us came from have started outdoing themselves in the magnificence of their home-grown products. This year, I think, nostalgia and sentiment will have considerably less to do with our investigating what's going on in farm and small-town kitchens than a practical desire to have something better than ordinary in the way of holiday fare which we can either serve on our own dining tables or send as Christmas gifts to our friends.

To begin with substantial fare, the Glynwood Farm, at Cold Spring, New York, raises beautiful White Holland turkeys in surroundings of such luxury as might start a revolution if the facts were known among some of our fellow-townsmen who are bent on doing over the world, and, moreover, they are as good as they are beautiful. These snow-white birds cost forty-five cents a pound plus postage, and they arrive so smartly wrapped up that they make welcome gifts even for people who are more likely to receive their Christmas presents from Tiffany than from a poultry farm.

I am hardly the right person to report on the incredibly good broilers raised by Jackson Townsend at the Bunker Hill Farm, Hoosick Falls, New York, because their upbringing is far too complicated by science for me even to understand, let alone explain. Miracles being considerably easier for me to grasp, I am prepared to accept the Bunker Hill poultry as such without attempting to go into the special diet on which the birds are fed and which results in a fibreless meat that is practically of the melting-in-the-mouth variety. A fanatical cleanliness about the farm probably has something to do with the flavor, however, and that I *can* understand. Broilers weighing 2¼ pounds and squab broilers weighing 1¼ pounds are a dollar each, delivered dressed and packed in dry ice.

From High Valley Farm, at Colorado Springs, Colorado, Eugene Lilly will ship magnificent Mongolian pheasants whose fine, gamy flavor is the result of breeding under thoroughly wild conditions. Smoked rainbow trout from the same preserve are, to my taste, simply unbeatable for delicacy and all-around deliciousness. The pheasants cost $4.60 a brace and the price of the trout is $2.75 a half-dozen, both prepaid.

Mrs. I. N. Shepherd, of Harwood, Anne Arundel County, Maryland, whose smoked country sausage I have reported on before, now turns out her superior product in a tiny cocktail size. The same sausage meat, unsmoked and delicately seasoned with home-grown herbs, is still available for those who believe in sausages on the breakfast table rather than on the hors-d'œuvres tray. Delivered, the smoked kind (either regular or cocktail size) is seventy-five cents a pound; the unsmoked, forty-five cents.

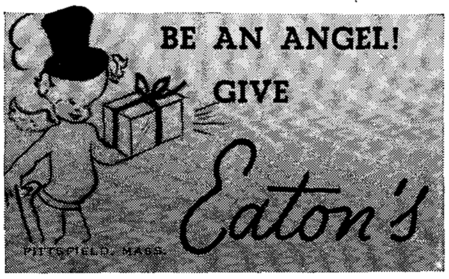
Another awfully good pork sausage is shipped by Herbert F. Rice, of 1036 East Sunshine Street, Springfield, Missouri, for forty cents a pound, including postage. Pork-fanciers in Missouri scoff at the notion that Easterners know what fine sausage is, and Mr. Rice's product certainly gives them a talking point.

Exiled Virginians won't need to be told that the place to order Potomac River roe herring is C. H. Montgomery & Co., of 128 William Street, Fredericksburg, but Northerners who have acquired a taste for this delicacy on Richmond breakfast tables will be glad to have the address. The firm, which has been serving Virginia families practically forever, will ship roe herring in kits containing around twenty-four fish for $2, and buckets of thirty-six for $3, express collect. You can also order these fish by the quarter-barrel and half-barrel, if you want, although anybody who feels that strongly about roe herring probably never would have left Virginia in the first place.

THOSE who are familiar with the Pennsylvania Dutch country of Lancaster and Berks Counties undoubtedly know all about the Lititz butter pretzels, which are well thought of even in a community where the standard for butter pretzels is high. These products are made with old-fashioned potato yeast by a Dutch-country farmer who has been making them in exactly the same way for forty years, and they

Santa Claus
Do your Christmas Hinting early!
(a)
(b)
(c)
(d)

(a) Glistening "quilted" midnight blue cabinet filled with White Highland Vellum folded and single sheets, $1.50. (b) Reproduction of American Primitive Painting on box of Ivory Highland Vellum, $1. (c) Writing ensemble of hand-bordered Pensmooth notes and letter folds, $1.50. (Companion box with plain letter paper, lined envelopes, $1.) (d) Exquisite grille-embossed box frames Petersburg 1850 notes. White or nosegay tints, 50¢. (Bordered letter and note ensemble, $1.)


BE AN ANGEL!
GIVE
Eaton's
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

can be ordered from the country store of William K. Heinsey, at Reinholds, Pennsylvania, for thirty-five cents a pound, including postage. (Of course, they can't be guaranteed not to break in transit.) Harking back for a moment to meats, another Pennsylvania farm product handled by Mr. Heinsey is Lebanon bologna, an enormous sausage made entirely from home-cured beef, smoked and well seasoned. The price, including postage, is thirty-eight cents a pound by the pound, or thirty-five cents a pound by the piece, which weighs around eight pounds.

It's a long jump from the hearty country fare of the Pennsylvania Dutch to the delicately prepared fruitcakes of Mrs. John H. Claiborne, of 109 Union Street, Petersburg, Virginia. This talented lady's white fruitcake contains a fabulous quantity of butter and eggs, along with almonds, citron, fresh coconut, brandy, and heaven knows what, and her black cake is no less superb. Both cost $1.75 a pound delivered, and are baked in three- and five-pound sizes. Mrs. Claiborne also makes a very good green tomato pickle, which she sells in pint jars at $4 a half-dozen, delivered.

Another excellent black fruitcake is made by Mrs. D. G. Harwell, of 879 Clifton Road, Atlanta, Georgia. This is a rich and delicious confection, with fewer almonds than the Petersburg recipe calls for. Moreover, Mrs. Harwell makes a beaten biscuit which will be recognized by all beaten-biscuit connoisseurs as perfection. The fruitcake is $1.25 a pound in three- and five-pound tins, and the biscuits are thirty cents a dozen. Both prices include postage.

In Holland, Michigan, at 21 West 7th Street, there is a bakery kept by a Dutch couple named Turkstra, who, for eleven months out of the twelve, jog prosaically along just making excellent pies and breads, and then, once a year, in time for the Feast of St. Nicholas (December 6th) and for Christmas, give themselves up to a frenzy of traditional Dutch holiday pastry-making. Dutch *boter krakelingen*, translated into terms of French pastry, are something like what cooks call *duchesse* (puff pastry with a sugar glaze), and in happier times they were to be had all year round in old-fashioned homes throughout the Netherlands. *Boter banket*, which, on the other hand, made its appearance only at the holiday season, is a short crust filled with almond paste. Both these confections are made by the Turkstras in small batches after a home recipe, exactly as you once might have found them in any self-respecting

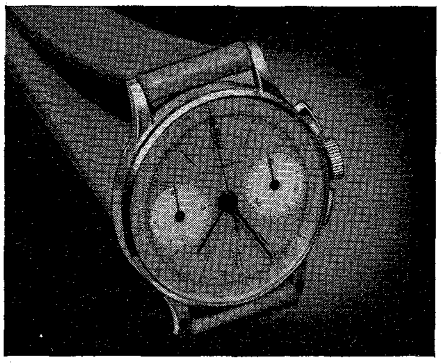
RFD
SANTA CLAUS
Dear Santa
Do your Christmas Hinting early!
(a and b)
(c)
(d)

(a and b) Distinguished new letter paper for men has a faintly printed arroweave design. In single sheets or folded Club size. Box of tweed-patterned paper, $1. (c) Functional, tailored, with paper and envelopes in separate reachable compartments. Exclusive writing paper with hand-crafted finish, $2. (d) Large deckled edge Vellum sheets in a desk correspondence file of grey or brown simulated leather, $1.

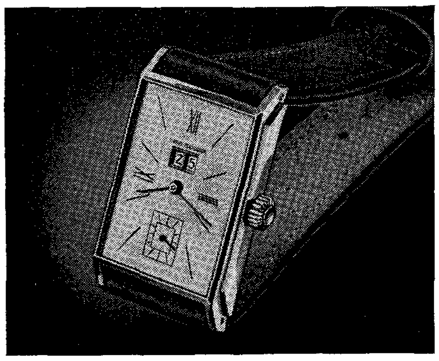
BE AN ANGEL!
GIVE
Eaton's
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

The gift in time
by GIRARD PERREGAUX

SEA HAWK Waterproof—even to the strap! Wafer thin, non-magnetic, cushioned against shock. Ideal for all men in the service. 15 jewels. Stainless steel $29.75.



CHRONOGRAPH For aviators and others in the armed forces, sportsmen, engineers, physicians. Timepiece, stop watch, tachymeter, time recorder— all in one. 17 jewels. Stainless steel from $65; 14K gold from $100.



CALENDAR WATCH This watch remembers—even when you forget. Automatically, every day, new date pops up in red. Dependable timekeeper, masculine case. 17 jewels. Stainless steel $45; 14K gold $100.

Write for illustrated book "Y" to

GIRARD·PERREGAUX
FINE WATCHES SINCE 1791

A Division of Jean R. Graef, Inc., Rockefeller Center, N. Y.
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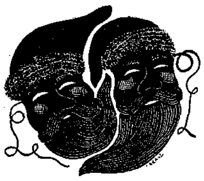
middle-class kitchen in Amsterdam or Utrecht. The *banket* is usually shipped in rings, like coffee cake, but the really authentic way of offering this pastry as a present is to have it made into the shape of the recipient's first initial. Some letters—notably "E"—are really too fragile for shipping. "S," "W," "D," and "M," although among the delicate ones, can be managed pretty safely—but, please, no orders for "E"s, because Mrs. Turkstra gets all upset worrying about them in transit. Both the *krakelingen* and the *banket* are sent out only in two-pound boxes at $1.60, express collect. They have to be crisped in the oven before serving.

THE Davidson Brothers, Box 705, Daytona Beach, Florida, grow marvellously good Indian River oranges and grapefruit, which they will ship in forty-five- and ninety-pound boxes at $3.50 and $6.50, respectively, delivered east of the Mississippi. They will also send the finest quality Schley pecans at fifty cents a pound, and only slightly smaller pecans at thirty-five cents, postage not included. . . . Excellent artichoke pickles are made by Mrs. H. H. Bruen, of 224 East Gaston Street, Savannah, Georgia. These are served in the South either as an accompaniment to Martinis or as regular table pickles. The price is a dollar a quart jar, or fifty cents a pint, express collect.

Some other very fine home specialties I have mentioned before, but which can bear repeated praise, are the smoked garlic sausage and the lightly smoked hams (both seventy-five cents a pound and no orders taken for less than three pounds) sold by Mrs. Julius J. Zieammermann, Route 1, Emporia, Kansas. Mrs. Zieammermann raises the finest Pascal celery imaginable and ships it in parcels of six bunches for $1.50. She also makes beautiful grape and other fruit jellies, which are sent in boxes of six ten-ounce jars for $2.40. Postage is extra for all these items. . . . A superlative black-walnut taffy ($1.75 a pound, including postage) can be ordered from Nancy Pearré, 427 South Perry Street, Montgomery, Alabama. . . . The Misses Kresge, in Sciota, Pennsylvania, make a superior scrapple for which their family has long been famous, as well as excellent pickled mushrooms, watermelon-rind preserves, and preserved orange slices. The scrapple costs fifty cents a pound, the mushrooms are $1.75 a pint, and the preserves $1.65 a pint jar. All prices include postage, but only within Pennsylvania or to New York City. . . . Ann Dees, of Lake Charles, Louisiana, will send you delicious sugared pecans with a delicate orange flavor for $1.25 a pound, postage prepaid. —S. H.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS



IT just happens that up to now our lists of gift suggestions for this Christmas season have preserved more or less of a balance between the practical and the frivolous. Thus:

November 2nd. . . . Christmas cards, stationery and playing cards, handkerchiefs.
November 9th. . . . Custom gifts for men, de-luxe lingerie, gifts to order for the house, custom luggage.
November 16th. . . . Gifts for the house.

This week, we stress here things that dazzle and glitter and have little excuse for existence except the all-important one of making the friends who receive them think fondly and gratefully of you on Christmas morning:

Jewelry, below
Wrappings for packages, page 63

Also, in this issue you will find a résumé of art gifts for Christmas on page 53. Next week, our principal concern will be toys.

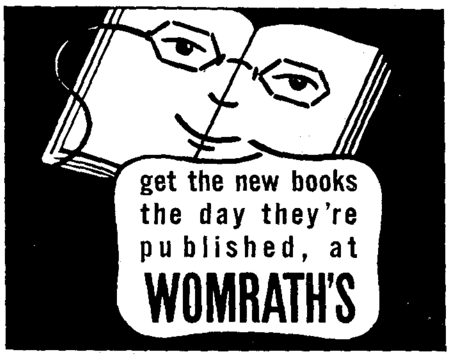
Jewelry

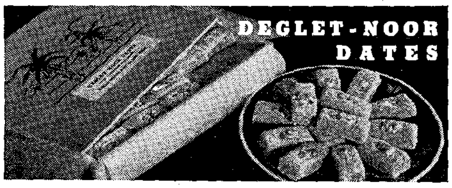
IT is hardly necessary to point out that any one of the jewellers in our list, reputable and resourceful merchants that they are, will be charmed to help you spend yacht money on an overwhelming string of pearls or on an emerald necklace worthy of a grand duchess. Your banker can be a better guide to you in this than we can; we'll concentrate on more casual offerings—mostly the kind of thing you wouldn't need an armored truck for.

In general, there is not much that is really new this season, except for a tremendous emphasis on the patriotic motif, worked out in red, white, and blue stones. (You'll have to decide for yourself how you feel about American flags on lapels; we're not taking sides.) Military cigarette cases, covered with service-uniform cloth and trimmed with metal insignia or braid denoting the appropriate branch of service, are everywhere at from around $15 to $25. We thought gold had reached the peak of its popularity last year, but it is even stronger now, and platinum is on the outside looking in. Bracelets and necklaces still split up ingeniously into two or more pieces; watches are more cunning-

KATHLEEN inc.
your short cut to chic
118 EAST 60TH ST. NEW YORK

WALTZ TIME
Or perhaps your big balcony moment in black chantilly lace with net—in sizes 12 to 44.
$79.75


get the new books the day they're published, at WOMRATH'S


DEGLET-NOOR DATES

Packed in Decorated Wooden Boxes

Pitted, Sugar Rolled, with Walnuts.
Order them for gifts or for your own family's enjoyment.
4 lb. Box $2.50
2½lb. Box $1.50
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Photographer-of-Men.
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When you are in "TOP-HOLE"
Is the time—
To have them taken

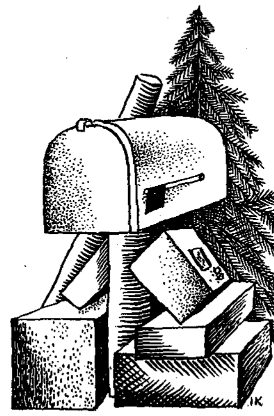
ly designed than ever to hide their utilitarian purpose.

Passing up, as promised, the Kohinoors and the Cullinans, here we go:

Black, Starr & Gorham: Bowknots everywhere; in gold, some make clips for hat, hair, or neckline ($20 without stones, $50 with touches of diamonds); others, whose centres are studded with sapphires and diamonds or rubies, appear on gold rings ($400). A diamond clip trims a wide, flexible gold bracelet ($600); elaborate clips dripping fringes of pink tourmalines, sapphires, and diamonds are $1,950. For the exquisite but nearsighted: a miniature golden bird of paradise, set with aquamarines, rubies, and diamonds, from which a lorgnette emerges when you pull the bird's tail; $1,500. Comical extravaganza, and beautiful, too—a clip pin in the shape of a crab, with a huge aquamarine body, ruby eyes, and quivering claws; $2,800 in platinum. You could improve any man's bar with a mixing spoon that has a silver jigger as a handle; press the spoon on the inside of a glass and the bottom of the jigger opens, releasing its contents; $10.

Cartier: Sparkling gifts at prices that start at $1 (for a thin silver neck chain) and run up to the hundreds of thousands. Some highly original flower pieces boast gold petals cupped in such a way that the stones in their centres are reflected in them, making the entire thing look jewelled. One, a huge clip pin, has a long, flexible gold stem supporting a flower with a green tourmaline centre surrounded by rubies ($255); another, a small gold graduated necklace, seems to be nothing but ruby blossoms interspersed with diamonds ($1,190). There's a brilliant series of huge clip pins for furs—flowers with semiprecious jewels as centres and leaves merely suggested by gold wire outlines through which the fur emerges; $425 and up. You could surprise a tardy preener with an amber-colored mirror for evening makeup; press a whatnot in the mirror's enamelled stand and a midnight-blue, electrically illuminated clockface becomes visible, like magic, in the glass; $790.

Charlton, 704 Fifth Avenue (55th): A wonderful cluster of small rubies flecked with gold (looks just like a preserved strawberry, seeds and all) is outlined in gold and baguette diamonds on a ring and pleasantly priced at $600; though it's large and hunky, it somehow looks



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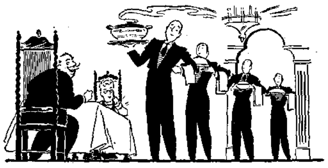
THE JONESES DO!
...WHY DON'T YOU?
● People who take pride in their households enjoy the rich goodness of Underwood Black Bean Soup *regularly*. A spot of sherry in each bowl, a slice of egg, one of lemon, and you have that dark, delicious soup which graces the finest tables. This soup is truly unusual. Try it!
● And do try Underwood Purée Mongole, a seasoned blend of peas, tomatoes and julienned vegetables.
● If your dealer does not carry these soups, write to Wm. Underwood Co., 60 Walnut St., Watertown, Massachusetts.

UNDERWOOD Fine Soups
UNDERWOOD
PURÉE MONGOLE SOUP
UNDERWOOD
BLACK BEAN SOUP

Really *sharp* in flavour!

Old English
Process Cheddar Cheese
FOR THE FIRST TIME
—THE SHARPNESS OF RARE,
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WITH UNIFORM FLAVOR
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KRAFT MASTER BLENDERS
ACHIEVED IT!
SIZES: 2-POUND LOAF;
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"I REALLY NEED A PICK-ME-UP OF Snider's Cocktail Sauce"
Snider's COCKTAIL SAUCE

CRABMEAT AHOY!

Picks up the flavor in your favorite seafood
• • •
Lively addition to sandwich fillings of anchovy paste, cheese or ham...

CRABMEAT AHOY!

well on slender fingers. Sixteen-carat aquamarine rings with shanks of sapphires or rubies instead of the usual diamonds; $300 and up. A ring modelled after a daisy is made of white and canary diamonds; $1,200. And customers dote on the goldfish pin with a ruby tail and diamond fins; $250.

Edmond Frisch, 336 Park Avenue (51st): Singular clip-pin watches—one is hidden in a topaz flower with diamond-studded aquamarine leaves ($625); a pendant arrangement of diamonds and rubies has a tiny diamond globe, containing a still tinier watch, dangling from it ($1,200). A clip pin with red-and-green-gold leaves clustered about a flower formed by twenty-four Oriental pearls makes a magnificent showing for the price—$300. Large yellow and blue emerald-cut sapphires make three floral clip pins that can be united into a plaque and suspended from a gold snake-chain necklace; $4,800. For men: a stainless-steel Gubelin wristwatch with a black dial, thin as a mint and smart as anything; $30.

Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Avenue (53rd): This house still has a collection of Danish silver rings, pins, bracelets, earrings, and such. Charming, unusual stuff. A wistful dove-of-peace brooch in this group is $6.50. A man's stainless-steel pencil (domestic) looks like platinum and costs but $5.

Roy W. Johnston, Waldorf-Astoria: They dote on rubies here. A ruby jack-in-the-pulpit lapel clip centred in a spray of long, golden leaves; $1,350. A gold powder box ornamented with rubies and diamonds is attached to a wide gold bangle; makes a striking bracelet; $675. A solid, plume-shaped clip pin is studded with pear-shaped Siberian amethysts outlined by diamonds and sapphires, and there's a vein of baguette tourmalines running up its centre; $1,200. For a woman's purse, a crystal cylinder with a gold-faced watch imbedded within; the works are visible; $60. A domino-shaped pocket watch for men and women is set in bakelite and has two enamelled playing cards (king and queen, or a five and a seven) on its back; also $60.

The Little Shop of T. Azeez, 386 Park Avenue (53rd): A clip pin made of two fluttering butterfly wings studded with tremendous marquise aquamarines beautifully set in diamonds and platinum comes apart at the centre and makes two clips. Fragile and lovely; $4,500. Diamonds and platinum form the setting, too, for a triangular fifteen-carat aquamarine which ornaments a striking ring; $700. A large oval amethyst rests at either side of a band of matching baguettes which make a large gold ring that manages to be graceful on any finger; $200. Silver-gilt earrings shaped like two large flowers have cultured-pearl centres and are only $20.

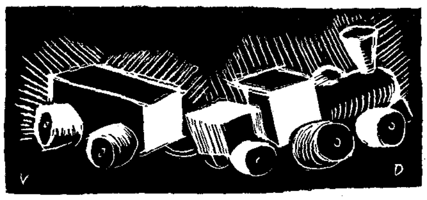
Marcus: Terrifying fragility in a seven-inch floral piece that has crystal-petalled dogwood flowers with canary-diamond centres and emerald leaves; $7,500, and it can be split into three pieces. A lovely white-and-yellow gold brooch consists of three birds, with moonstone wings, diamond bodies, and ruby heads, to be worn separately, in pairs, or altogether; $1,200. Moonstones appear also in gold ear clips with dangling sapphire flowers; $500. Trinkets: clips and pins equipped with a little device by which they can be converted into tabs for slide fasteners—pussycat heads for the frivolous, doughboy hats for the earnest; from $5 up to a whole lot for elaborately jewelled pieces. Tubular silver saccharine containers, in the shape of lipstick cases, for a change; $3.50, initialled.

Ross-Pennell, 677 Fifth Avenue (53rd): Noted for jewelled charms, such as platinum lockets set with rubies and diamonds, to hold four minute pictures ($200), and diamond-and-platinum airplanes ($140). An opal, sapphire, ruby, and diamond grenadier is $80; a Dutch girl in the same stones is $75. Sports jewelry includes an unusual bracelet made of a crystal medallion shaped like a duck and flanked by gold medallions of dogs, foxes, and hunters' guns peering over reeds, all linked together by tiny gold cartridges; $190. Chromium, waterproof Seahawk watches with fabric straps are going great guns again for guys who are in the Army now; $25.

Tiffany: How they did it we don't know, but the new shop at Fifth Avenue and 57th Street breathes Tradition as well as color and comfort. Resolutely avoiding slews of solitaires, we found many lovely things for the not-too-lavish giver. A matching brooch, bracelet, and necklace all made of garnets and gold leaves ($46 to $165), or an oval gold locket holding two pictures and engraved with small, diamond-studded flowers—for a sentimental young lady ($155). A moonstone beetle set in platinum, with a diamond head and wings, makes a trick pin for $685. A round gold bracelet timepiece with a mammoth topaz quartz watch crystal is surrounded by rows of diamonds and sapphires and perches on a gold snake band; $980. A diamond necklace—a chain of round stones set in platinum and a pendent ornament of round, baguette, and pear-shaped stones—looks like a good deal more than the $2,800 it costs.

Edwin H. Tompkins, 1 East 57th: One-of-a-kind pieces from the old France, such as a heavenly clip pin with larkspur flowers made of blue sapphires and leaves of round and baguette diamonds set in gold and platinum; $1,600. Things like a barrel-shaped watch studded with bands of diamonds and rubies set in a double snake chain (around $800), a gold one in a geometric design and mounted on a bracelet made of two rows of oval topazes ($550)—you never can tell what you will find; you only know it will be Different.

Olga Tritt, 589 Madison Avenue (57th): Often a one-of-a-kind situation here, too, in things like a gold floral clip dotted with rubies supporting three cabochon emeralds as big as the soap bubbles you used to blow as a kid ($2,500); matching earrings, Lilliputian by con-



trast ($175). A pin made of one piece of amber (or so it seems) cut into eight small flowers with diamond centres ($350); another pin, diamond-stemmed, bears a bunch of grapes made of oval amethysts and emerald-cut sapphires; $1,700. Lots of earrings—gold leaves set with sapphires ($310), and birds' wings of topaz and sapphire ($350).

Udall & Ballou: A necklace of large yellow and blue emerald-cut sapphires, interspersed with diamonds and set in gold and platinum; $3,400. A gold pin has an ingenious cluster of carved coral roses decked out with gold leaves and diamond ribbons ($420); a similar pin in three shades of gold has golden roses and those diamond ribbons ($250). Knickknacks: a pocket watch, slim as a coin, has a silver St. Christopher medal on both cover and back; $85. A tool kit for a man's pipe provides a tiny gold spoon, tamper, and scraper united in fan formation; $33, in a leather case.

Wrappings for Packages

WE were prepared for the worst when we set out to look at what the gift-wrappings counters had in store, for eagles replacing angels and Santas wearing star-spangled stripes and stovepipe hats seemed far from remote possibilities in this fiercely patriotic season. Instead, imagine our joy and surprise at finding that the true spirit of old-fashioned Christmas, with holly and mistletoe and tinselly papers printed with snow scenes, has been pulled out of the moth balls and is flourishing everywhere. Even at Dennison, where papers and fancy velvet ribbon in upstart colorings like magenta and chartreuse have held the spotlight for seasons on end (and still may be found by those who want them), the traditional red-and-green scheme now prevails, and their newest papers show giant stars, holly sprays, and other familiar Christmas symbols on heavy silver foil. For package trimmings, they offer thousands of real pine cones arranged in natural sprays with holly leaves and berries, and even their new stunt—little tags of plaster molded in the shape of toy-filled stockings—has the feeling of Christmas as it used to be before everybody started getting original about it.

Dennison is still a good spot, by the way, for ribbon and string that handle like a dream and can be tied into creditable rosettes by the most fumbling butterfingers. Their giant cotton cord is famous for this quality, and they've made up, to go on packages tied with it, festoons of jingle bells and holly leaves strung on the same thick cord. Tinsel rope, fat and fuzzy, comes in glittering gold and silver to make a thing of glamour of the plainest tissue-wrapped package, and there's a new mesh ribbon, also in gold and silver, for anyone who

THE A&F GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

THE 1940 CHRISTMAS TRAIL

Sportsmen and sportswomen of all ages yearn for the sort of gifts that come from "The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World." This book holds refreshing answers to your shopping problems.

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MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK

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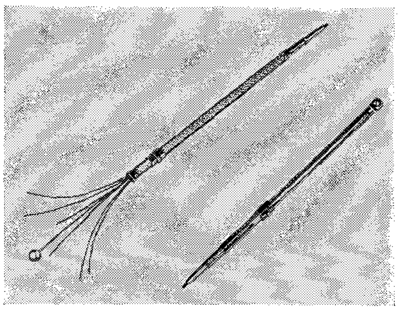
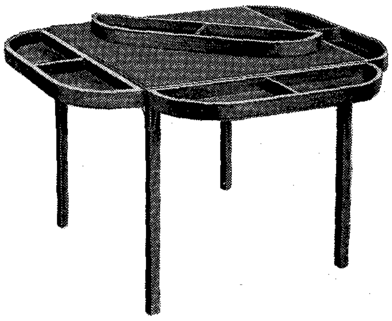
33 SOUTH WABASH AVENUE

MINICAM GADGET BAG—Camera enthusiast's delight. Soft cowhide bag has special sections for lenses, films, and more. $11.50.

NORWEGIAN TYPE MOCCASIN—To scuff around indoors or out. Hand-sewn, saddle-finished, tan leather. Men's sizes, $6.50. Women's, $5. Sheepskin-lined, $1 extra.

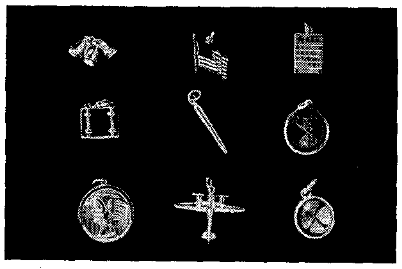


SWIZZLE-STICK PENCIL—Take notes while swizzling sparkling wines with this automatic pencil. 9 kt. gold, $25. Sterling, $5.



BRIDGE AND POKER TABLE—Clever combination for the two most popular card games. With poker racks attached, table seats 8 players. Walnut frame, green baize top. $25.

WOMEN'S HAND-KNIT SWEATERS—Fascinators all, in good-looking cable stitch. White, red, or blue. Cardigan, $11. Slip-on, with short sleeves, $7.50. Sleeveless slip-on, $5.50.



BRACELET CHARMS—Newest 14 kt. whimsies. Jingle Bells, $7. American Flag, $5. Bingo, $5.50. Overnight Bag, $12. Pencil, $6.50. St. Christopher, $5. Carfare Charm, $4.75. Aeroplane, $10. 4-Leaf Clover, $7.

PLEASE BE A CRANK

The fussier your whiskey taste, the better for us. Because we make Carstairs White Seal expressly for "The Man who Cares". If that description fits you . . . try Carstairs White Seal — *The Perfectly Balanced Blend.* Discerning friends will cheer your choice, too. Carstairs has been a name of character since 1788.

THE MAN WHO CARES SAYS: CARSTAIRS

Blended whiskey, 86.8 Proof, 72% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc. N. Y. C.

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EDDIE LE BARON
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
featuring MORRIS KING
AND HIS VIOLIN
JACQUELINE SALTER
BILL KARR
*
"Flores de la Noche"
an Intimate Revue suggested by Latin-American themes with
JACK COLE
AND HIS DANCERS
ANNA AUSTIN
FLORENCE LESSING
ELSIE HOUSTON
VICENTE GOMEZ
Shows: 9:15 and 12:15. Dinner from $2.50. Supper cover, weekdays $1, Saturday $2. No cover for dinner guests except Saturdays, then $1. Formal dress requested for dancing after 10 p.m. Cocktails served daily in North Lounge from 4 p.m.
Reservations: Circle 5-9000
ROCKEFELLER CENTER

The 840 acre estate of Central Park is a panorama under your window at The Mayflower, yet you can walk to Radio City or Times Square. Rooms and suites by the month or longer.

The Mayflower
CENTRAL PARK WEST AT 61ST STREET
Richard M. Toohill, Mgr.

LUXURIOUS COMFORT
—WITH ECONOMY—
The Surrey Hotel
On a Quiet Residential Street
just off Fifth Avenue

To stay at The Surrey insures an address of distinction, adjacent to Central Park, still within a few minutes of the Social Centers, Churches, Shopping and Theatres.

Suites of 1 to 4 Rooms. All with Serving Pantries. Furnished or unfurnished. Long or short term tenancies.

Unsurpassed Cuisine
20 EAST 76TH STREET, NEW YORK

is expert enough to tie a simple bow. Those who don't want to bother with tying anything at all may tuck their small gifts into Dennison's foil balls and stockings at ten and fifteen cents each; if even this is too much effort, the shop will take over the whole job of wrapping at from ten cents a package, including the materials, to as much as you want to spend.

If you liked what Lord & Taylor did last year with papers of their own design, each provided with its own matching tape, tags, and trimmings, you will be crazy about their new package-wrapping sets, for they're better, if possible, than the 1939 crop. A flaming-red paper printed all over with popcorn comes with wide tying tissue and stickers that look exactly like pieces of popcorn and tags printed to resemble popcorn balls; a pattern of haloed angels and gambolling lambs on a madonna-blue paper, to be tied with red-and-white striped tissue, introduces a restrained twentieth-century note not too far removed from the past. All told, there are thirteen such sets; thirty-five cents for four sheets of paper, ten cents a roll for tying tissue, and ten cents a package for tags and seals.

For imported papers in vast assortments of patterns, the Stevens-Nelson Paper Corporation, 109 East 31st Street, is unbeatable. Here are Swedish papers in happy, heart-warming designs, working in the goats and elves of the Swedish Christmas. They couldn't be better for wrapping children's gifts. Embossed snow-scene papers from England have the familiar Dickensian touch, solemn and sweet. From China, there are tea papers in endless and beautiful variety, and brilliant hand-blocked designs on tissue, delicate but strong. All these are from ten to forty cents a sheet.

We pull the old better-than-ever line out of the hat without a blush for the invaluable Woolworth stores and Kress (at Fifth Avenue and 39th Street). Woolworth has done something especially good in darkish paper showing winter scenes in black and white which should look fine tied up with bright-red ribbon. Both houses have many excellent star and holly patterns on foil and cellophane papers, and the usual huge clutter of tags and seals yields real prizes to those who have the time and vigor to dig for them.

•

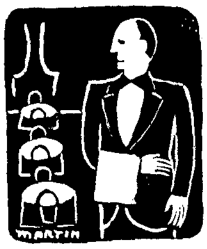
TWO CAPITAL WOMEN
ENTER MID-ATLANTIC
GOLF SEMIFINALS
—*Headline in the Washington Star.*

Splendid!

TABLES FOR TWO

Some Hotels and a Smaller Place or Two

TO an habitual patron of the smaller supper clubs, where it is often difficult to move at all, much less move about with someone else, it may seem irrelevant to go on at some length about the old-fashioned pastime of dancing. Well, there are still plenty of places around town specializing in dance music, and plenty of people strong enough and skilled enough to furnish their own entertainment, on their own feet. I doubt that anyone ever manages to get to all the big hotels, except possibly the driver of a towel-and-linen-supply truck, but I've been to quite a few recently, and if for the time being I have overlooked any deserving spots, it has less to do with my intentions than with my legs, which are tired.



To begin with, there's the Trianon Room of the Ambassador. This, you probably know, is one of the more formal spots and every now and then puts on shows like those at the Waldorf or the Plaza. At the moment, the Ambassador is back in the just-for-dancing category and has Larry Siry's orchestra. Mr. Siry directs a small, docile group of musicians whose music fits in nicely with the dignified air of the place. The night I was there, they broke into surprised laughter at the unfamiliar sight of two young visitors boldly attempting to shag. The band made a gallant effort to play in the unusual tempo required for this form of dancing, and the headwaiter forced a smile, but everyone felt better when the room had settled down again to its normal, quiet ways.

For some reason or other, I always associate the Trianon Room with the Biltmore's Bowman Room, possibly because one of my favorite private diversions is to try to determine which has the more ridiculous chandelier. At eye level, however, there is no similarity at all. The Bowman Room has brought in a new band, Will Bradley's, which is decidedly on the lively side, and is a welcome addition to that side, too. I can't say for sure how the young people will react to the Victorian appearance of this room, but I suspect that they will be out in large numbers these next few Friday and Saturday nights, cutting up spiritedly and causing the captains to turn the same shade of death-mask gray that used to creep over the austere faces of the Waldorf staff when Benny Goodman was there.

Glenn Miller's band is back at the Pennsylvania's Café Rouge, an ideal little chamber for an intimate gathering of four or five thousand, and his presence means that in order to get into the place at all, you may have to struggle through the ranks of his admirers, who hover worshipfully and without cost to themselves in the corridors outside, just beyond the reach of the maître d'hôtel. Miller's band, like any versatile one, can be both soft and loud; it is more often loud, and nobody seems to object. If you object, you probably should never have left the Trianon Room in the first place.

The Essex House offers a satisfactorily large dance floor and, since it is practically in Central Park, a satisfactorily large view. Joe Reichman's orchestra is playing there now, and a young lady named Imogen Carpenter wheels a piano out on the floor and sings gracefully during intermissions. . . . The Raleigh Room of the Warwick is a good deal less roomy than most of the other hotel dancing places, but its floor should be big enough for anything except your most uninhibited maneuvers. Ray Benson's orchestra, in keeping with the general proportions, consists of only six men, and the music is pleasant to dance to. The drinks are full-sized.

PROBABLY many people who frequent the Terrace Room of the New Yorker go there just to dance to Abe Lyman's band—and others, maybe, just to pass through the electric-eye doors—but this hotel also has a show. It's an ice-skating one and, although I find it hard to believe that pretty girls can skate well (or that, with so many other things in their favor, they should have ever bothered to learn to), here is living, gliding proof that they can. The show follows the usual pattern, with precision skating, a good many whirls, spins, and flops, and the comedian who appears to be trying to find out how close he can come to killing himself without actually delivering the *coup de grâce*. The best location is on the terrace flanking the floor, from which vantage point you can look down at the festivities and, incidentally, keep from being grazed by flying bits of snow and ice.

THE Penthouse Club, at 30 Central Park South, has nothing to do with hotels, being high up in a build-

"Here's to th' mon who needs no whuppin' to carry on"

. . . and here's to the whisky so distinctive in its Highland flavour, so smooth and mellow on the tongue, that it is the favorite Scotch of knowing men.

Made since 1830 by
Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

"It's the flavour"
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
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Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY

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When You have signed this book—

you've joined the world's most popular after-shave club

Write your name and address under the other signatures, and mail this advertisement to us. We'll send you a generous trial bottle of Aqua Velva, the world's most widely used after-shave lotion.

You'll enjoy the brisk, bracing zest of Aqua Velva! Cool and soothing, it leaves your face feeling softer and smoother. Electric shavers use it *before and after* shaving.

Address: The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. AA-24, Glastonbury, Conn.—makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years. Offer good in U.S.A. and Canada only.

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ing occupied largely by doctors, and it has no dancing. Its chief virtue—aside from the fact that its windows will offer a lovely view as long as Central Park continues to exist—is that it is the romantic kind of spot the movies would have us think is commonplace in New York, but which actually is as hard to find as a waiter when you want the check. The Penthouse, which is essentially a restaurant, is turned into a supper club after ten by the simple process of decorating its tables with fringed lamps. From then on there's a variety of casual entertainment which, especially from the upper, view-of-the-Park level, seems agreeably subdued.

SOME people may think that dim lighting effects are always desirable in a night club, but I have occasionally found, on visiting the Beachcomber, that the excessive darkness there just makes me sleepy and want to go home. I have no particular admiration for bright lights, but I do like to be able to see across a couple of tables without straining, and that's a difficult thing to do at the Beachcomber. On my last visit I didn't feel like going home, though, because Maxine Sullivan and John Kirby's orchestra were there, and I would gladly listen to them even if I had a sack over my head.

—CHECK

●

THE LAST SYLLABLE

Oh, sounds and books, how garrulous
The world has been since it began!
No single act has passed without
The fitting word of man.

Each rising sun, song, flower, plague,
Spring, express train, bird
Is glanced at, feared, reflected on,
And greeted with a word.

Nothing too new—flash, flight, thought,
thing—
Too swift or uncontrollable
For words, which wait the end of time
With an insulting syllable.

—ROBERT LAX

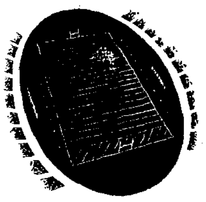
●

Of the chemicals, the non-poisonous disinfectants depend on their odor to discourage pigeon settlements. Unfortunately, the odor is so pungent that it serves to deter humans far more readily than pigeons. Another drawback is the difficulty in maintaining an adequate application of the mixture because (a) rain dissolves it, (b) the pigeons eat it.—*From the Architectural Forum.*

The idea, however, is perfect.

FOOTBALL

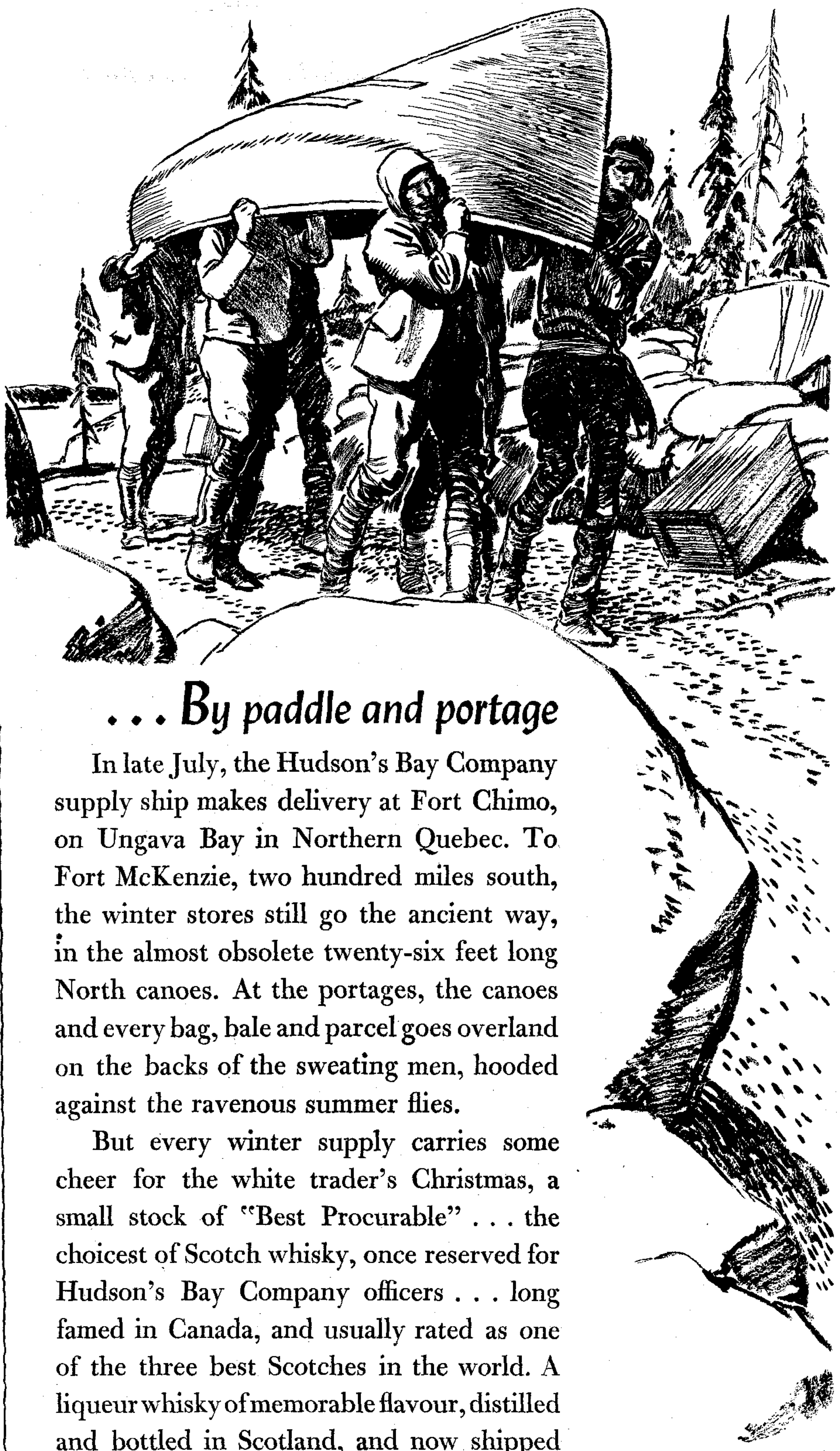
Experiments and Tradition



OF all the teams which have come barging in to Baker Field this fall, Navy, I think, presented the greatest problem for the home guard. Not that Columbia, whose laudable ambition it is to play as many tough opponents as it can this year, hadn't already been the underdog in the betting on more than one occasion. Last Saturday was, however, the first time Columbia had faced a squad which seems to rely entirely on weight of numbers and plain, hard line-bucking, with no startling deception anywhere. Looking at the game objectively, it was a rather interesting experiment in what happens when a galloping herd of backs (Navy) goes up against a line which hasn't allowed a single touchdown play to go through or around it all year (Columbia). Columbia had been scored on, of course, but not that way.

The week before, the Navy coaches, apparently eager to find out exactly where lost motion was slowing up the team's momentum, had motion pictures of the entire game with Notre Dame taken from a fighting top right behind the southern end zone of the field in Baltimore. How it happened to be there, I don't know, but it was certainly handy for Navy that afternoon. It was more angular than the old-fashioned Navy fighting tops you used to see on battleships. This steel basketwork tower, about fifty feet high, supported a roomy platform mounting not range-finders but a large streamlined camera manned by a placid, sandy-haired, spectacled gnome in a Naval Academy sweater. His assistants, two impressively erect midshipmen, had a busy afternoon helping him load and unload yellow reels of 16-mm. film. Since the afternoon was pleasantly sunny, the finished product must have been one of the best movies ever recorded of a football game. Knowing what they did about the stalwart Columbia line, the Navy coaches undoubtedly viewed those end-on shots of the line play against Notre Dame with special interest.

OF course, both Yale and Princeton wanted to win that game down at Princeton last weekend—Yale because winning anything would be something of a novelty and Princeton because it was the last chance to snatch a little



. . . By paddle and portage

In late July, the Hudson's Bay Company supply ship makes delivery at Fort Chimo, on Ungava Bay in Northern Quebec. To Fort McKenzie, two hundred miles south, the winter stores still go the ancient way, in the almost obsolete twenty-six feet long North canoes. At the portages, the canoes and every bag, bale and parcel goes overland on the backs of the sweating men, hooded against the ravenous summer flies.

But every winter supply carries some cheer for the white trader's Christmas, a small stock of "Best Procurable" . . . the choicest of Scotch whisky, once reserved for Hudson's Bay Company officers . . . long famed in Canada, and usually rated as one of the three best Scotches in the world. A liqueur whisky of memorable flavour, distilled and bottled in Scotland, and now shipped directly from Leith to the States, "Best Procurable" is stocked by the better dealers . . . and well worth your respectful attention!

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Hudson's Bay
"Best Procurable"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

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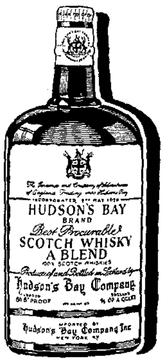

After dinner . . . discover an old Scottish pleasure

If you have never tried the famous Scottish cordial, Drambuie, you've something to look forward to. It is one of the world's most distinctive liqueurs . . . celebrated since 1745 for its magnificent flavour and smoothness.

It is delightfully different. For Drambuie possesses this exclusive advantage. It is the only world-famous cordial that is made with a base of the finest liqueur Scotch whisky. Scotsmen say this of Drambuie: "One wee sip wins ye".

Prince Charles Edward's Liqueur
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A LINK WITH THE '45

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THOSE FEW EXTRA pennies—when you choose MARLBORO—buy infinitely finer tobaccos . . . richly milder blending . . . a cigarette truly distinguished, truly delightful!

Ivory Tips, Plain Ends, or Beauty Tips! Now only 20¢.

New! Red Beauty Tips—to match red lips and finger-tips!

MARLBORO America's Luxury Cigarette

glory out of what had started off as a rather promising season. The day of this game at Princeton is customarily the occasion for large and sprawly family basket parties; this year, the Weather Bureau didn't succeed in calling off its dogs until far too late for that. Still, a fair number of sentimentalists turned out to see, as they put it, Dave Allerdice pitch his last Big Three game. Allerdice had had, after all, a remarkable career as a passer. In his three years on the Princeton varsity, he never played on anything close to being a championship team, yet in twenty-two games he had thrown the passes which had scored thirty-two touchdowns. This season, against Pennsylvania, he set records in consecutive completed passes and in the percentage of passes completed that the best of the professional players, like Danowski and Baugh, have never approached, even though professional rules make passing considerably easier.

While I gave up buying programs about the time I gave up buying chrysanthemums for young ladies to wear to games, I did happen to see, the week before last, a piece by Eddie Dooley in the Princeton-Dartmouth program. You remember Eddie Dooley, all right. Years ago, when he was a celebrated Dartmouth quarterback, he now and then executed some pretty funny plays, plays which succeeded in bewildering not only the opposition and the spectators but his own teammates as well. The piece he wrote the other day, though—a devastating glossary of the clichés used by people who write about football games—is the funniest thing he has ever done, playing or writing, and certainly the funniest thing ever to appear in a football program. Hoping that Mr. Dooley's splendid efforts would have the effect of at least a local anaesthesia, I asked someone to save me a Yale-Princeton program. Well, I guess maybe *nobody* reads the programs, because I discovered that the boys were still turning out the same old stuff. —J. W. L.

•

RECENT CATASTROPHE

BIG TACOMA BRIDGE
CRASHES 190 FEET
INTO PUGET SOUND

NARROWS SPAN, THIRD LONGEST
OF TYPE IN WORLD,
COLLAPSES IN WIND

—*Headlines in the Times.*

Is it too early or is it too late
To shy at the tower of the Empire State,
To guess what wind would be just right
To blow out Manhattan some star-
spangled night?

—MARSHALL SCHACHT

AUX ARMES, TUAPAPAS!

THE recent announcement that Tahiti had decided to throw her weight behind General De Gaulle came as a pleasant surprise to a number of people who, like myself, have lived on the island at one time or another. Although my reasons probably wouldn't be endorsed by Major Eliot, I yield to no one in my admiration for the Tahitian military. It was my good fortune during the year 1936 to live across the street from the Tahitian Army and within an easy dog paddle of the Navy, which I visited frequently.

In this period, the Tahitian Navy was numerically unimpressive, but the morale of the sailors was high. The Navy consisted of a schooner and a dinghy, which was towed astern by a rope. The schooner, though aged, was by no means obsolete; it had a small, rusty gun mounted on the forward deck and a spare set of sails, complete except for the flying jib, which had been preëmpted by one of the sailors who had lost his trousers while spear fishing. The Navy was usually anchored a few yards off the Quai des Petits Joueurs, a beautiful, grassy embankment that winds under a high, green canopy of palm fronds. It was my custom to loiter along the Quai des Petits Joueurs fishing for *hari hari* and swimming when the sun wasn't too hot. Promptly every morning between nine o'clock and noon, the Navy broke out the flag of France, took in its washing, weighed anchor, and put to sea. This was done, I learned, so that the sailors would keep in trim against the possibility of an invasion. The schooner would ease out through a large break in the reef and cruise up and down, covering five or six miles, and slip back. Then all hands would have a snack of raw fish and turn in for a nap.

SCHOOL SLOW
THANK YOU
RD

Although my chief interest was in the Navy, I was also in constant touch with the Army, which, as I said, was across the street from where I lived. Probably the Tahitian Army has been expanded to its full wartime strength by now, but then it included only twelve men, of various pigmentation. The twelve lived mostly in a green frame barrack and led, it seemed to me, a rather sensible existence. Reveille was sounded at a decent hour, depending on what time the fellows had turned in the night before, and the Army gathered on the sidewalk in what was not so much a squad as a sort of bunch, or group. The men then took their morning march through town. The line of march was generally the same: down the main business street to Quinn's, where Papeete saloon society took its beer, and afterward to a spot sufficiently secluded to permit resumption of the night's sleep. This was all I ever found out about the Army; the rest of its activities, so far as I know, were a military secret.

TO get back to the Navy, which was always a pleasure, I observed it at close range every time I went swimming. I used to circle the schooner and converse with such members of the crew as happened to be awake. One of the members most frequently awake was a boy named George Kalihi, who had joined up in order to pay his father's back road taxes. George had studied English in school. His father, he told me, owned a nice little place in the district of Tautira, where coconuts grew in abundance. The father never bothered to convert the coconuts into copra, though. He was opposed to labor, being of the opinion that elephantiasis resulted from physical exertion.

One day, George invited me up on deck to help eat some breadfruit he had bought in Papeete. The captain had borrowed a bicycle and pedalled to Pierre Loti Park for a swim in a mountain stream, so the rest of the Navy had declared a holiday and gone into town. George and I had quite a visit.

To begin with, he said he rather enjoyed being in the Navy, though he wasn't keen about pulling the sails up and down. But he sure was glad he wasn't in the Army; he didn't like marching. It developed that he had recently come up from Tautira and was unaware that there were such things as large ships made out of steel.

"Battleships with big cannons," I said. "Blow up schooner and kill all the sailors."

George shook his head. "No kill," he said. "Sailors jump in the water."

"Wouldn't you fight?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, *how* would you fight? You can't fight in the water."

"Oh, no. Sailors all swim to shore and run up in the mountains."

"Now, look here, George," I said, "you can't do any fighting up in the mountains. You do that, and the battleship's going to take over the town, unless the Army stops it."

"Army run up in the mountains, too," said George.

"Well, this is a pretty fix. You've given up the town without striking a blow."

"Oh, we get it back."

"How?"

"We come down at night and swim out and make holes in bottom of ship."

I said it couldn't be done. "The bottom of the ship is made of steel, very tough. You couldn't do it in a million years."

George meditated. "Oh, then we beat drums on shore and they come chase. We hide in trees with guns and go poom-poom! Kill everybody to beat hell."

"It wouldn't work. There'd be too many of them. They'd shoot you right out of the trees."

He gave the situation a little more thought, and finally began to look grave. Then suddenly he brightened and slapped his knee. "*Tuapapas!*" he said.

I asked him to say it again.

"*Tuapapas*," he repeated, then waved his arms and cried, "Swoosh! Swoosh!"

I said, "I don't get it, George. I never heard of these *tuapapas*."

"Dead mens," said George. "Sperets." He had got his confidence back.

"What have a bunch of spirits got to do with whipping a battleship?"

"Oh, we got them whip now," he said. "*Tuapapas* come in the night and get battleship mens."

"Off the ship?"

"Oh, no. Up in the mountains. At Lake Vahiria. Sperets live up there."

"You mean the battleship men will chase you up to the lake and the *tuapapas* will get them there?"

George nodded. He had a dreamy look in his eyes and was chuckling, as if he could see it all quite clearly.

"Listen, George," I said. "What's to keep these *tuapapas* from getting *you?*"

"Oh, we build a fire and sing Tahitian song. *Tuapapas* run back in the bushes. Go get battleship mens."

IT was about a week later, after I had moved to the district of Papeari, thirty miles from town, that an incident occurred which demonstrated with sufficient clarity the invincible mental fibre of the Tahitian fighter. I had spent the morning in an outrigger canoe in the shallow water just inside the reef, look-

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ing for sea urchins to eat. The sea outside the reef was slick calm, though an erratic breeze had sprung up just before noon. As I was preparing to pull in my stone anchor and paddle back to shore, I noticed a sailing vessel bearing down from the direction of Papeete. It had a familiar outline and was sailing close in, so I eased my canoe out through a break in the reef and waited.

It was the Tahitian Navy, sails flapping and spars creaking and groaning. I had never heard of its getting so far away from home base before. When it came a little closer I could see that the sailors' faces had a set, serious look. There had been a piece in the Papeete weekly newspaper, the day I left town, to the effect that the Tahitian Army and Navy were on the alert for possible repercussions of the Spanish Civil War, and I figured the expected trouble had come.

I paddled nearer and yelled, "Hey, George, what's up?"

George dropped a line with which he had been raising a sail and came running to the rail, waving his arms excitedly.

"Orange beer!" he cried.

I cupped my right ear in my right hand and leaned forward.

"Orange beer!" he cried again. "Papa make some orange beer. Write me a letter. Captain go get." He waved his arms and shouted an invitation to join them in Tautira.

I waved back and then started for home. It is, of course, doubtful whether military experts would find anything praiseworthy in that voyage of the Tahitian Navy, but I considered it the finest example of inborn doggedness I had ever seen—and I still do.

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From "Who Tells Me True," by Michael Strange*]

Around this time, because of all our dartings to Europe and back—for the reason that Jack was in the habit of closing to packed houses, either to rejoin me there, thus dealing the bile-duct of Arthur Hopkins a square blow, or to indulge in a nervous breakdown—I remember one occurred in the middle of Richard or Redemption after a brilliantly inquisitorial display of Jack's in front of his dressing-table mirror as he made up for Richard or Fedya (during which, unsavory facts had been unearthed about my conduct)—that going into a revue at the Neighborhood Playhouse one night, I saw the talented Mr. Carroll on the stage just starting a Hamlet take-off, which began, "To sail or not to sail—that is the question."

THE RACE TRACK

Guessing Game

ALMOST everyone you meet in the paddock at Bowie these days corners you with the question "Who's the best two-year-old?" (I suppose they're tired of asking "Who do you like in this race?" or possibly it's just to make conversation and try to forget the way most of the horses ran at Pimlico.) Well, if you say Level Best, as I usually do, they complain that they weren't talking about fillies but colts, which immediately complicates everything. Going down the list of important stakes winners, from Attention to Whirlaway—and, alphabetically, that includes Little Beans and Our Boots—I think they are much alike in that they are no jewels of consistency. Jack Campbell, The Jockey Club's handicapper, will have lots of fun next month making up his Experimental Handicap, which is the official rating for the season's two-year-olds.

Whirlaway is the biggest money-winner, of course, with $77,275 earned in sixteen starts. He won the Walden Handicap easily enough at Pimlico last week on a track that made you think of thick soup. He showed no inclination to run out, as he has done in most of his races, but followed the pace until his rider was ready to take the lead, and won by lengths from Magnificent and Stimady. I'm sorry to report that Dispose seems to be just another two-year-old. Speaking of Whirlaway's tendency to bolt, lots of people believe he'd have won the Pimlico Futurity if he hadn't zigzagged all over the place. Anyhow, after that race, his trainer, Ben Jones, and several other horsemen complained that holes and soft spots in the track caused Whirlaway to swerve, whereupon Alfred Vanderbilt asked the group to walk around the course with him and point out the holes so that they could be fixed. Jones was the only one who accepted the invitation. No holes were found.

EVERYBODY was excited over word that Pete Bostwick's Cottesmore was going to run for the Manly Steeplechase—winning it certainly would have made the animal the horse-of-the-something-or-other. So there was nothing short of panic around the Maryland Jockey Club when Bostwick de-

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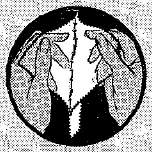

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cided that his horse had done enough this season and deserved a rest. Practically no one bothered to see the Manly, which promised to be a dreary race over a sodden course. As things turned out, however, it was a good show, with Dolly's Love just managing to win by a length from Oneechee.

IT isn't going to take long to dispose of the Bowie Handicap, Pimlico's last big race, in which Second Helping brought off a 20–1 chance for Connie Smythe, who owns her. She was always well up in the early running of the mile-and-five-furlongs race, and came sailing ahead at the end to beat Dusky Fox handily. The $10,200 prize money she won was almost as much as she'd earned in two seasons of hard racing. People went quite mad over Shot Put and backed him down to short odds, but the race was not long enough for him, or something, and he finished a rather sorry third.

Well, after five days of rain anything could have happened. The going last week was the worst that anyone I talked to could remember. I must say that the long races—and there were more at Pimlico than anywhere else all season—were fun to watch. They would have been more fun, though, if it had not been for the public-address system operated by a management which presumed that most of its patrons had been cuffed on the ears when they were quite young and were very hard of hearing. You really take a beating listening to a loudspeaker roar incessantly for four minutes, which is about the running time of a race at two miles.

HERE we are at Bowie again, with a crab cake in one hand and a paper cup of coffee in the other. In case you're commuting, the Prince George Handicap, for all ages, will be run this weekend (Wrong Horse Harry thinks that Burning Star will go well); the W. P. Burch Memorial, on November 27th; and the Bryan and O'Hara Memorial Handicap, on November 30th. Colonel Martingale, the old shiverer, says it probably isn't worth mentioning, but the first race run over the Bowie track (that was on October 1, 1914) was won by a two-year-old named Cardigan. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Miss Foland, modeling in our Corset Salon, has lost 10 pounds since Oct. 11. Consult her tomorrow!—*From an adv. in the Baltimore Sun, Oct. 22nd.*

While the consulting is good.

MUSICAL EVENTS

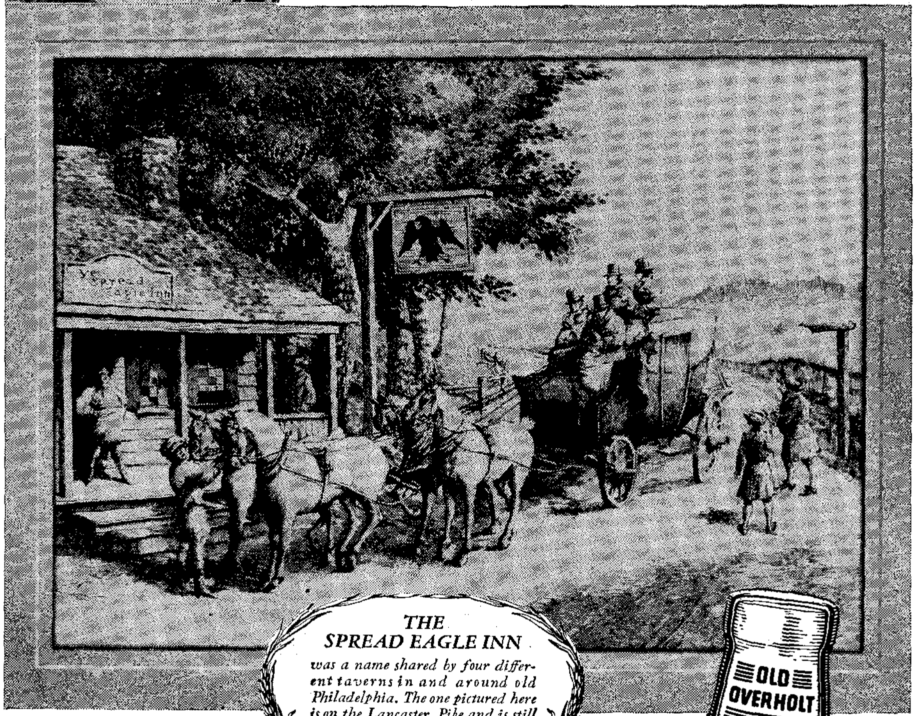
Première and Anniversaries

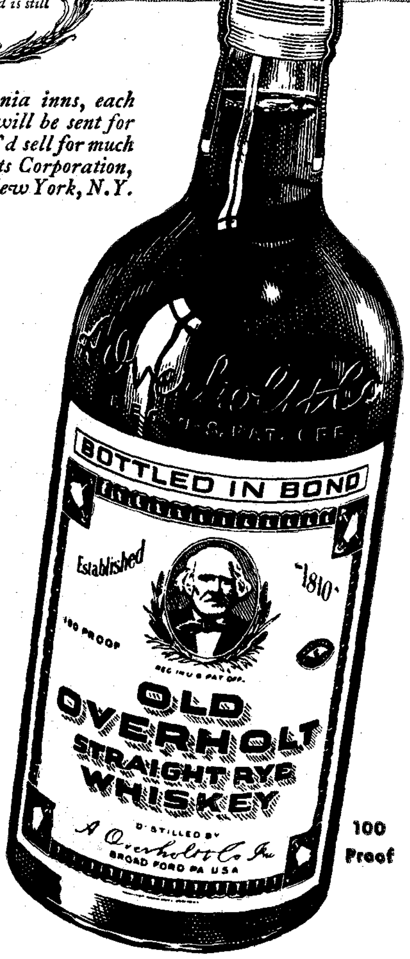
IN Walt Disney's "Fantasia," the recording and reproduction of the Philadelphia Orchestra, directed by Leopold Stokowski, are magnificent—more impressive, perhaps, than the sound of the same group in a concert hall, because the amplification extends the dynamic range beyond the volume possible in "live" performances, without distortion of the essential tone. The playing of the orchestra is all that Mr. Stokowski could demand, and Mr. Stokowski, to understate it, is a particular fellow when it comes to instrumental operations. I hope, though, that people who hear a symphony orchestra for the first time in "Fantasia" won't be too disappointed in the ensembles they may encounter in concerts later on.

The eight compositions involved in "Fantasia" receive varying treatments. The Bach D-minor Toccata and Fugue (in the conductor's own transcription), Dukas's "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring," and Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain" are played about as Mr. Stokowski might play them in concerts, except that "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" is hopped up now and then for the benefit of the Mickey Mouse screen version of Goethe's ballad. Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite" is shortened and slightly rewritten. Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony is condensed and takes on playful inflections that match a film interpretation which will draw yippees from the irreverent and phooeys from some other observers. Schubert's "Ave Maria," fixed up with chorus, becomes a movie *religioso*. The "Dance of the Hours," from "La Gioconda," gets a shrewdly exaggerated performance that is, in its way, considerably more satirical than its entertaining visual accompaniment.

One "Fantasia" feature that might be transferred to the Philadelphia Orchestra's subscription concerts is a jam session by members of the band. They're talented rug cutters, those boys.

WITHOUT the assistance of "Fantasound of Multiplane Technicolor" (that's the trade term for the process by which "Fantasia" was produced), the Philadelphia Orchestra, di-





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rected by Eugene Ormandy, arrived in Carnegie Hall for its second concert here this season and delivered a conservative program of Bach, Tchaikovsky, and Brahms expertly. Beveridge Webster, the soloist in Tchaikovsky's B-flat-minor piano concerto, helped out with a brilliant and solid contribution.

This program was in commemoration of the fortieth season of the Philadelphia Orchestra, and it wasn't the only anniversary of the week. The National Orchestral Association began its 1940-41 series with a bill that marked its tenth year of valuable service in training young instrumentalists. Leon Barzin had the ensemble playing with great enthusiasm, and there was a fine snap in the proceedings, except for uncertainties in the Beethoven C-minor piano concerto, in which the talented soloist, Abram Chasins, seemed to be holding back occasionally to favor the orchestra. Mr. Chasins encountered no trouble in the difficult Reinecke cadenza, which he played in the first movement, and perhaps it won't be much more trouble for Mr. Chasins, also a gifted composer, to write himself a better cadenza than Reinecke's fancy heirloom.

No especial anniversaries were mentioned in connection with the WPA orchestral concert, led by Otto Klemperer, or with the Philharmonic-Symphony sessions at which Fritz Kreisler played the Beethoven violin concerto. Mr. Klemperer's three Sunday-evening demonstrations were sound exhibitions of music-making, and there are reports that there'll be more of them later in the season. Mr. Kreisler, who first played in town fifty-two years ago, still brings to the Beethoven concerto a youthful romanticism, along with the mature art of—well, of a Kreisler.

Randall Thompson's second symphony, previously conducted in Carnegie Hall by Bruno Walter and Eugene Ormandy, appeared under the auspices of John Barbirolli, who couldn't have directed the symphony more zealously if he had been one of Mr. Thompson's students at the Curtis Institute of Music. The audience liked Mr. Thompson's work. The composer was greeted as though he were a public benefactor when he took his bows, but I missed the appearance of the wreath that used to be handed to American composers at these concerts. Come to think of it, no wreath has been awarded to a musician at symphony concerts for quite a time. Could it be there was only one and that some prolific musico gained permanent possession by receiving it three times?

—Robert A. Simon

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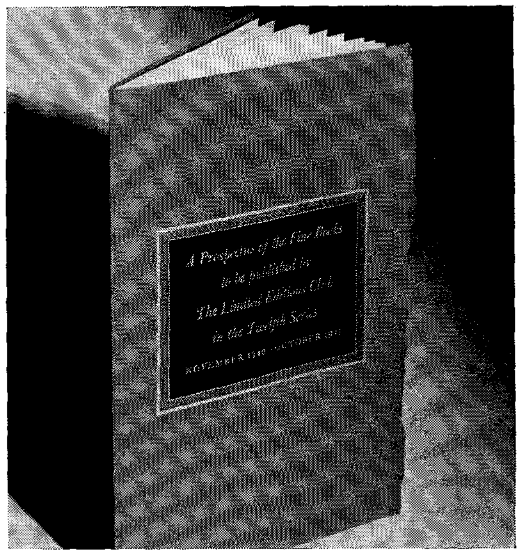
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BOOKS

A Little Theorizing

KENNETH ROBERTS' "Oliver Wiswell" is the "Gone with the Wind" of the American Revolution. I do not mean this as a line to be quoted. The popularity of the book, which is bound to be a best-seller, cannot be affected by any praise or blame in these columns. Mr. Roberts' success, like Miss Mitchell's, does not depend on the judgments of reviewers or, indeed, on any "literary" judgments at all.

It is a fact that "Gone," a novel with a Confederate point of view, was enjoyed throughout the nation, which, in the book world, means mainly the North, the Middle West, and the West Coast; the Southern states are not heavily populated with book-buyers. I stress the word "enjoyed." "Gone" was not approved merely because it was a good story. It was approved because its point of view was palatable or even welcome to millions who had been brought up to believe that the Union cause was "right" and the Southern cause "wrong."

In the same way, "Oliver Wiswell" will run up a tremendous sale, not only because it is a stirring historical romance but because its point of view has now become digestible to vast masses of Americans. "Gone" and "Oliver Wiswell" both celebrate lost causes. Mr. Roberts' long narrative is a frank defence of the Colonial Loyalists and a frank attack on the rebels who freed this country from England. Now, there were not many descendants of Confederates to send up Miss Mitchell's sales figures, nor are there enough descendants of Loyalists to perform the same service for Mr. Roberts. On the surface, one might think that a book like "Oliver Wiswell" would be antipathetic to us. Yet the exact opposite seems to be the case. Why?

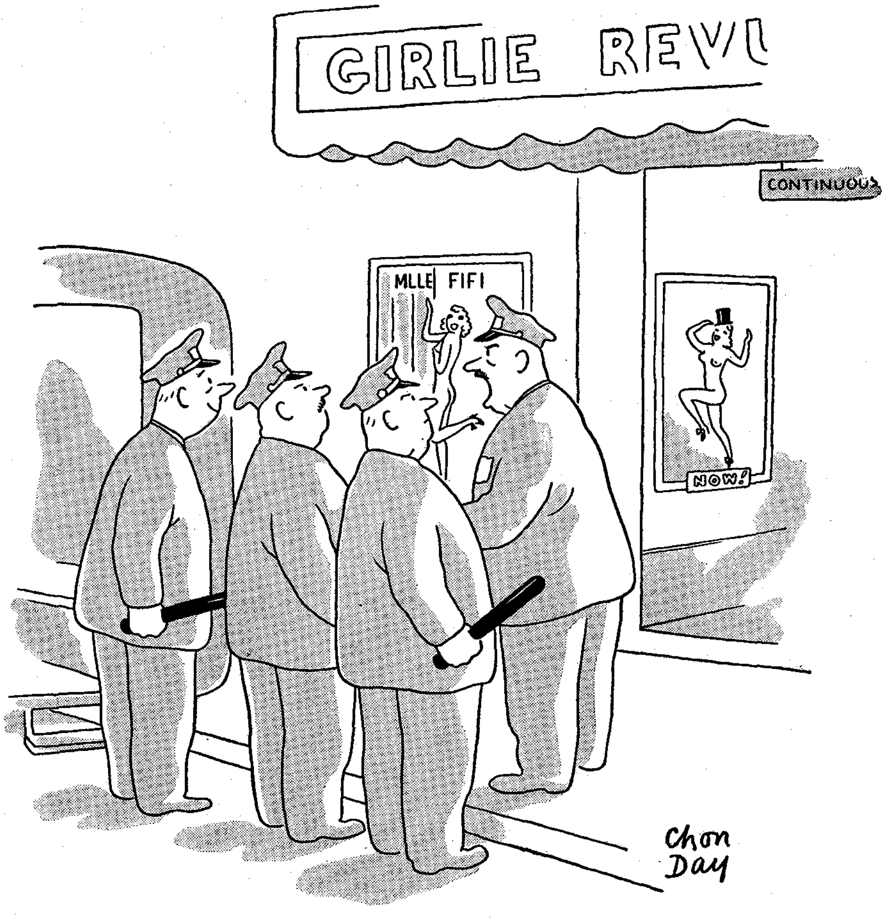
Herewith four explanations. The first is the most flattering to us: we are now sufficiently mature in judgment and sufficiently removed in time from our early history to take a detached view of it. This is the pleasantest theory, and it would be even pleasanter if it were true.

The second is the natural tendency of human beings to sympathize with a lost cause, provided they are not too closely involved in the cause that won. I believe this irrational but understandable quirk is responsible in part for the great success of books like "Gone" and "Oliver Wiswell," as it was responsible years ago for the success of "Ramona."

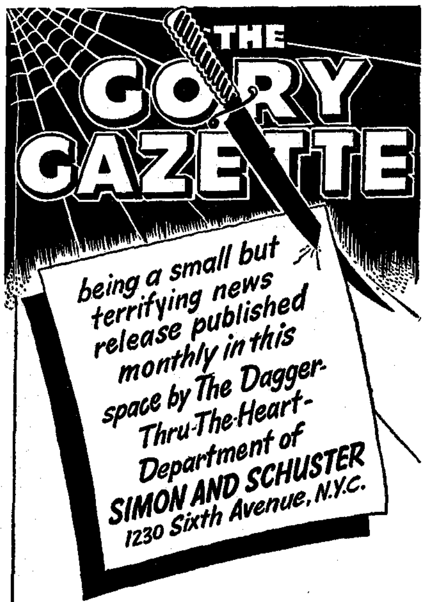
The psychologist, of course, asked to offer his explanation, would be quick to point out that sympathy for a lost cause is often a disguise unconsciously assumed to hide—or, rather, harmlessly release—a feeling of guilt. We know that the South was unfairly treated after the war. We know, or are beginning to realize, that the American Revolutionaries were not all heroes and that the Loyalists were never given a chance to present their case to posterity. Feeling a vague sense of guilt, we atone vicariously by applauding Confederate novels and motion pictures and by swallowing avidly novels that represent the Revolutionary Army as a mob of cowardly brutes.

Perhaps the final explanation, which lies even deeper, is the most plausible. Our period is obviously a revolutionary one. The law of action and reaction being what it is, it is only natural that the passion for retaining the *status quo* should be as intense as the passion for remolding the world. Frequently—a fact which revolutionary theorists too often forget—the two passions coexist in the same person. Books like "Gone" and "Oliver Wiswell" are thoroughgoingly conservative. The first is in essence a romantic apology for the ante-bellum Southern way of life. The second presents the Loyalist case with passionate fervor in an endeavor to convince us that the rebels were, for the most part, canaille, and that if reason and the will of the settled, propertied Americans had prevailed, there need have been no Revolution. Those readers who fear the excesses of democracy or who look with longing upon the relative stability of the pre-second-World-War period will find a moral lesson in "Oliver Wiswell." In other words, just as novels like "The Grapes of Wrath" and "For Whom the Bell Tolls" satisfy that something in us which cries out for social change, so novels like "Gone" and "Oliver Wiswell" satisfy the desire for the permanent, the settled, the conserved. And the two kinds of book may be, and are, enjoyed by the same person.

So much for theory, and probably bad theory. If you're still with me, you might



"Why that inane grin, O'Brien?"



being a small but terrifying news release published monthly in this space by The Dagger-Thru-The-Heart-Department of SIMON AND SCHUSTER 1230 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.C.

The Gory Gazette's Society Editor (Secret Society Editor, of course) wishes to report a marriage.

JAKE JUSTUS is the groom, HELENE BRAND the bride. Friends of the happy pair (meaning readers of *8 Faces at 3* and *The Corpse Steps Out*) are hereby invited to the wedding—it takes place in the opening chapters of CRAIG RICE'S new book, *The Wrong Murder.*

In line with *The Gory Gazette's* Policy of giving its readers the lowest possible low-down, here's how it happened. We were afraid that author CRAIG RICE never was going to arrange for that marriage license, and indignant notes from the Cash Customers indicated that Something Ought To Be Done. Since CRAIG RICE is what our Managing Editor calls a Valuable Property, we broached the subject gently.

"Why, of course," said CRAIG RICE airily. "Your word is law." We should have known there was a catch in it. CRAIG RICE, that misanthrope, could never be happy at a wedding.

The lovebirds have barely had a chance to brush off the rice and old shoes and set themselves for a Bermuda honeymoon. When JAKE, full of nonchalance — and a little liquor — makes a screwball bet that, given a murderee, he can deliver its murderer.

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AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY

The second Friday every month is Inner Sanctum Mystery Day

care to know what "Oliver Wiswell" is all about. Its gigantic panorama includes almost the whole Revolutionary struggle from Lexington to Yorktown, each event, personality, and battle seen from the viewpoint of Oliver Wiswell, a young Loyalist of the town of Milton, in Massachusetts. Wiswell is an appeaser. He and tens of thousands like him honestly believed that they could negotiate with King George and Lord North and settle differences over a council table. They failed, and became, according to Mr. Roberts, martyrs.

"Oliver Wiswell," then, is not so much the story of a revolution as of a civil war fought concurrently with it, a civil war in which the "rabble," "demagogues," "ignorant yokels," "human dregs," and "riffraff out of gutters" (to use some of the more genteel Loyalist descriptions) persecuted without mercy the intelligent, reasonable, propertied professional and commercial classes that our school children have been taught to think of as Tories, or to disregard entirely.

The action—the book is all action—shifts from Boston to Halifax to Long Island to London to Paris to Boone's Wilderness Trail and finally to the Canadian province of New Brunswick, where some of the harried Loyalists at last found refuge. In the course of the story a large number of famous battles, and some not so famous, are fought over again, notably those of Bunker Hill and Long Island. Oliver's point of view—which is presumably that of Mr. Roberts—is that these battles could have been won by the British had not stupidity and politics combined to prevent Howe, Gage, and Clinton from achieving a decisive and easy victory. By and large, Wiswell presents the struggle as one between cowards and fools. The English fools were more foolish than the American rebels were cowardly, and so

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The Ill-Made Knight

By T. H. WHITE
Author of "THE SWORD IN THE STONE"

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the cowards won. The Loyalists, who apparently were stainless heroes, were caught between these two forces and crushed. It makes a pretty pattern, and Mr. Roberts, who goes right to the sources, has unearthed thousands of facts to make it all seem rather convincing.

I leave historians to determine the validity of Oliver's case. As a narrative, the book, I feel, is not quite up to the first half of "Northwest Passage," though it is superior to anything in the second half. Oliver himself is nothing but the conventional heroic prig and Sally Leighton, the heroine, has only the negative virtues of patience and fidelity, but the other figures on the canvas are more animated. Oliver's Sancho Panza, the humorous Yankee Thomas Buell, is a good job, and such historic figures as Benedict Arnold (a very nice fellow, if we're to judge from the evidence presented), the great Benjamin Thompson (later Count Rumford), General Howe, and dozens of others are presented in complete detail and with all the novelty that comes of viewing them from an unfamiliar angle. Naturally, you must expect that this angle creates some queer perspectives. Benjamin Franklin, one of the greatest men of his century, is depicted as a wily forger with a mistress in every back alley in Paris. Even Washington appears in rather a poor light, and as for rebels like old Sam Adams, John Hancock, and the rest, there is nothing bad enough that can be said about them. If you feel at times that this is all one-sided, Mr. Roberts can retort, with some justice, that the schoolroom interpretation of the Revolution is even more one-sided.

Which does not dispose of the fact that both points of view are one-sided.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FOR US, THE LIVING, by Bruce Lancaster. Although Mr. Lancaster's American historical novel seems no better or worse than a number of others lately published, it is already—like "Oliver Wiswell"—a best-seller, and once again minority reports are probably irrelevant. With a great deal of local color, some of it effective, it deals with Abraham Lincoln's boyhood and young manhood to the time he went to the legislature at Vandalia in 1834—where Robert Sherwood took over with "Lincoln in Illinois." Lincoln is represented as a large, gangling fellow with a passion for learning and a fondness for practical

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jokes. He speaks in an uncouth, half-inarticulate jargon that hardly goes with his contemporary writings. Raymond Massey would hardly recognize Mr. Lancaster's "Abe."

INVASION, by Hendrik Willem van Loon. The United States is invaded by the Nazis in 1940, and Mr. van Loon, in 1960, publishes his notes of what happened to the van Loons and some of their friends and neighbors in that fateful time twenty years before. He is pretending that such an invasion took place; he knows it really hasn't—yet. But he is writing in all earnestness to warn Americans of what he believes to be their deadly danger from the Fifth Column and the ambition of a dictator.

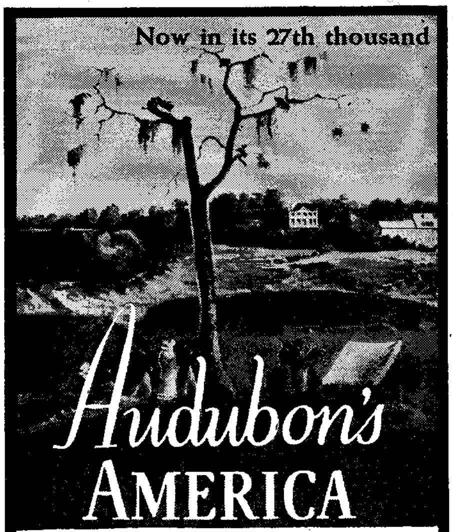
THE BRIGHT PAVILIONS, by Hugh Walpole. Further adventures of the Herries family, this time during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Plenty of swordplay, romance, bitter enmity, and the religious persecutions of the time, served up in the dashing and colorful manner that Mr. Walpole's many admirers have come to expect.

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1940, edited by Harry Hansen. Mr. Hansen and his judges have awarded their three prizes to Stephen Vincent Benét, Roderick Lull, and Edward Havill. The prize-winning stories, along with fourteen others, appear in this annual collection. Tales by Kay Boyle, William Faulkner, Katherine Anne Porter, Dorothy McCleary, and Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings are also present. A better-than-average lot, and you can have fun disagreeing with the judges on the awards.

GENERAL

THE NEWS AND HOW TO UNDERSTAND IT, by Quincy Howe. Recommending that you develop a good, strong set of prejudices, just in case you haven't any, the author tells you very simply what to look for in the news, where to find it with the least trouble, and who influences, writes, edits, or broadcasts it. Takes up newspapers, press associations, foreign news, books, magazines, the radio, and other matters in an easy, well-informed, tolerantly humorous style. Lots of takeoffs, which you'll probably insist on reading aloud, especially the ones involving Mr. Swing, Miss Thompson, and Mr. Kaltenborn.

TOWARD A NEW ORDER OF SEA POWER, by Harold and Margaret Sprout. In this second volume of a series that began with "The Rise of American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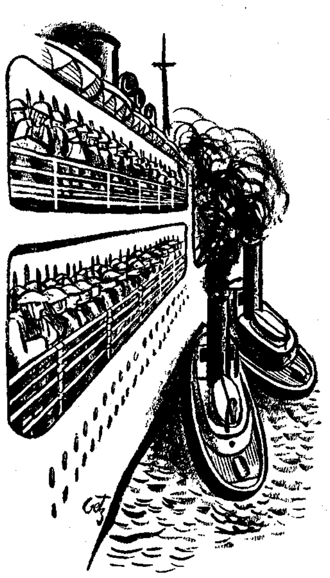
ULTIMA THULE, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. The distinguished explorer examines the records of the early voyagers who claimed to have reached Ultima Thule (probably Iceland) and compares their accounts, notably those of Pytheas and Columbus, with modern findings. A technical but fascinating blend of conjecture and history. Photographs and maps, and illustrations by Alexander Popini.

THE GREAT AMERICAN MYTH, by George S. Bryan. Another book, and an interesting one, about the plots against Lincoln, his assassination, and subsequent events and legends. The author, who has had access to the John T. Ford papers and other new material, makes what appears to be a good case against several previous misconceptions. Some overfamiliar data, and rather close detective work in spots. Illustrated.

LAND OF THE GOOD SHADOWS, by Heluiz Chandler Washburne and Anauta. The life story of an Eskimo wom-



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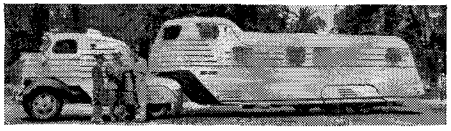

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an, brought up on northern Baffin Island, who came to live in the Alice in Wonderland world of the United States. A moving day-to-day record in which you may learn something about your own country and a great deal about the Eskimos. Foreword by the late Sir Wilfred T. Grenfell. Illustrated.

THE ILLINOIS, by James Gray. Eleventh in the Rivers of America Series, and one of the best: Indians, French explorers, early battles, the abolitionists, Lincoln, Douglas, Grant, and what the author calls "the anonymous great." Deftly written. Aaron Bohrod's sketches are praiseworthy, but the large pictures suffer from ineffective reproduction.

NORTH OF SINGAPORE, by Carveth Wells. Popularized travel notes on the author's expedition in 1939: the Malay jungles, Tokio, the hairy aborigines of Hokkaido, a flood at Tientsin, tree-climbing fish, a mynah bird in Singapore, and the like. Not much new information, but some revealing impressions of the Orient in wartime. Illustrated.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

AUNT SUNDAY TAKES COMMAND, by Jefferson Farjeon. A case of mistaken identity leads three old ladies into some socially unacceptable places in London. The old ladies and the plot are neatly blended most of the time, but the solution is slightly incoherent. Good prewar.

•

To whom it may concern. I am sorry for everything I ever did to hurt anyone at anytime anywhere. Signed, W.C.R. —*Adv. in the Chicago Daily News.*

That's taking the old weight off the old mind!

•

I had a stubble of a beard, and now there was sweat on my cheeks. She took the thermometer out of my mouth and shook it and looked at it.

"You're doing well," she said.—*From a story in the Saturday Evening Post.*

Next time look at it first and then shake it.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

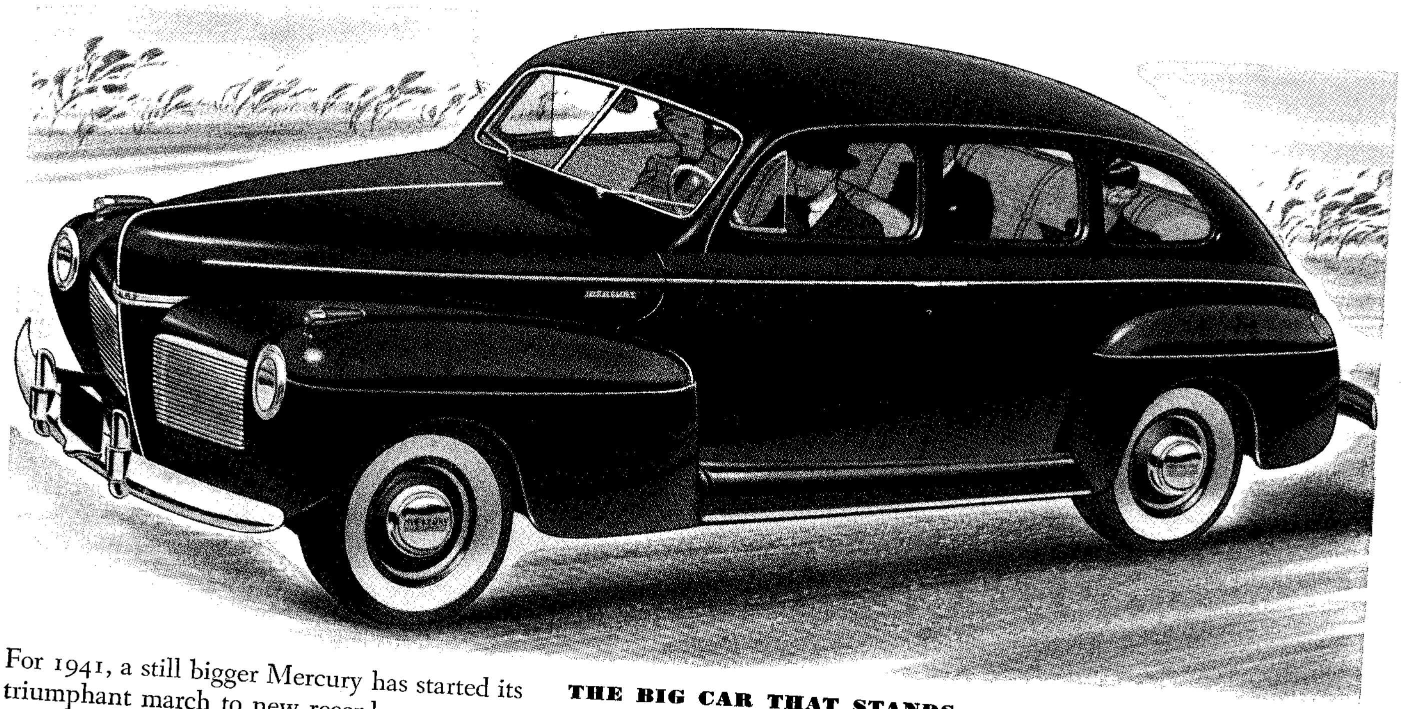
[*From Louella Parsons' column in the Journal & American*]

When Noel Coward walked into Ciro's with Marlene Dietrich, Basil Fomeen and his orchestra started playing "I'll See You Again" for him. He left for Australia via the Clipper.

The car that dared to be different!

1941 MERCURY 8

Just two years ago, the big Mercury 8 appeared in a field crowded with well-established cars—and started its phenomenal climb to the greatest motor car success in years. Its challenge was a new idea: that a really big car, with all the luxuries of roominess, power, deep comfort and easy handling, could also be an economical car to buy and run. The success of this idea is told by its record-breaking army of over 150,000 owner-friends!



For 1941, a still bigger Mercury has started its triumphant march to new records.

You may have seen it—turned to admire its sleek beauty. Everywhere, the new Mercury has commanded admiration. But this most modern of modern cars deserves your more careful inspection.

Ride in it and experience an ease of motion that you had never dreamed. Drive it and feel the swiftly smooth response of its great V-8 cylinder engine. Note its greater width and all-round roominess, its luxury in every detail.

Give the Mercury a chance to win your enthusiasm as it has earned the appreciation of other critical drivers. If it makes you an owner it will make you a friend.

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HE BOWLS WITH EXTRA SPEED AND EXTRA POWER——

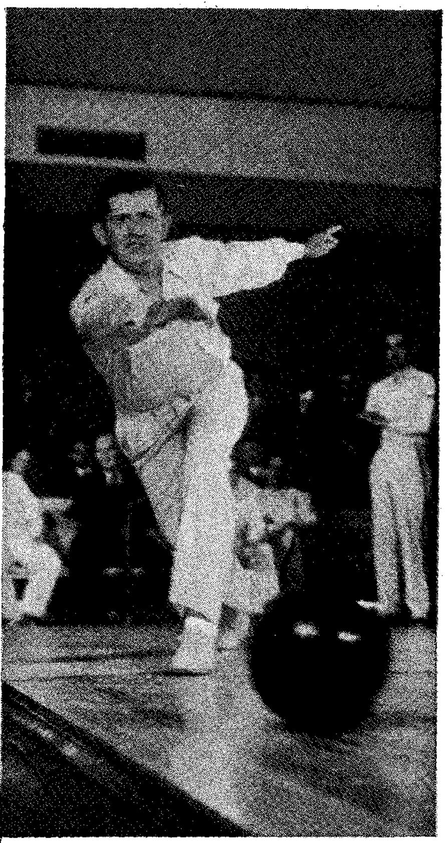
SMOKES CAMELS FOR EXTRA PLEASURE

His *"Fireball"* made him a bowling champion. Slower burning won Joe Norris to Camel cigarettes

WHAT A MAN in a bowling alley! He was the "boy wonder" a decade ago. Today, with a long list of national titles at his belt, the bowling world still wonders just how he gets such pin-blasting power and such hair-line control...such *extra* power and *extra* control!

No question, though, how Joe Norris gets the extras in his cigarette. He turned to the slower-burning brand...Camel...for extra mildness and found several other pleasing extras as well, including extra smoking.

Slower burning... costlier tobaccos—what pleasure they can add to smoking! More mildness and coolness because Camels are free from the irritating effects of too-fast burning. More flavor—because slow burning lets the flavor come through. And along with all that extra pleasure—extra smoking per pack (*see below, right*).



THIS IS the *"Fireball."* Joe Norris (*above*) uses a two-finger mineralite ball with narrow grip—a quick-breaking hook—throws one of the fastest balls in bowling. But no speed...no fast burning...for Joe in his cigarette. It's always slow-burning Camels. He says: "Camels give me the extra mildness I want."

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